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REBECCA.

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REBECCA.

«Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shewn to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a snow-white neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible — all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the loveliest of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.» (*Ivanhoe. By Sir W. Scott.*)

REBECCA

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(Ivanhoe. By Sir W. Scott.)

THE

ENGLISH FIRESIDE

UPON THE

BANKS OF THE RHINE.

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SONNET.

New yeare forthlooking out of Janus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
And bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
Fresh love, that long has slept in cheerlesse bower:
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For lustie Spring now in his timely houre,
Is ready to come forth, him to receive:
And warns the Earth, with divers coloured flowre
To decke herselfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare yourselfe, new love to entertaine.

Edm. Spenser.

LORD BYRON ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

(One of the poet's earliest productions.)

1803.

Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days! Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court.

OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my Fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who, proudly, to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the warlaurell'd wreath;
Near Askalon's Towers, John of Horistan * slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My Fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

---

* Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

LORD BYRON O

(One of

Why dost thou buil
from thy tower
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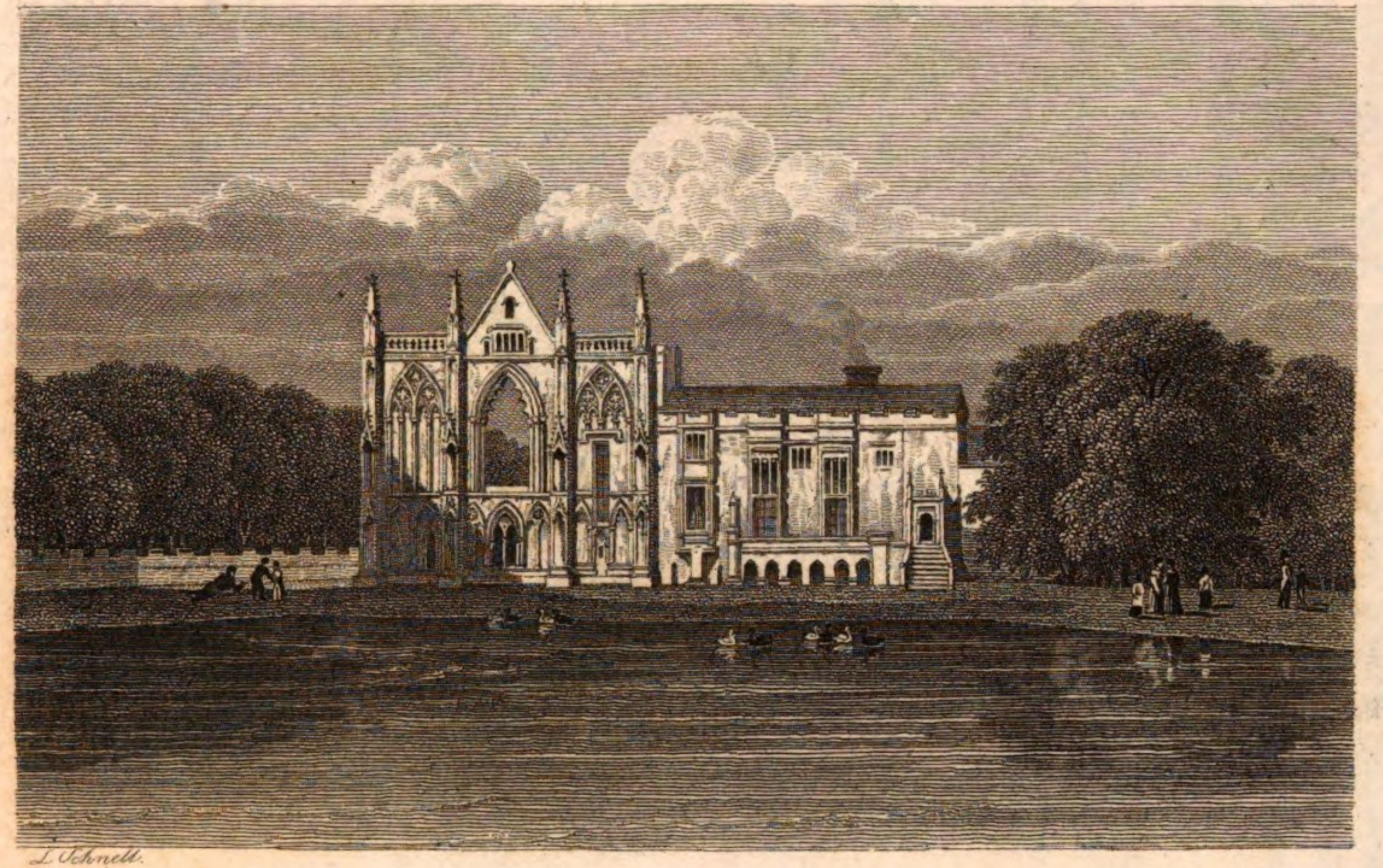
* Horistan Castle,



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

On Marston *, with Rupert †) 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood, the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his Fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

---

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

LORD BYRON'S LAST LINES.

Missolunghi February 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf:
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanick isle,
No torch is kindled at his blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here — it is not here —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now —
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The swords, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan born upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece — she is awake! —
Awake my spirit — think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake —
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth — why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

THE RHINE.*

My impatience did not allow me to tarry at Aix La Chapelle all my eagerness and anticipations were directed to the Rhine, to whose stream I was bound in a kind of pilgrimage. Except Grenada and the Alhambra, which I know from Lord Porchester's beautiful poem, and interesting notes, there was no spot in Europe, that seemed to me so peculiarly the region of romance, as the Rhine and its famed valley. From Livy and Tacitus, and the historians of the olden time, down to the poets of our own, every genius has hallowed it. Every age has left its trace upon the river bank, and the remains of Roman and of Gothic pride still subsist there in melancholy competition for fame.

I left Aix, therefore, in all the excitement of high expectations, which there was little in the road to keep up. After the last view of Aix, which resembled and in part rivalled the retrospect upon Liege from the same quarter, there was nought but dreary flat and monotony in the road. The fortress of Juliers, with its bastions, fosses, bridges, soldiers manœuvring, drums beating, did but jar with the master-thought that occupied me.

«So on we laboured, many a werst,»

That is, my steed and I, till I overtook a gang of students, proceeding, as they afterward informed me, to the university of Bonn, and killing time certainly in as boisterous a manner as such grown school-boys delight in.

* Tales of continental life. London 1827.

They were singular personages in their appearance and garments — their trowsers velvet, and of such width, that they flapped around their ancles, like a main-sail when the boat is in the act of tacking — their coat, I have no other save that vulgar and common name, embroidered — a little scarlet cap on each head, covering but the space of a cleric tonsure — these with pipes five feet in length, and ornamented with tassels (the colour and size of which tassels, adorning which pipes, are strictly defined by the regulations of the university), constituted an academic student, and distinguished him from the *Philistines*, or unlearning inhabitants of the towns wherein universities are situated.

I joined converse with the most humanized in appearance of these youths, and chattered with him some time. Finding I was an Englishman, he wished to give me a favourable idea of his information, and he accordingly dealt out to me divers anecdotes and repartees of Frederick the Great, and other German heroes of wit and prowess. Unfortunately I had read most of them in jestbooks, and as there appeared to be no symptoms of his store being exhausted, I pleaded sharpness of appetite, and accordingly spurred on to Bergheim. And there, at the sign of the *Herzog von Wellington*, as the Duke's title is Germanized, did I dine, and from dishes that did credit neither to German cookery, nor to his Grace's name.

I again set forward towards Köln, as the inhabitants spell and pronounce Cologne, the French name of which, however, best bespeaks its derivation from the Roman *Colony* of Agrippina, which was its commencement. The inscription of C. C. A. A. (Colonia, Claudia, Agrippina, Augusta), still visible, bespeaks the ancient city's origin. Beyond Bergheim the country becomes more diversified, rises over eminences and passes through forests, resembling that in the vicinity of Aix. At length, having gained

the summit of a woody height, an immense plain is discovered stretching beneath, bounded by the horizon, and traversed by the broad stream of the undulating Rhine. This is the verge of that immense flat which extends from some miles southward of Cologne, northwest through all Holland, to the very mouth of the river. A knowledge of its great extent communicated an idea of still greater magnitude and sublimity to the portion of it which the eye embraced. After a moment's gaze over the extent of prospect, my attention was caught by the distant steeples of Cologne glittering in the beam of the evening sun, and contrasting with the dull and sombre plain that encircled them. Far to the south appeared the line of hills that commence the mountainous and lovely region, which forms and surrounds the valley of the Rhine. Four or five of the blue peaks of the Seven Hills were distinguishable. The prospect was extremely drear, I could not but confess, yet I have seldom looked on one more interesting to me. It typified Germany; where the pleasures of novelty await the traveller, 'tis true, but where the sun, and the smiling scenes, and the luscious vegetation of the South are wanting.

As I trotted along the straight road, which leads across the already commenced plain to the city, its cemetery struck me to the left, a work of the French, no doubt, as the dead must, previous to the revolution, have reposed in the vaults of the many churches of the archi-episcopal city. The affected inscription, indeed, spoke its authors sufficiently, — it was, I forget what, — the last abode, or some such synonymous Latin word, *Agrippinensium.* The square wall and rampart, with which Cologne is surrounded, without zig-zag, or bastion, told at once that its fortifications had been modelled as those of the Roman camp, on which they were erected, and long ere the art of Coehorn or Vauban had been meditated.

I have seldom entered a narrower-streeted, filthier, or more dismal city — 'twas so far Roman within, as well as without. An old church, with its succession of little Saxon arches on high, and its lofty windows of the age of the Carlovingians, and this too fronting a square, where Prussian recruits were drilling, was the first incongruity that struck me — but not the last, for Cologne is a mass of them. In a few minutes I had established myself at the hotel of the Grand Rhinberg, and stood gazing forth from my window at the rapid flow of the celebrated river.

The scene was stirring. Beneath me was the quay, the busy quay, alive with the commerce, — the mimic commerce certainly, compared with that of a great sea-port — of the river. A bridge of boats spanned the broad stream in a curve to Deutz, a little suburb on the farther bank, and the wailing of the rapid waters past the opposing barges, or the rattle of carriage or cavalry crossing the wooden planks, filled and varied the hum. On one side of the bridge were ranged the large Dutch vessels, with their poops turned up to resemble the noses and visages of their mariners — on the other side were the smaller craft, which navigated up the Rhine. The distant banks of the river were indeed flat and insipid; the river rolled, the absorbing and unadorned object of the scene, unless where the city itself skirted it, sketching forth at its extremity a lofty tower, called that of the Franks. This is the prominent object in Turner's graphic representation of the scene just described, and which in all, save the lines of a most un-German sky, is spirited and faithful.

I am not about to describe the many wonders and antiquities of Cologne; that would lead me too far astray. But the cathedral I cannot pass without a word, that noble, half-finished, and almost wholly ruined edifice, one of the finest specimens of

Gothic architecture in Europe. I made my way to it through a labyrinth of lanes. Workmen were busy upon it, but it was no longer to perfect, as yet is the fate of the rival cathedral of Milan: here the works were limited to preserve what already existed. A low roof, for example, at not onethird of the planned and proper height, was erecting to screen the worshippers and costly tombs of the cathedral within — a wretched and poverty-stricken expedient, for it could be looked on as nothing else, mocked by the stupendous pinnacles, which had, one of them at least, reached almost their destined height. Though that not altogether, for on the summit of the highest, yet stands the crane first erected for raising up the stones. The timbers of that crane have been rotting for half a century; the fretted and richly carven work of the front are mouldering away, as much by age as by defacement. Such a union of the inchoate and the abortive, the new and the decaying, the magnificent and the miserable, of human enterprise in short, and human vanity, never did my eyes behold. How marked is the selfishness of the first founders of the pile — how emblematic of the human heart, and of the mean sources of its thirst of fame? — Gorgeous monuments within enclose the bones and illustrate the name of each succeeding prelate, whilst the fabric itself, which was to preserve and contain them, has been left an imperfect mass, a ruin ready-formed. It offers altogether a personification of a princely and prelatic spendthrift.

Enough of this. Pursue we Childe Harold's course along the banks of Rhine. It is uninteresting as far as Bonn, except from the glimpses caught of hills and scenery in advance. A little below Bonn, the valley of the Rhine begins, or rather indeed ends. Here however those, whose path lies up the course of the stream, enter upon its beauties.

On the German or eastern brink rises

«The castled crag of Drachenfels,»

one of the seven hills, which rear themselves in company together, craggy and copsed to their summits, some crowned with castles, all with ruins. Nothing in scenic beauty can be more exquisite, than the thousand and everchanging views in which these seven hills present themselves, as you float along the stream, or proceed against its current by the road. At every five minutes' lapse it is altogether a different prospect, the hills no longer appear under the same forms; you can scarcely credit them the same. I can compare them to nothing, save by calling them the kaleidoscope of the picturesque.

Not far up the stream, an island in the midst of it is encountered, called Nonnenwerder, from the convent situated there. This *ci-devant* convent was the very object of my destination, as since the expulsion of its recluse inhabitants — but let its pathos come before its bathos. It is the convent in which the mistress of Roland took the veil on the eve of his return from the Holy Land. On the opposite shore rises a circular mount or mound, surmounted by a ruined castle. 'Twas this that Roland built for himself, where he might contemplate the abote of his lost mistress. One of Schiller's most famous ballads tells the story under the name of Knight Toggenburgh; and Russel has worthily translated it.

«Where from the shade of dusky limes
  Peeps forth the convent tower,
He chose a nigh and silent spot,
  And built himself a bower.
And there from morning's early dawn,
  Until the twilight shone,
With silent hope within his eye
  The hermit sate alone,» etc.

Now instead of limes read poplars, and instead of the old convent *tower*, represent to yourself an extensive well-slated, gay-windowed mansion, smiling with its lovely gardens on the Rhine that flows beneath, and the *bower* of Rolandsek opposite to it, and you have an idea of Nonnenwerder.

Of late years it was metamorphosed into a kind of boarding-house or banquetting-house for the lovers of the picturesque who visited or lingered in these regions. I knew that one of my friends here quartered, expected me, and I was soon ferried across the rapid arm of the Rhine to one of the gayest societies certainly, that ever caused the old walls of a convent to resound with laughter.

The friend whom I expected to meet, did not, unfortunately, make one of the company. He was wandering amongst the *Siebenberge*, or other beautiful regions round. An acquaintance, however, I did encounter; an elderly personage, whom I had first seen on my last passage from England, and with whom at that time I had some casual converse — enough to make me regret that the occult rules of life, which prohibit the formation of sudden friendships as puerile and vulgar, prevented me from displaying all the wish that I felt for somewhat nearer intimacy. His age, however, and official rank, which last his appearance bespoke him to possess, were still greater obstacles to my desire of intrusion. At Ghent, where we again met on the subsequent day, I happened to be too late for the public conveyance, by which I had purposed proceeding to Brussels. He offered me a seat in his carriage; 'twas accepted. And I was grateful to fortune for the enjoyment of his company. He was about to visit the Rhine: my steps were bent in precisely a similar direction; but this, though I hinted, he seemed not to notice. He evidently had no wish for a *compagnon de voyage*. Nor, in truth, upon reflection, had I; for though friendly ardour then, in

its first hour of kindling, did prompt me to desire his company, I am well aware that I should have regretted its accomplishment. What companion, be the enjoyment ever so delightful at intervals, can repay the meditative for the marring of all the rapt moods and reveries of solitude?

In despite of these consolatory reflections, I was somewhat piqued at the churlishness of the gentleman in question. And whilst his farewell to me was one of benignant kindness, such as years joined with a noble mien renders so flattering and touching, mine to him spoke rather of the hurt and the cold.

On making inquiry at his hotel in Brussels, for I was so far curious, I learned that I was indebted for my agreeable journey from Ghent to the Comte De Laach.

The Comte De Laach then was he, whom I found by my side at Nonnenwerder. It was a curious re-stumbling upon each other, evidently unsought by either, though not unwelcome, as it appeared, to one or the other.

The Comte was very tall, large, and noble featured — in short, a Goëthe-like personage; and if I might judge from his conversation, he had united the life of the soldier and the statesman in that happy degree, as to combine the frankness and boldness of one, to the full knowledge, the passionless, unprejudiced opinions of the other.

His countenance seemed to express that he had experienced some hours of sadness since, and at the same time that he had regretted parting with one, who promised (so he was good enough afterward to confess to me) to be a sympathetic, without being an impertinent companion. His words and demeanour, therefore, at present made me amends for any past coldness. We chatted much and long, longer than even the Rudesheimer lasted. The rest of the party had betaken themselves to gaiety, and left us alone together.

The Comte informed me he was about to visit a property of his in these regions, which he had made the resolution, for certain and perhaps futile reasons, to visit alone. It was a lovely and a singular spot, worth my seeing. Would I accompany him? I held back sufficiently, and, on his becoming urgent, consented. His house, his castle — he said both words, and jumbled them together, so as to leave me in doubt as to its exact species — was ruined and out of repair, in short, uninhabitable. But there was a convent near like the house in which we sate, which once had been the abode of nuns and friars, but was now converted into a place of lodging and entertainment.

To convey to me this latter piece of information, seemed irksome to him. — But I have proceeded far enough to consider my story as commenced, and must prefix its title, ere I continue my narrative.

THE CASTLE OF THE CONVENT LAKE.

CHAPTER I.

In the primitive countries of the Rhine the hour of dinner is mid-day. The very name of dinner in German, which is *mid-day eating*, bespeaks as much. My companion, therefore, calculated that we should have time to reach Bröl ere night. I had meditated spending some days at Nonnenwerder, and from thence exploring each morning the beauties of the *Siebenberge*, or Seven Hills. But like many another famed scene of the picturesque, upon whose margin, I may say, I have been and yet never beheld, I deferred the enjoyment of exploring the Seven Hills until another opportunity. We regained the main shore, mounted our steeds, and took our journey southwards, retracing the course of the Rhine.

As we struck farther into the valley, through which this rapid river has worked its way, its features, though not more majestic than amongst the Seven Hills, which, as it were, guard its entrance, grew far more wild. The vines had not so pertinaciously taken possession of every nook and gentle slope near the banks, nor did forests clothe the lofty and abrupt hills on either side. Ruined castles crowned every eminence in almost wearisome succession, if a romancer dare so to say. Each one, with its surrounding scene, were they isolated, or

in a barren land, would have been the haunt and chosen spot of every chivalric imagination. But here turrets and ruins, nay, the very names and memorials attached to them, stood so thickly huddled together, as almost to give the mind of the beholder a surfeit of the ruined castle and the bandit lord.

One peculiarity too is to be remarked, that there is none of the terrific, the chaotic, the wonderful in these scenes of the Rhine. The ruins indeed frowned in desolation, and the green heights and knolls on which they stood were blank and desert — they told of the stern pride, the fierce passions of the feudal times. But the charm was owing to historic and traditional associations; Nature's own would have been insufficient. The discovery, I may call it, of Mont Blanc was but of yesterday. Its appalling, its surpassing scenes have no association, no link with the past, except indeed that their immensity excites the thought of the eternity of their existence. There Nature works alone in her sublimity. But the grandeur of the Rhine is not to this amount. Yet neither can her banks be considered as merely beautiful; for that again, they have too much of the truly grand, both in features and in retrospect. They reach, in short, the highest point of the sublime, ere it mingles with the terrific.

The Drachenfels is the highest and most abrupt precipice on the Rhine's brink, crowned too with its castle; yet the beauty of the scene predominates over the sublime. Indeed it may be considered as one of those singular spots, of which these two contrary qualities dispute possession; and a sombre cloud, or a gleam of sunshine, would alternately give the superiority to one and to the other.

My companion and myself conversed for about an hour, after which we journeyed in silence, side by side, both, I at least, in wrapt enjoyment of the scenes around, and of the varying

train of reflections to which they gave birth. So great was to me the excitement, that my thoughts instead of their wonted amble of prose, would in my despite rise into the quicker and loftier pace of verse. Ere I reached Nonnenwerder indeed, sentiment and the Muse had got the better both of me, and of my careless prosaic mood. I had then got through a stanza or two; and many more — more, truly, than I shall weary my reader with — shaped themselves into stanzas during my after ride. I must set down some, however, were it but to record one of the veritable incidents of my wandering; and their rudeness will bear me out in the assertion that they were composed to the jog-trot of my Flemish steed.

No — 'twill not be. Despite my love
  Of solitude in scenes like these,
Despite mine idle wish to rove,
  And all that vagabond disease
That mars Imagination's child,
  Despite the health that bids me stay
Reproach, that calls me fickle, wild,
  No farther can I turn away

From thee, the better part of life. —
  Beneath me flows the purple Rhine,
Above me of chivalric strife,
  The turreted memorials shine
In ivy green, and gray decay.
  I read their tale, I feel their spell,
Nor could the legends of their day
  More fully their dark story tell.

The noblest ages of mankind,
  Have here their god-like footsteps pressed;
The Roman victor here resigned
  His sword, ne'er sheathed till then, to rest,
Here stooped to quench his native thirst
  Of conquest, in yon darkling stream,

Here of that truth grew conscious first —
The vainness of an hero's fame.

The Roman fell, the Frank pursued,
The Empire's flowing rampart crossed,
While, whelmed in feebleness and feud,
All, that enobled man, was lost.
Still here the generous spark was kept,
Though doomed to languish, not to die;
Till forth, in Europe's night, it leapt,
The kindling flame of chivalry.

But enough — I must spare my reader, Charlemagne, his Paladins, and the worthy knights that issued from these heights, now to a robbery, and now to a crusade.

Evening closed upon us, as we passed Linz, and reached the juncture of the Aar with the Rhine. It is one of the wildest spots throughout the valley, and the falling shades of night added wonderfully to its prevailing tone. My companion seemed to enjoy my admiration of these, his native scenes. He was proud of their influence, though he avoided to prove them or interrupt my contemplations by a remark. At length I said, or rather asked abruptly,

«This is the territory of Prussia?»

«Yes,» was the reply, «we are Prussians for the present.»

«'Tis a strange parcelling forth of Europe, that brings the power of Prussia hither.»

«A finesse of the statesmen at Congress, of your minister especially, which gave this immense duchy to the House of Brandenburg, that she might at once cover Hanover, and by being made *limitrophe* of France, so be interested to watch the motions of that ambitious land.»

«And previous to eighteen hundred and fifteen — ?»

«We were French, part of the Great Nation, the department

of the Rhine and Moselle, honoured by our share of contributions and conscriptions."

"And still previous to that happy period—?"

"O' my faith, one might almost forget; the spot where we tread, I believe, owned the sovereignty of the Elector of Treves."

"Strange," said I, "that every land, blessed with peculiar loveliness, should, at the same time, be cursed by changes of lords, or rendered insignificant by partition of territory."

"Beauty and misfortune go together, in life animate or inanimate," said my companion. "Is not such the rule of romance?"

"It is not that of justice."

"But is what you assert true, first of all?"

"Greece," replied I, "Italy,"—a nod of his assented to each—"Switzerland, perhaps, at least of late years—the Rhine—"

"Young man," said the Count, after a pause, and solemnly, "you should be happy—you have a country. The greatest curse, that a man of spirit can be born under, is to have none."

This was spoken in a tone of feeling, to which I could not bring myself to reply in the cold spirit of argument. So then our converse ceased, and in a little time we reached the inn at Bröl.

I love these little Rhenish inns, that is, if the weather be such as to allow one to dispense with the alluming of their dark stoves. Their fare too is passable—the fresh fish of the Rheinstrom serving to vary the eternal veal, which is the standing dish of Germany. And the Aarbleicher is to me a far more delicious beverage than Johannisberg. We were near the vineyard of its growth, and the good landlady no sooner beheld the visage of the Comte De Laach, than the warmest of welcomes, the profoundest of courtesies, and the best both of larder and cellar, made their appearance with alacrity.

Amidst all the good dame's reverence, however, for her feudal

lord, for such the Comte had been, and was, the republican frankness of the times of French dominion still seemed to have kept possession of her manners and her tongue. And even when every possible excuse for her lingering in the room was taken away or devoured, she still remained questioning and seeking tidings respecting the family and affairs of her master, who, it seemed, had been some time absent from his estate.

Her great anxiety and chief inquiries seemed to respect the *jungfrau Lenchen* — I know not whether I spell aright this diminutive of Helena, but so at least it struck my ear. Helena was a daughter of the Comte De Laach, as I learned. He informed the hostess, that she was well, and that he intended passing the Autumn with her at the Laach Schloss, or Castle of the Convent Lake, if indeed he could succeed in rendering the old building at all habitable by that time. Loud and continued was the joy of the dame on hearing this news — pious and many were her ejaculations — the old times were to come again — and she prayed Saint Genevieve, — a Saint of those regions, though her relics were stolen by the French — that she might cause them to last.

«And the Schloss,» so she called the castle, «was to be rebuilt.» — «No such difficult or expensive task,» her husband, whose reverence had hitherto kept him outside the door, though with ears erect, burst in to prove, «for the fire had burnt but the slated wing, which his highness the late Count had built, where the family, as the Count well knew, resided» — here the Count coloured and grew impatient — «he had cause to remember it,» continued the host.

«No more of that,» said the Count, imposing silence.

«It is not for me to recall griefs,» said the innkeeper, «except to tell your Highness, that a thousand Rhenish dollars

would put every battlement upright, and make every chamber gay in the ancient castle."

«It is enough, my good friends," said the Count, «I will trouble you no more for this night; we are weary with our ride, and will retire immediately."

Mine host, with his wife, withdrew, somewhat reluctantly, though fuller tidings they could scarcely have gathered to communicate through the town and the valley of the Bröl. We for our part retired to rest, all the conjectures and cogitations, in which I felt myself willing to indulge, being cut short by fatigue and slumber, joined with the lulling sound of the plashing and waling river.

On the morrow I arose somewhat earlier than the Comte. His residence, or what once had been such, was distant little more than a league from the village where we slept; and accordingly it was not imperative to commence our journey thither at morning rise. I therefore sallied forth alone, and clambered one of the mountains that overhang the little town of Bröl, in which the ruins of the Castle of Rheineck rose, offering me thus not only a splendid prospect thence, but also objects worthy of being minutely explored therein.

The region is volcanic, the only spot indeed which I have beheld on the Rhine symptomatic of the great convulsions of nature. Lava-blocks are here and there visible; the green soil frequently broken by excoriations, as of a calcinated earth beneath: and the whole scene transported me in imagination from the country of the old archiepiscopal electorates to that of southern Italy, from the banks of the Rhine to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Having satisfied myself with the picturesque, and at the same time awakened my appetite, I descended to Bröl, in hopes that by this time my companion was arisen. On arriving at the vil-

lage, previous indeed to entering it, I found myself surrounded by a crowd, at first of urchins, but afterward of grown peasants, male and female, to whom I seemed a peculiar object of curiosity. They stared, ran around me, and at last shouted — they seemed to welcome and honour me. At that time I could scarcely do more than ask to eat, to sleep, etc. in the German tongue, and whatever I understood, it was only from the mouths of the better class. The dialect of the good Rhenish peasants was utterly incomprehensible to me. The word *Graf*, frequently repeated, I recognized as signifying Count, but this by no means solved the enigma of their compliments.

Breakfast, however, was becoming to me a matter of such vital importance, that I made my way, in despite of the crowd, and indeed with some difficulty, to the little inn of the *Rabe* or *Raven*, at the door of which I congratulated myself on finding mine host. From him came still more superlative salutations, still greater deference, which as he evinced by addressing me in the third person, I was as much perplexed as ever. Anon came mine hostess, who was jealous of the sound of her good man's voice, and then to a fresh strain of courtesy was I obliged over again to duck and bow, disclaim in Anglo-German, and look foolish. At length I caught, that the old dame actually applied to me the title of Fice-Graff, or Viscount, which called forth fresh and earnest disclaimers on my part. Jost, however, shook his head, till I gave up the dispute, and allowed myself to be Viscounted, provided I got my breakfast.

The Comte De Laach joined me at my meal, and he too began to perceive some more than ordinary trouble, some more than common significance in the countenances of the good people of the *Rabe*. Jost himself entered with a broiled trout, a fresh bottle of Rhenish, and cast a grin of delight first on me, and then on my companion. The latter immediately questioned him

what idea he could possibly have in his head, or where or how he could have so utterly lost the good manners requisite to one of his station.

The innkeeper made a frank reply, speaking what he imagined. I could not altogether seize its import, except so far as to learn that he supposed me to be some personage, in whom the Count was interested. The old noble's countenance flushed with anger and sorrow mingled at the innkeeper's allusion, and bidding him peremptorily begone for an old fool, scarcely gave himself the trouble to contradict so evident and painful an absurdity.

The road or rather path, which we both took soon after, led from the Rhine up the Brölbach or valley of the Bröl, that name being given both to the stream and the village through which it ran. The valley is almost a cleft, so steep are its sides, and so narrow the interval at which they rise. In feudal times, nay, in years not so far removed, this vale must have been most thickly inhabited. Ruins moulder on every eminence, while the more recent though not less decayed remains of many villas are seen in peaceful positions, visited alike by the destructive hands of war and time.

I thought that my companion, since he had solicited my company, might have contributed somewhat to my information or entertainment, by letting me into the secrets of these thick ruins, their fate, and that of their lords. But the Count seemed absorbed in meditation of the most unsocial kind. Perhaps he divined my thoughts, for after a time he observed,

«I was wrong, Sir, in wishing you to accompany me. The approach to my native place calls forth many and painful recollections, which now I could not coldly communicate, and without a full acquaintance with which, you could scarcely sympathize with me.»

«The novel scenery,» I asserted, «was subject sufficient both for delight and thought to me.»

«Besides when we do arrive, I fear, that I have scarcely a roof or a welcome to offer.»

I was hurt and ill at ease at this drawing back.

«It is twenty years and upward,» said the Count, perceiving that a little confidence became necessary betwixt us, «since I inhabited the place we are about to visit. You are too young to remember, but history has marked to you the period — it was when the French Emigrés, amongst whom were the princes of France, made Coblentz and this country round the scene of at once their poverty, and gaiety, and counter-revolutionary projects. — Ah! here comes my honest serving-man and follower, Jost, one of the most renowned story-tellers on the Rhine, and who, as soon as he learns that you are at once a friend of the family and uninformed of its disasters, will take both time and opportunity to relate all to you at length — that is, if you have patience to listen. But tell indeed he will, so that lest you should offend him by a yawn or an impatient remark, likely nevertheless, I will not anticipate him. Moreover his coming will interrupt us. I dispatched him before me to make what preparations were feasible; and whatever was feasible, three-handed and three-tongued Jost will have performed. But that I may not altogether baulk you expectancy, I may inform you simply, that with some other nobles, my betters, Kings, Dukes, and Counts — myself was there a sort of German sovereign, a Count Palatine, so we were termed. — I leagued in favour of the ejected Bourbons to exterminate the republican French; in which not succeeding, as you may have learned, the republican French, whilst I was beating up their quarters with a wild troop of emigrés, came with one of their divisions athwart my unfortunate

castle, took, sacked, burned it, and dispersed my unfortunate family — »

«Family — your parents? »

«You may well ask — I was indeed a stripling — but still doubly a father. One of my little ones, my boy » — a pause of an instant followed — «perished in that hour of horror — his mother did not long survive that loss. My daughter, Helena, escaped. Jost bore her from the carnage safe, and would have saved equally my little son, but that the mother would not part with him. Jost, you perceive, is entitled to my frindship — he presumes perhaps upon his services — but no — it is his way — he is a soldier.»

The personage in question now appeared to intercept from me all farther information, to furnish such commodity, and without a rival, being one of the great privileges of his place and nature. Jost's was a very hard-featured, ordinary, not to say ugly, countenance, broad, ferret-eyed, red-nosed, und snubbed. He stood, like an inverted pyramid, his shoulders the wide base, and two small buskined feet the point. His dress was as singular as his person — red embroidered pantaloons, like those of an Hungarian soldier, striped, slashed, be-frogged and be-looped jacket, and a casquet or cap, composed of a fine circle round his head, from whence fell a long red cloth bag with a tassel — indeed, I think I have seen such upon our own stage in some well-dressed melodrame; — and so, for all the novelty of the dress, might have spared myself the trouble of description.

«Well, Jost, how are the old walls, — are they habitable?»

«Thunder and lightning, your Highness, three snugger rooms the Prince of Neuwied could not stretch himself in than I have prepared, roofed, tapestried, and all.»

«Roofed, Jost? that was expeditious.»

«Fi fal la, lest Jost alone for cording a tent. But the walls

were black, — ya, black as the breeching of the old Elector's one four-and-twenty pounder, when she fought the whole battle to herself against Pichegru — you have not heard the story belike, Herr," addressing me, but his master cut short his incipient story.

"You will put up with black walls, I hope," said the Count to me.

"But the Herr won't, and the Herr shan't," quoth Jost, "for I have set every kudue round the lake to whitewash forthwith."

"Whitewash the Laach Schloss?" cried the Count.

"Whitewash the castle of the Convent Lake?" cried I.

"Let us hurry to prevent the profanation."

"Thunder and lightning," said the offended Jost, "as if whiting and pipe-clay could not make a castle spruce, ya, and strong too, as well as make a soldier pass review."

"You are a Goth, Jost," said the Count.

"Na, your Highness, that I am not, not a bit of Saxon great or small, but an old Palatine, and a son of Father Rhine."

The Count hurried on without waiting for any farther of Jost's exculpations. We were soon at the foot of the Veitsberg, a noble mountain, from whence Jost informed me, I might look down into the Laach Schloss, nay, to the very bottom of the lake itself, if my sight could penetrate so far — a kind of proviso, that would improve many prospects. As we turned the mountain, we gradually came in view of the Convent Lake, and the Schloss in question. But its description I reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

As we partly mounted the Veitsberg, needlessly it seemed, except for the purpose of attaining an imposing view of the place wither we journeyed, before we arrived, we looked down, certainly, on the most magnificent scene in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, the Seven Hills themselves scarcely excepted. We had ascended considerably since we had left Bröl, and even the valley which we had lately trodden, was far above the level of the great river. What then was my surprise, surprise truly, in despite of my having been led to expect it, to find a considerable lake reposing thus high. It lay at the foot of the Veitsberg, amongst a number of beautiful hills, all clothed with trees and vegetation — villas and villages were scattered round, the long white fronts of the former, and the twin steeples that rose from each church of the latter, enlivening the animated prospect. With this was contrasted the barren brow of the lordly Veitsberg, rugged and of variegated hue, here rearing up its granite peaks, and there displaying dark and gloomy spots, where lava blocks still rested.

It instantly recalled the lake of Avernus to my mind, or that of Albano; the Convent Lake was, like them, volcanic, as its pale blue and transparent waters would have alone evinced, if there were not abundant proofs around, in the lava, in volcanic springs, and exhalations, like those of the Solfaterra, and Agnano. As we rapidly descended to it, the old Count being more eager than even myself or Jost, I was enabled gradually to mark the object, to which my interest had been previously directed.

At a short distance from the Lake, and separated from it by a slip of level ground, stood the Convent which gave its best

known name to the Lake. It had been the abode and property of a rich Benedictine brotherhood, that claimed, ere the French had appropriated the territory to themselves, and abolished every feudal remnant therein resting, to hold in vassalage the chief nobles of the country. They asserted the same claim over the property of the Counts of Altenberg, the representative of which was better known of late years, as he preferred, by the name of the Comte De Laach — and I too prefer the name, that of Altenberg being already celebrated in the pages of one of Miss Edgeworth's happiest works of fiction, though chance, not locality, must have supplied her with the name.

The good Benedictines, however, never upheld their claim beyond the walls of their refectory, as such, coming to the ears of any of the succeeding Counts of Altenberg or Laach, might have seriously endangered their repose.

The Castle was also on the borders of the Lake, at some distance from the monastery, and on the only mound or eminence that rose immediately from its brink. It presented the usual aspect of old Rhenish castles, its great square tower or donjon, its lower line of battlements, and at each corner a round tower springing. A fosse cut around it had of old been filled with the waters of the lake, and perhaps still remained so during the months of winter, for the present, however, it was dry, and afforded the only access to the ruins, whatever bridge formerly traversed it, being utterly destroyed.

The work of whitewashing, fortunately, had not been begun, and we were in time to cast out the preparations, that Jost had countenanced, into the lake. One wing of it was yet black, as the domestic had represented, but not more than what added to the warlike and venerable look of the edifice. To it had been appended some sort of a modern mansion by the former Count, who, making courts his principal residence, could not

abide, even for the few weeks which he devoted in the summer to his hereditary castle, the small and gloomy apartments, the narrow passages and cremelated apertures, that spoke to him of gloom and barbarism, and produced an intolerable effect upon his spirits. In short, the old castle always afflicted him with fits of the spleen; and he accordingly appended a modern chateau to it, which fire and the enemy had taken vengeance on, with more taste than generally marks the operations of such devastators.

Both Jost, however, and his master, had exagerated the ruinous state of the ancient building. The vaulted roof was almost whole, though the lead had been stripped from it; and Jost's boasted roofing was confined to stopping a few apertures with straw. The necessary furniture already transported, made two or three apartments look very habitable, at least beneath a summer's sun. And the Count felt so satisfied, that he ordered a messenger to be dispatched forthwith to Mayence (Coblentz though nearer, and a *chef lieu* during the dominion of the French, as well as the residence of the Elector of Treves previously, not abounding in expert artizans, or in the produce of their handy-work), in order that every thing requisite for the perfect repair and furnishing of the castle might be expedited down by the Rhine as speedily as possible.

Statesman as was the Count, and by profession a meddler in the important affairs of modern states and of European politics in general, he still felt pleasure in the planning for masons and carpenters; and he, whose head had been usefully and well employed in the business of a Congress, seemed equally intent, and far more happy, in acting the domestic architect, and in issuing orders, with precision too, for the manufacture of chairs and tables.

«I am appointed for the moment,» said the Count, «to preside over a commission at Mayence, charged with examining

into the secret societies which prevail throughout Germany, and especially in the universities of the smaller states. And, a garrison town not being the most delightful of residences to a man, like myself, fond of retirement, and of intellectual society, if of any, I must make my old castle here an excuse for not taking up my abode in Mayence amidst its crowd of Commandants. I have bidden some friends to it, provisionally, if I found it habitable, and that I do find it so, I shall immediately dispatch them word. Your purpose is to kill time with some profit, and explore the Rhine. Let this be your headquarters. A chest of books yonder will have more fellows. Besides, my daughter will be here; one of your own countrymen too, I expect amongst others. Come and go, and be at home. Our business at Mayence will be slack during the summer months, I imagine, while each high employé is endeavouring to charm away his maladies and his ennui at the several baths, as the gay summer towns of resort are called, which are blessed with mineral springs and picturesque environs. So here you will always find me. Let us, however, converse for a week or so, to cement our friendship, and then guide your ways according to your humour. These things are best regulated at once, and at first. And remember, ceremony dwells in the hundred courts on the other side of the Rhine; here she is utterly a stranger."

I agreed perfectly with the Count, thanked him, and made up my own mind to how much of his hospitality I would trespass on. Jost installed me in my chamber, which, with more romance than comfort, happened to be that of the Western Tower, the interior of the said tower forming a kind of cabinet to my chamber, and being scarcely screened from it by what once had been a door, the winds and waters made their way in with a freedom, that, however little one might have regarded

such in the latitude of Naples, in that of Coblentz it was certainly incommodious.

Little happened worthy of my attention or remembrance for several days, unless, indeed, that I was once or twice beset by a very ancient and venerable-looking friar, who seemed to take an unaccountable interest in watching and following my steps. A nimble climber, and a quick traverser of a country, whose aspect inspires me with any interest, my gowned and cinctured shadow, for such he almost made himself appear, never failed to cross and to re-cross my track; till at length, wearied with his assiduity, and feeling that in nervous and sombre hours the thoughts and image of the fellow seemed to haunt my mind, as much as his actual person did my steps when wandering, I resolved to commune with the fiend, if such he should prove.

I found him, however, nothing more than an active, inquisitive old man. He seemed to have taken into his credulity the same mistake that had procured me such honour at Bröl, and wanted to discover whether or not the Comte De Laach had adopted, or considered me as his son. I soon undeceived the friar, and as by so doing I had acquired, methought, some right to his confidence, I questioned him in turn, not doubting but that from his gray hairs, I should extract some story or information, either amusing to me or useful.

He had been a friar of the old convent — a happy friar, he said, when he could beg the whole year round from door to door, or under pretence of begging, visit cottage after castle and castle after cottage, and meet a welcome in all. The happiness of human life seemed to him to consist in begging — he regretted that blissful state, and was not to be consoled for being deprived of it.

The French, when they destroyed the convent and appropriated its revenues, had dispersed the brotherhood, and de-

spoiled them not only of their abode, but of their sanctity, by granting to the uncloistered friars a moderate pension each. This, along with the dissemination of French ideas, during the Republican and Imperial rule, had hardened every heart against them — their old votaries were no longer ready to exchange an alms for a blessing — and the village boys, instead of running, as of old, in reverence to kiss their *ostensoire* or relic-box, hooted at the sandaled wanderers whenever they passed, and pursued them with mud and missiles. Few, indeed, were obstinate or zealous enough to retain the old habit of the order: — none, indeed, until after the fall of Napoleon, when hoping to recover from the good will of the Prussian monarch, what they had lost from his revolutionary enemies, the poor remnant of the monks of Laach resumed their gowns, their cords, and tonsures, with a prospective view of being re-installed in their abbey.

Friar Guy was one of these. Day after day they were anxiously negociating that at least the abbey walls might be restored to them, which his Majesty of Prussia would willingly, have granted them, if they knew how to repay the purchase-money which the existing proprietors had paid at the revolutionary sale, a pact that by treaty the monarch was bound to respect.

Now the Comte De Laach was known to be high in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He had himself become proprietor of the greater part of the abbey lands, and the abbey itself, which he had under-let to a kind of half farmer, half innkeeper. To assail the Count in the proper time and place, to strike upon the right topic of interest to him, and win his attention first to their desires, was the great object of Friar Guy. The noise of the Count's having either found or adopted a son, alarmed the friar and impelled him to seek an interview with me. One of these events, indeed, he, better than any man, knew to be impossible; since he himself had been present at the fire of

the castle, had penetrated amongst its smoking ruins, and knew as well, as even Jost himself, what had been saved, and what perished. The Count's adopting any one would have been equally fatal to the old convent's interests, as such a step could but be taken in order to preserve the family name; and with such a determination, the dismembering of any of the property would scarcely harmonize.

I relieved his anxiety by stating who I was, for how short a time, and how slightly acquainted with the Count. And as I spoke him gently, feeling even more commiseration than dislike for the sandal-shoon, his old heart either yearned towards me in kindness, or else he thought it expedient to make a friend, especially one resident in the castle of the Comte de Laach, by any means and with what haste he could. The cunning old fellow was not long in finding out my weak side, and he took advantage of it by pouring in my ear at every opportunity the old legends of the Rhine, and the more modern events that befel, and anecdotes that respect, the lovely and parcelled out territories along its banks. I found accordingly the old monk a far more agreeable, and less impertinent source of information than my friend Jost, to whom the Count had recommended me.

The Castle of the Convent Lake was in the mean time filled with furniture and visitors. The shattered battlements resumed their warlike and embrasured line — the burnt and blackened pannelling of the interior was o'erhung with tapestry — each turret boasted an habitant, and the hall once more resounded with the temperate and gay banquet, nay, once or oftener, as occasion prompted, witnessed the joyous wassail, worthy of olden times. Diplomatists from Frankfort now arrived; now a Professor, freed for a month's vacation from his lecturing duties at the universities — the learned Schlegel, for example, from his new chair at Bonn — German dowagers, some of the old powdered school

of formality, who seemed to have kept their gravity and étiquette safe *en papillote* during the rude reign of French influence, so fresh, yet so antiquated, were these now produced — other dames too, of other schools more *debonnaire*, from the fashionable and not over precise circles of München or Wien, who had come to improve their health, air their reputation, and increase their stock of scandal, by a tour through the watering-places. Perhaps a dandy of my own nation would make his appearance betimes, a scene-hunter like myself, or a melomame. But they were afflicted with that English disease, the fidgets, which I shall not dignify by the name of ennui; over night, indeed, they contrived to drown the foul fiend in draughts of Rhenish; on the morrow, however, it was found infallibly that they had fled from their natural enemy ere cock-crow.

At length arrived the Count's fair daughter, Helena — fair indeed, of that happy mixture of French and German beauty, which unites the piquancy and inimitable grace of the one to the full and generous charms of the latter. She came, accompanied by, — I hope I translate the degree of affinity aright — a great-grand-aunt; and both great and grand, in every sense of the word, was Madam Milberghausen. With her, it seemed, Helena De Laach had been chiefly resident during the wars, wanderings, diplomatic and political missions of her parent. Manheim, the old capital of the Palatinate, was Mrs. Milberghausen's place of nativity and residence, and there, in that pleasant city, by the Rhine's brink, had Helena grown in loveliness, in enthusiasm, and, in despite of her very great-grand-aunt's positive prohibition, in feeling also.

The old lady was most minute and loud in her details of, and remarks on, an incident, which at that period occupied the mouths and interests of Europe — which filled many a young and heated mind with wild and criminal emulation, and brought

deep regret to the calm and sager lovers of Germany, who saw at once its disastrous consequences. I allude to the assassination of an emissary of a great northern power, in the person of a man of letters, a native of Germany, and one whose talents should have raised him above such an employment. This had taken place at Manheim. And as the commission over which the Count presided had been appointed on account of this very event, the old lady was determined to afford to him all the information, not to be told in a small compass, that she had gathered respecting the subject.

I listened to the old lady with far more patience than did the Count, and at the same time was not long in perceiving that Helena, although she too listened, seemed not to agree with her aunt's conclusions, nor yet to listen to her strictures with patience. The young girl would even at times venture upon an interruption, such as,

«Now you know, aunt, the young student never beheld the —— in his life before, and therefore could have no personal animosity towards him, no quarrel to revenge, but that of his country.»

«Country — fiddlestrings, girl! how dare any honest German pretend to know what country he is of, until the next almanack come to inform him? Do not prattle politics, I tell you, for the eleven hundredth time.»

«I feel for all, who speak the same language with me, as for brethren of the same land.»

«What a spoiled century is this, Count, when girls dare even to take interest in questions, that would require all the sagacity of their grandmothers to comprehend. Nay, they have their wishes, not of hearts, and stars, and diamond necklaces, but of national glory, national liberty, union, independence, and such like. Here your daughter dreams of uniting all *Deutsch-land!*»

«Doth she in sooth?»

«Ha, ha, my pretty maiden,» cried the alarmed father, «be these your principles, this the wit ye have learned at Manheim? Where may this arise from, good Madame the Baroness Milberghausen?»

The old lady shrunk from the severe glance that accompanied the question. She, however, pleaded her excuse with sullied gravity, vowed that she had kept her young ward's attention aloof from all such considerations, as far as was practicable in the present degenerate and easy ways of society, which there was no escaping from but in seclusion. But indeed Heidelberg and its university were so near Manheim, that all the youth of both sexes were become inoculated with the wild and pernicious ideas of the students.

«Has Helena made acquaintance with any of those students?» demanded the Count, without leaving apparent any of the keenness, that dictated the question.

Helena's upper lip was dragged betwixt her teeth.

«Indeed,» said Milberghausen, «it would have been impossible to avoid the students altogether. And there are exceptions, you know —»

«That I have not the pleasure of knowing, though my daughter has been pleased to make them; is it not so, my girl?»

Helena did not answer, and her aunt was about to enter upon an expostulation, for her choler was rising, when the Count turned it off with.

«Well, Lenchen, I hope you do not know any of the young band, who have commenced their lives and studies by the perpetration, at least the favouring, of private murder?»

The flush that was already crimsoning Helena's cheek, at this observation gave place to paler. The Count remarked it, thought an instant, then seemed to smile at the absurdity of the suspicion

that had crossed him, rested satisfied that the mere allusion to murder, or the utterance of the word, had been sufficient to shock the feminine nerves of his daughter, kissed her, and directed his attentions to another visiter, his thoughts to another topic.

CRAPTER III.

About three mornings after the conversation which concluded the last chapter, a very inconvenient and unaccountable accident befel me. I am almost ashamed to relate it, as an adventure taking place in the feudal castle of a Count Palatine, on the Rhine, where nothing less respectable than a ghost, a bandit, or an assassin, ought, for the verity of romance, to cross the sojourner. But I forget, that I might have been indebted for it to a goblin or sprite, though it was a most unspritely trick.

I had then, and still preserve, a custom to lock my door, especially in strange places, as securely as may be. This I failed not to do, going to rest. On awakening, however, the door was open, and my clothes — not either valise or purse, for the former was unrifled, and the latter lay, placed expressly on a chair — my coat, vest, and pantaloons had disappeared utterly. There was not a trace of them. I bellowed for Jost: Jost came, shrugged his broad shoulders, put one eye-brow up in wonderment, whilst the other went down in suspicion, but he could neither explain, nor help me. My wardrobe was of the scantiest, and I was compelled to step down stairs to breakfast *en grande tenue*, as if to a ball or to a dinner of ceremony. I told my story — some disbelieved me — others laughed — the Count questioned

Jost, got the same explanation that I did, and, like a great politician, forgot both me and the circumstance the next moment, more especially as he was posed and perplexed by the first page of a new pamphlet, which M. Gentz had been good enough to send for his perusal. Jost somewhat consoled me for the laughter of Helena, which was sorer to me than all the rest, by the assurance that for a few *thalers* he would replenish my wardrobe from Coblentz. He vowed, he knew my measure at a glance, eke the reigning fashions, and that I should be supplied forthwith. On sallying out, my hat was gone also, so I was compelled to promenade *en casquet*. To crown my disasters, the nether garment that Jost brought back from Coblentz, was red — scarlet was never died more brilliant. — And there was I, like Pope's earliest friend,

«Honest, hatless Cromwel, with red breeches.»

My mishaps, immortalized by their last climax in their strangeness, formed of course now and then a subject of remark. I tried all upon the point, Jost, Friar Guy, the domestics, any of the young sparks, whom I thought likely to play a practical joke upon a stranger — but none smiled or winced. More singular than all the circumstances did it appear to me, on remarking it to myself, that Helena was the only person who, by an involuntary smile at times, when the subject was alluded to, betrayed a symptom of knowledge, if not complicity, in the larceny. But then her smile, when such took place, was always followed, or perhaps checked by a sigh, an aspect so woeful and pensive, that I always banished the thought upon the instant.

I resolved, however, to be more chary of my inexpressibles, especially in a country where they could be replaced but by scarlet ones; and accordingly I lay more wakeful, than is my wont, in my chamber of the western turret. It was either owing

to chance, or to this rosolution, that, lying awake one night, I heard a footstep stealthily cross my chamber. I looked. A figure crossed the window, and so became manifest to me even in the obscurity. It crossed, moreover, not from the door of the chamber, but to it, turned back the precautionary bolt, on which I had so much depended, and tripped along the corridor. I rose hastily, though without disturbance, and followed this nocturnal visitant. He knew well the windings of every passage, but at length I discovered him at some distance from me in whispering dialogue with another, with a female voice. I conjectured this to be the domestic of Helena. The intruder seemed to beseech and pray, and to meet with expostulation and denial, with rough chidings for daring to penetrate so far, and assertions that what he desired was impossible. Nevertheless he returned laden, and from the clink of bottles in a basket, as well as from the appearance of his burden, I concluded it to be provision for the hungry. I had before been prepared to respect the fellow as a bandit, and had he but whispered the damsel, and sworn by his saints, I should still, despite my unaccountable loss, have done so. But the plunder of pasties and wine seemed so mean and unworthy of such a midnight visitor, that my first thought was to awake the house and seize the culprit. It was more urgent, and less likely to produce mistake, to watch the fellow to his place of entrance. This was my final plan; following him, I found him repass my chamber, and disappear through the western turret, in which, on examination, I found a door, a very palpable door and staircase communicating with the *basse cour* and lower apartments.

The part of accuser is not an agreeable one in most circumstances: to me it seemed best to warn the damsel of Helena, that her midnight acquaintance had been seen and watched, and to recommend, both to her and him, more prudence for the

future. I thought not very seriously of the person or the adventure, until I perceived that my hint had reached the ears of Helena, nay, and affected her also. She directed at times a supplicatory look towards me, seemed to seek an opportunity of saying a word in confidence, that would banish my fears and distrust; but Madam Milberghausen, her vigilance sharpened by the late rebuke of the Count, acted the duenna as rigidly as if she had been on the bank of the Guadalquiver, not the Rhine.

That there was some mystery in the affair, and perhaps a delicate mystery, became evident; and either to fathom or disclose it, seemed impracticable or indelicate. There was but one alternative left, whereby to avoid unpleasantness, and this was to take my departure. This resolution I therefore announced, and fixed the time for its taking place, in despite of the dissuasions of the Count, and the more earnest, though more tacit entreaties of his daughter.

Still keeping my determination, one appeared to expostulate against it, whom I by no means expected. This was the midnight intruder himself, who came at a time when the moonlight somewhat displayed his person, and without stealth or secrecy approaching my couch, bade me neither fear nor wonder. The latter I could scarcely avoid, as I answered him. He said he came to fling himself on an Englishman's generosity — that he was a student of the university of Heidelberg, suspected unjustly of having been an accomplice in the late assassination at Manheim — that he had been compelled to fly, and had sought shelter in these wilds.

«Why these wilds?»

He had known them and their recesses from youth up — the Prussian police too was less rigid and vigilant, than that of the smaller states — and — to throw off disguise — he knew, he loved Helena De Laach, whose humanity secretly provided food for him

and his companions, although she refused to see or converse with him.

His dress, that of a student, bore witness to his story, as did his accent and manner more powerfully. His sombre gait, fashioned too like that of Hamlet on our stage, his diminutive cap, and rapier by his side, harmonized with a tragical and mysterious story.

«But how is my tarrying or departing to affect your safety?» said I.

«That you may keep possession of this apartment, my only means of communication with the castle, till after the coming of M. Schrueber, who is daily expected, and who, if he arrive immediately upon your departure, will no doubt be installed here.»

«And who is this Schrueber?»

«A brother commissioner of the Count's in the task of fathoming our plans and punishing the initiated — a bigot moreover, a poltroon, and a tyrant. He is, for a particular reason, especially hostile to me, and the immediate cause of my being obliged to fly.»

«May I ask Helena De Laach respecting the truth of this story?»

«What, Sir, do you doubt me?»

«As civily and slightly as doubt may be entertained.»

«Well — satisfy yourself.»

«Your name?»

«Shall be told only to those who fully trust me.»

He departed. Helena the next morning confirmed the truth of what I had heard. And so I consented to remain till after the arrival of Schrueber.

M. Schrueber was a vulgar, *bourgeois*-looking personage; the Count introduced him to me as a peer, I forget. Suffice that the

name of peer, and the idea of nobility attached to Schrueber, endowed him with a character eminently ridiculous, as every step which he took to support his dignity, marred it. The court which he paid to the Comte De Laach was most adulatory; knowing him tobe a noble of influence in the Prussian councils, Schrueber deemed, that the best mode of shining and of pleasing would be to exaggerate his own horror of liberality; in this disgusting the personage whom he thought to constitute a patron, and who, yearned as much to liberality in heart, as he was compelled to frown upon and crush it in act.

«And, M. Schrueber,» asked the Count, «has any thing more been discovered relative to Sand's affair? I think you charged yourself with the inquisition into the probability of the student of Jena having accomplices at Heidelberg?»

«For that matter, they are all accomplices,» said Schrueber, «Heidelberg, Jena, Halle, and Göttingen are united, the students affiliated in secret societies. And this last act emanated from one of their conclaves.»

The Count shook his head, in doubt of an accusation, which inculpated the rising generation of Germany in the crime of murder. «The youths' was an inflammable mind, that caught the spark from the general agitation — no more — if otherwise proofs could not be wanting, and there are none.»

«A band of students from Heidelberg have withdrawn themselves on the first rumour of my inquest,» said Schrueber. «What should this look like?»

«I hope you did not commence with acts, M. Schrueber, with punishment previous to examination, such as imprisonment. Menaces even might have frightened away the innocent, or an insulting accusation thrown on the body might have disgusted and driven away the most honourable of them.»

«I was not able to chain up rumour, and on my arrival I

found myself pressed by such a throng, and deafened by so many *pereats*, that in self-defence I was compelled to call for the aid of hussars, and arrest the most refractory."

"Then perhaps it may be some of the most vivacious or vociferous amongst these rioters who have fled, without having been in the least privy to the crime of their comrade of Jena,

"Not at all likely, that they would have fled for such a trifle, or from such a man as I am known to be."

"No, in verity," quoth Madam Milberghausen.

Helena, I perceived, during this conversation was every moment on the point of bursting forth either in denial or in sarcasm, but dread of her father, of his severe dryness of manner and instantaneous penetration, checked her. She rejoiced, however, to see, and she had hitherto held a contrary opinion, that the Count was by no means disposed, to think the effervescence of juvenile spirits a crime meriting condemnation, inquisitions, and imprisonment. Helena held her peace, and wisely; for, left solely to encounter the questions and observation of the Count, M. Schrueber, in his narrowness, in his wish to please, and fear to exceed, and ignorance of the proper limit to stop at, endured an half hour's torture more poignant, than an open denial of his assertion or confutation of his principles could have produced.

CHAPTER IV.

A HUNTING-PARTY was resolved on, which put Jost to the greatest possible bustle and glee. Hunting-spears and fusils, nets and dogs, were sought and collected. And all the company of the castle one fine morn sallied forth to the woods that surround

the lake and clamber up the Veitsberg. All a stranger's curiosity was awake to observe in what manner they would proceed towards the capture of the game. None were mounted. The dogs were few; but in lieu of these, a pack of bipeds, or peasants of the country, were collected to an immense number, and were soon in full cry with zeal and alacrity, ere sight had been obtained of a single head of game. Having reached a spot nigh to the scene of sport, a noisy council of chase was held, in which Jost presided, the Count being more at home in the cabinet than in the field; and in which it was determined by strength of voice, sufficient indeed to excite suspicions of danger in the breasts of the least wary game, what was best, and what was to be done.

I was rather impatient myself, and longed for the stirring commencement. To my disappointment, I was led up a kind of forest alley or lane, and placed betwixt the trunks of two stout trees in ambuscade. The other sportsmen of the party were similarly posted along the same side of the wood. And thus left to our vigilance and cogitations, the peasants set forth to surround it on its most distant limit, and thence making an invasion upon it from all sides with dogs and shouts, to drive the game towards the marksmen.

The game were not surrounded on all sides, nor was it a circle of men that hemmed them round the sportsmen in the middle, as is, I believe, the custom in great German hunts. We were alone at one side, and the pack of country-folk at the other, so that having once run the gauntlet of our fire, the game escaped. And this appeared to me by far a more generous way of proceeding, than the more orthodox and murderous fashion.

Methought, my own ought to have been a disagreeable position for a bad shot and an inexperienced sportsman, as the shouts of the many voices and the baying of the dogs began of a sudden,

and drowned by fits in the thick fastnesses of the wood, emerged and grew nearer, thus driving upon us the wild beasts of the forest; but as no one seemed to contemplate either unpleasantness or peril, of rare occurrence, I dismissed the idea. Soon a fox was seen to steal past, and other diminutive animals, not worth the sportsman's aim, and who had the sagacity to *rat* and run in good time. Anon was heard the grunt of a wild boar, and his angry rush through the brake; and while the aim of the hunter was fixed upon the savage, a stag would bound past followed by a suite of unhorned and timid deer. Being nearest the wood, or rather in it, we, that is myself and Schrueber, who was posted next to me, were ordered to reserve our fire, and allow the first comers to pass on for the aim of those still more removed. To us, as strangers, was given the post of honour, as all the game must pass us. We over-obeyed our orders in letting too many escape unharmed. I discharged my piece at last several times, oftener without than with effect, while Schrueber, I perceived, hesitated to draw a trigger, most probably from nervousness. A boar passed down the line, wounded and limping; a maimed enemy gave Schrueber courage. He resolved to finish the unfortunate pig, and drag him in triumph as a proof of his prowess. It was one of the last stragglers, for the game had almost passed altogether; and Schrueber, relying on this, sallied forth from his ambuscade into the alley in order to make more sure of his prey. He had scarcely raised his musquet, when, to his dismay, the grunt of another animal resounded behind him. The terrified Schrueber turned, and saw this new foe. 'Twas too late to regain his ambuscade, and he fled, pursuing one boar, and pursued by another, at the same time holding at arm's length from him, lest a brake or branch should touch the trigger, the musquet that he dreaded to use. As he fled in the line of the game too, there was a possibility

of his receiving the fire of some brother hunter, who in his hurry and surprise might have done the peer the honour of taking him for a beast of prey.

Shots in stunning succession resounded in the mean time, and the shouts of the country people, having row nearly traversed and cleared the wood, with the barking of their dogs, approached. It was then that a new and unexpected species of game made its appearance — a band of German students, if their garb was to be believed, to the number of about ten. Driven from their lair, with their joint-tenants of the forest, the fugitives were collected in a mass, in order to prosecute and make good their retreat. Perceiving me they passed, the foremost giving me a nod of recognition. I for the first time fully marked his countenance, which, though pale, was enthusiastic and noble, and tacitly applauded, though I could not but commiserate Helena's choice.

I followed them. The peasants were at hand, and the sport seemed to have concluded. I hurried to the road in order to catch a glimpse, if possible, of Schrueber's escape or disaster. The *bourgeois*-peer still fled, the animal still pursued — some shots were fired, as he passed, at the latter, but more to the discomfiture of Schrueber, who was ready to sink with terror. The sportsmen in ambuscade seemed to have enjoyed the dismay and danger of the poltroon, for none stept forth to his aid. The Count alone took pity on his visiter, and stept forth to intercept the boar, that seemed to pursue with rage and alacrity the prey that had started up before him. The Count fired, wounded, but did not kill the animal, who thereupon turned his rage and grinning tusks at the old noble. Another shot had still less effect. The beast closed on the Comte De Laach, drove his tusks into his leg, overthrew him — and a general shout and shriek arose from his terrified friends and too distant attendants. The

tusks of the enraged boar would in an instant have been in the stomach of the foe he had overturned; but that at the moment the foremost student, who had far outstripped his comrades with incredible speed, arrived, and seasonably plunged his knife or dagger into the brute's neck. Even then he did not die without struggle, overthrowing the student, and rolling with him, till the assistants came up to extricate him. The Count too was uplifted, and whilst some hasty bandages were applied to a wound, that was trivial, except when the years of the sufferer were considered, the parties gazed in silence and astonishment at each other.

«Who is this young gentleman,» asked the Count, «to whom I am indebted for preservation?»

The question was repeated to the still silent youth by the bystanders, and he answered, «It matters excessively little.»

«On the contrary, my young Herr,» cried Schrueber, who had mustered courage on his deliverance, and rejoined the crowd, «it matters much. We must know on whom we are to heap our thanks and inexhaustible gratitude for the precious life he has saved.»

«Bestow them on those who value the false fawnings of the coward and the knave.»

Schrueber drew back as from another wild boar, eying the youth at the same time more attentively than he had hitherto done. And the incongruity of a student being of a sudden found in the depths of a Rhenish forest struck him. The costume too was perfect, that of the most thorough Bursch, and Bonn as yet contained none such.

«You are from Heidelberg, young master?» said Schrueber.

«From Bröl, Sir, if you seek to know my place of birth and residence.»

«Your parents?» asked the Count.

«Sleep by the Rhine's bank. They are no more. My uncle is known by the name of Friar Guy, an ancient Benedictine of yon Convent, Sir; may you live well.»

This last expression was tantamount to bidding adieu to the company, and accordingly after uttering it, the speaker turned to withdraw, and rejoin his comrades, who lurked at some distance from the scene.

But both the Count and Schrueber made signs to detain him, and the hunting party intercepted a retreat.

«You would make me prisoner then, Count De Laach, for interfering betwixt you and the boar?»

«No prisoner, young man. The gratitude which I owe you, impels me to preserve you from that fate. And my friend, M. Schrueber, seems by his looks to entertain ideas respecting you, that you and I together will, perhaps, be able to clear up. His proceedings might be precipitate and summary. Let me entreat you to favour me with your company to the castle?»

«If you owe me gratitude, Comte De Laach,» replied the youth, «let it be evinced in leaving my path free.»

«Respect the advice of age,» said the Count. «Bear me to the castle. This young man will follow. And let some one overtake his comrades, and persuade them to follow.»

The first part of his commands were obeyed. The latter were found somewhat impracticable, as the domestics in approaching the little band, found the students with rapiers drawn to oppose them. They would hear nothing, till they were assured that their comrade was at liberty, and that he went of free will to the castle of the Comte de Laach. Learning this from his own mouth, they withdrew to their fastnesses, as before, affecting to be one of those parties, who wander for the purpose of studying botany and geology through the mountains.

Fritz, for so his comrades named the youth, accompanied

the wounded Count and his followers to the castle, wearing certainly an air of uneasiness and agitation, that confirmed apart the evidently evil opinion entertained of him by Schrueber. That personage remained behind, occupied in his own cogitations, and in the mean time the rest of the party reached the castle.

Helena was naturally in distraction on beholding her father so returned, yet her change of colour and surprise was not more marked than when she beheld the student making one of his followers. The good Madam Milberghausen was equally petrified by both causes, and the Count could not avoid noticing that the young student, however a stranger to him, was not one to either his daughter or her female guardian.

The wounded lord of the castle was conveyed to his chamber, and then the day's sport closed, throwing a considerable gloom upon the spirits of the party.

CHAPTER V.

Fritz and I became friends. He was often called to the chamber of the Count; and as we were all in the habit of entering there, in order to enliven the dulness of confinement, I was witness to one of the conversations that took place betwixt the young student and the old noble.

«I hope you have kept your promise, my young friend,» said the Count, «in asking pardon of the Baron Schrueber for the insults you so gratuitously offered him.»

«My promise was but to try to do so,» replied Fritz; «I did endeavour. But 'twas impossible. I could not bring my tongue to it.»

«Have you considered the consequences of this stubborn

pride? If you will not stoop to aid yourself, how is it to be expected that others will?»

«Nor expected, nor wished — I will abide my fate or rather shun it. For which reason, Count, I again ask your permission to depart.»

«Tut, boy, what can you fear beneath my roof — But tell me now honestly, Fritz Lufer, why did you quit Heidelberg?»

«To avoid the dungeon that Schrueber threatened me and my comrades with, was one reason.»

«Do you approve of the act of Sand?»

«I do with my whole soul.»

«Rash boy, if you should ever make me such answer as president of the commission of inquest, your doom is sealed. Immutable imprisonment will be your condemnation.»

«Do not argue so. Or you persuade me to earn that fate, by what ye jurisconsults would call *a crime* worthy of it.»

The Count frowned sadly. «If you have been an accomplice in the crime of Sand, as Schrueber believes, and as your words render credible, you have done enough. And then indeed we may part.»

«I knew nought of it; I first heard, and then admired.»

«Is it not inconceivable,» said the Count, addressing me, «that such principles should be taught, held, and vaunted.»

«They are the children of despotism,» said Fritz. «One evil can be combated by another. And such a permanent crime may be well bartered for a passing one.»

«That is, tyranny for assassination.»

«The same.»

«What jesuitical sophist taught thee this?»

«My country's wrongs, my own reason.»

«It is folly to argue with a madman. Doth your enthusiasm urge you to imitate the Roman patriots?»

«It doth,» said Fritz proudly.

«Then remember Fabricius scorned to do that which you applaud, and his country has recorded it to his praise.»

«So have they recorded and praised the daring of Mutius on a contrary principle.»

«Ah! their moral code was somewhat lax. But we are Christians,» said the Count. «At least, whether we believe or not, we walk in the light of Christianity, and feel the truth and divinity of its precepts, even when we ascribe the discovery to our own sagacity. You know not what you abet, what you applaud, — did you ever see blood?»

«Often,» replied the youth with a smile.

«From your finger, or the scratch of a rapier? But was it the life's blood, wrung from the heart even of the veriest wretch, by murder? Go, I cannot believe that you are imbued with the sanguinary paradox you uphold. I am bound at least by gratitude as well as humanity to endeavour to recover you from it. Chance or providence may aid me.»

I had retired to a lattice, and was gazing forth from it upon the lake and the lovely landscape that surrounded it.

«Another word,» continued the Count; «where knew you my daughter, Helena?»

«At Manheim. From Heidelberg thither is a frequent excursion of the students. I met her in society.»

«Never in secret.»

«Never,» and the youth flushed.

«Who introduced you to her, or what circumstance?»

«Chance,» and he was still more confused.

«You are frank, and I dare say honourable — you must make me a promise on this point. Let me not have the air to dictate it.»

«Then if you allow me freely to converse and cultivate friendship with Helena De Laach, never, and you may superadd what

imprecation you deem most secure, never, I promise, by the honour of a German and a true student, to wed Helena De Laach, without your permission —"

«Sacred thunder," cried the Count, «what modesty!»

«Nor approach her ear with words that thither tend," continued the youth undisturbed.

«'Tis well, Sir," observed the Count proudly, «I am satisfied.»

I found Fritz soon after, about to leave the castle. I asked him was it for any time, and he replied, that it was merely on a visit to his comrades; and perhaps his uncle, Friar Guy. I said, my steps were wood-ward, and he asked me to accompany him.

As we walked round the brink of the lake, and gazed into its pellucid waters, my companion was pensive. He seemed occupied with some thought, which acquainted as I was with a youth's inmost secret, the state and object of his affections, he still did not wish to communicate.

«You are anxious to see a gang of wild Burschens," said he, «and you shall. What an amiable, generous, noble old man!» continued he, abruptly turning his thoughts from his rude comrades to the mild and prudent friend, whose counsel still sounded in his ear. «How different I deemed him — the proud aristocrat — and can the minions of tyranny be like him, humane, considerate, reasonable, liberal — impossible — yet he is so — this 'tis to take one's ideas of the world from the hatreds and prejudices of the cloister or the college!»

«Why even there should an unjust opinion have been formed of the Comte De Laach?»

«Why — he has been sent here chief inquisitor; — to lend his ear to information, — to shut us in dungeons, and force confessions from us, — to uproot our societies, our bonds, and decimate the youth, that are the hope of Germany.»

«Nay — you exaggerate.»

«It is his duty, his office — he had accepted it — he is paid for it. A dozen of us had sworn his death.»

«You are imprudent to make me a confident of meditated murder. There ——»

«Fear not. Thou hast seen that in the hour of opportunity, this hand was raised to save not to destroy.»

«The having meditated it, but for an instant, is crime enough.»

«Thou art a canting Philistine,» said the student. «Have dreams never tempted you? Nor the enemy of mankind, in a solitary hour, o'ershadowed you with his wing? Have you never felt the first inchoate thought of crime — of a selfish, or luxurious one, if not of the self-devoting and the noble? Go — I took you for an open-souled man.»

I stood, more astonished than hurt. I scarcely understood what I had heard. He hurried on a few paces and returned. «Come,» said he, «your reproof was right. Providence has saved me from a great crime.»

«I cannot understand you. Methought that you were the lover of Helena De Laach. How then in return meditate evil against her parent?»

«By treading private affection under the feet of public duty.»

«I will regain the castle,» said I.

«You shall not — shall not leave me to my passion, my remorse. I have to meet friends, fiends like myself, yet no, fools, and that is all — school boys on Roman stilts. Come with me — I exaggerate — I play the fool — and am not what I still would seem.»

There was a strange mixture of the noble and the criminal about the youth. — His belief, or rather his past belief, in the heroism of crime wrought for great ends, such as he no doubt esteemed public liberty — then the frank, self-accusing passion in which his remorse confessed itself — and the fondness and

paradox with which at intervals he clung to his old ideas — formed a compound of character, that struck me as now fit for Bedlam, at one time for the executioner, and at another for the hero' niche and fame. I was interested, though shocked; and commiseration stepped in to combat and succeed my abhorrence.

We walked a mile or two rapidly in silence, and gained at length a glen, retired, of fearful and curious aspect. It had once been wooded; an earthquake, or some such convulsion incident to these regions, had torn up the trees, scarified its sides, leaving huge fissures and bald spots white and sulphuric, while gray lava-blocks cumbered the bottom, which seemed in winter to be the bed of a stream. Now, however, and for some months it seemed to have been dry, for the sod was firm and green. Some straggling forest trees raised themselves here and there; none majestic, being but the second shoot or growth of decayed and shattered stems. In the sides of the ravine huge roots of the once lordly timber were bared, and presented fantastically curved and knotted arches. Betwixt some these intervals were hollowed, and proved the entrance to caverns, which had been excavated for cement-stones, much of which was of old, and is still, exported from these regions to other countries. The workmen, however, had long since exhausted or deserted this valley, and for the present we found that one of the caverns had been taken possession of by the comrades of Fritz.

It was too hot, and too short a time past noon, for idlers at least to have been sauntering; and we heard the voices of the collected band bursting in unison from the cavern mouth, as we approached it, singing Schiller's well-known song in the Robbers:

Ein freyes Leben führen wir,
Ein Leben voller Wonne,
Der Wald ist unser Nachtquartier,

Bey Sturm und Wind hantieren wir,
Der Mond ist unsre Sonne, etc.

A roving, jovial life lead we,
A life right full of pleasure;
Our home is 'neath the wild wood tree,
By storm and night our trade ply we,
The moon of our day 's the measure, etc.

«Fritz, my knave, friend, captain, brother,» were the different salutations that my companion received from his different comrades. They all embraced him, questioned him, expressed their gladness and his welcome by many extravagant shouts, gambols, and cant expressions; carrying on a conversation with him in the latter occult tongue, that baffled all my powers of comprehension. It of course concerned me; and, after a time, I was made the object of welcome too.

What is a German welcome, however, without feasting? The repast of the students was spread forth, nor scanty nor Spartan; and I was not so very much surprised, as without previous observation I might have been, to recognise upon the floor of the cave several remnants of pasties and dishes, that had adorned the yesterday's dinner of the castle-table. The pocket-knives and fingers of the company made speedy work with the Count's viands; and conversation languished, or else was limited to ejaculations, until the company, wiping their knives upon the remnants of their black bread, produced, and commenced pouring libations from bladders full of Rhenish. The vessel or its name are neither of them elegant — however 'tis classic, being the decanter used by Homer's heroes; although Mr. Pope could no more permit the word into his couplets, than a French poet dare think of admitting that of *pistolet* into his.

The drinking glasses were peculiarly Rhenish — of coarse gray

glass, double, or two united by a stem, one serving as a stand to the other, and stamped as due measure by the eagle of Prussia or the rampant lion of Hesse.

«Here is welcome to you, Fritz, and joy to your delivery from the hands of the Philistines,» pledged the youths around to their restored comrade.

«I tell you again,» said Fritz, «there are none but true Germans on this side the Rhine.»

«Mongrel dogs, and not to be trusted, neither Saxon nor Gaul, I say.»

«Would you have lurked so safely in the depths of the Black Forest, as you have lain secret here?»

«How long will that last? The Count President must have his eye upon us since that cursed hunting match betrayed our haunt. The President De Laach, and Schrueber, are the head and neck of the Inquisition — let's do what we came for — fill Germany with our name — and then perish or disperse.»

It was only from after information I learned, that this was the sum of the proposal, for 'twas spoken in a dialect or an accent beyond my comprehension.

«None touches De Laach whilst I have a rapier,» cried Fritz, «nor Schrueber either for that matter — we will not stain ourselves in his base blood.»

«One's blood is too base — t'other's too noble — how squeamish the air of yon castle has rendered Fritz. The blow was in his hands when he o'ermastered the boar, and he had not the courage to strike — he has betrayed the cause.»

«A false knave and a traitor saith so,» cried Fritz, forgetting in his rage the more polite formulæ which alone a student should make use of in insult. Swords were of course instantly out, and save one, who seemed the youngest of the band, all seemed to have taken a view of the question unfavourable to

Fritz. He had deserted their principles, their peculiar bond of union.

He had so. And before Fritz went forth to decide the quarrel, he informed them of his determination, in an harangue of eloquence and heat. He professed to be still as much attached to German freedom as the most patriotic; but that he had been convinced that that cause, or any other the most sacred, must suffer more than it would be benefited by crime. At any rate, that the devoting soul and body in such an act as was proposed, demanded a mightier, a solitary victim, whose power and existence alone stood betwixt millions and their rights. If Napoleon lived, and the student of Schoenbrunn be adduced as a noble victim of self-devotion. But Sand's was a useless crime.

I cannot follow or set down the false arguments of his enthusiasm, which sought in vain to mark as just and noble, as well as expedient, the middle path betwixt right and wrong. The insulted student called for satisfaction, and Fritz crossed rapiers with him at the mouth of the cavern. There was not one dissuading voice. I was a mere cipher, ignorant even of the high and fierce sounds poured forth and imprecated round me. They drove in mortal combat at each other's breasts. But after a little it became evident, that the skill of both was so great, as to render any fatal consequence unlikely. The antagonist of Fritz at length received a wound, and not a trifling, though at the same time not a dangerous one. The circumstance excited neither commiseration nor anxiety — it was of too frequent occurrence. And Fritz, recommending his friends to remove to a more distant place of refuge, if they could not return safely to Heidelberg, took, with me, his course across the hill.

«Chance decides every thing," said he, as we surmounted the hill; «I should never have worked myself up to the resolution

to forswear my false ideas, and deny them before my comrades, but that my blood was stirred to it by that fool's taunt."

"Let us be content with the virtue of a resolution, without analyzing too nicely its motive; 'tis what few would bear."

"And if you knew all the motives in this case, you would give my virtue still less credit."

"A nearer view of the charms and worth of Helena have wrought upon you."

Fritz sighed and smiled. "There is another dream of enthusiasm from which I am awakened. Fortune has dispersed all my visions at once — well — she will repay me — I am her child — and must be thankful.

We were about to descend the other side of the ridge we had surmounted, when the figure of Friar Guy advanced towards us. When I pointed out his uncle to Fritz, the youth, at that moment in no patient mood, turned his eye upon me and then upon his relative, with a haughtier and more dissatisfied air than became his duty towards the senior. In short, the fiery student and patriot blushed, me thought, at claiming no higher kin nor stock, than that of an humble friar.

"Well met — we sought you," said Fritz.

"And I have been watching your motions, boy. You have followed my counsel in breaking with that band of unholy youths?"

"It has so happened, that I have."

"And for the rest of my bidding —"

"Bidding!"

"Ay, bidding, mine haughty son — look you, that the favour of the Count of yon castle hath not turned your head, or his daughter's glance set you too high. You seem to scorn my garb — 'tis old, 'tis true — but if it is thread-bare boy, 't has been with carrying thee an infant in its folds."

There was something about the friar that I did not at all like,

something sinister in the countenance, selfish in demeanour, and of that falsity calculated to blind the person it addresses, but which always lies open to a third person or spectator. This feeling could alone have prompted me to give utterance to the unseasonable remark, which rose to my tongue, that — «These were suspicious acts of tenderness in a gowned friar.»

The monk's brow kindled to a crimson hue — the word surpassed his vow of patience — and Fritz looked as if with a rapier-drawing face.

«Throw no arrows in the dark, Sir,» said Fritz, «the wit, if there be any, is not worth the wound it may chance to give. — You mistake me, uncle. I am heated with a brawl I fell into below, and you mistake the not yet subsided flush and flurry, which it occasioned, for pride. You know, I am obedient — that I must be so,» and the words were spoken with peculiar expression, bordering perhaps on irony.

«You had best in truth.»

«Leave threats implied, good uncle. My temper will not brook them spoken.»

«And had you not best, I repeat,» continued Friar Guy, but in a softened tone, «shew yourself a youth amenable to the wisdom of age. But, have you spoken to the Count touching our Convent, or made the promise——»

«So far from arriving at stipulation, I have not yet been able to command his attention to the subject. I touched upon it once or twice, and he thought that I alluded to Sand's affair, and plunged the conversation into it — another time he cut me short by the declaration, that he had utterly forgotten every event of the last century, and for that matter so had Europe too.»

«The wily old diplomatist.»

«Therefore I come to warn you, that you must speak your-

self. He baffles me, and, strange to say, awes me by his grave demeanour."

«'Tis natural. But is he really kind?»

«I have every reason to feel that he is warmly so.»

«Well, we will see. But why, think you, I sent to speak with you? 'Twas on a matter more urgent than this. You should have come alone.»

«Speak — I will answer for the stranger.»

«And I will trust him. You know the land too well, Fritz, not to know, that every house contains a spy.»

«That do I, yet without always attending to the said truth.»

«In every house there is one — that take for granted — to find who is the person, is the difficulty.»

We ran over the list of all the inmates of the Castle, guests as well as domestics. All possibly might act the part intimated. None were likely.

«There is one you have not yet mentioned.»

«Who? we have thought of all, ah, save indeed Jost, the Count's confidential valet.»

«Now who is the personage in the household most worth being gained over as an emissary?»

«He, doubtless, if the thing were possible.»

«Then he is the man — beware Jost, the confidential valet. Trust those who are out of the world for knowing what passes in it.»

CHAPTER VI.

The Count's confinement left the company of the castle very much to their machinations and amusement. Many went and came. Fritz seemed to make use of the opportunity to knit his

intimacy with Helena, taking advantage of the Count's permission thereto with a liberty that boded a flagrant breach of his solemn promise. Madam Milberghausen, against whose frowns and prohibition the permission of the Count was pleaded, and who expostulated with the old noble in vain, seemed to take measures with Schrueber either for vengeance or for her own satisfaction. Indeed it began to be whispered that the new Baron was anxious to have his title reflected in the style and person of a helpmate, and that for this reason he had cast the eyes of a suitor upon Mrs. Milberghausen. The story however was but one. The good lady was merely anxious to preserve her neice from a low alliance, and in thus communicating with Schrueber, she found that the Baron looked with an equally hostile eye upon the student, from other causes.

Secure in the friendship of the Count, and in the good opinions of the latter, confirmed by what he had heard of Fritz's late conduct and abjuration of his old principles and associates, the student seemed to defy the enmity of the seniors. His time and converse were devoted to Helena, who on her part seemed to favour him without reserve. They did not even scruple to take together moonlight walks upon the battlements. And with my lattice open, after having retired to rest, I could not avoid hearing both their steps and communings.

«It is the loveliest scene in nature,» said Helena, gazing no doubt, as I myself was, on the reflection of Heaven, with all its stars and its bright moon, in the still lake. The far brink cast a dark shade round, marking more strongly the pellucid mirror, in which at times the objects were stirred gently by a stray breath, waving each fixed point of light into a streak. The reflex of a falling star too shot through the depths at intervals. The overhanging woods were all as still — the distant convent was in shade, with merely its tiled ridge, its chimneys, and its

turrets, for it too was castellated in part, tipped with the silvery ray. And of the bright haze which extended itself far over dim and lovely scenery to the horizon, the imagination might form almost what scene it would, for the fairy realm lent itself to all.

«It is a native place worth loving.»

«A possession worth struggling for.»

«What says Guy?»

«He insists on the restoration of the Convent. It is in vain to urge to him the impracticability of his scheme. The old man's heart is set upon it.»

What obstinate folly — in the present unbelieving day, when even his gown is a mockery — and in the states of a Lutheran Prince. Surely he will defer it.

«He says, with truth, that he is too old. That he must see the wish of his heart fulfilled, or will allow ours to remain unaccomplished.»

«Is that in his power?»

«In great part.»

«We must then entreat my father.»

«Will he listen? For as to making, or venturing to hint at the stipulation which the friar proposes, it would be impossible — the quick sense of the old statesman would catch at once what was implied, would esteem the whole to be an interested plot, in which he was merely to be deceived for the benefit of others, and would turn his back both on it, and on me perhaps, who uttered it.»

«Why not confess all to my father, and let him deal, as best he must know the means, with the Friar.»

«My good uncle might disappear from the country altogether in that case — he must too easily foresee that circumstance, not to be prepared to baffle it — besides my sworn promise to him — that I must not infringe.»

«And your promise to my father, Fritz.»

There was a pause, during which the student passed his arm round Helena's neck, by way of reply.

«I have received this very evening a letter, a joint letter from my fellow-students and comrades, craving reconciliation, vowing they have wronged me, and must see me once again —»

«Remember, Fritz.»

«Nay, Helena, see me — and that they will still linger near to watch my safety. Were there ever such preposterous fools?»

«In this case you must see them indeed, and persuade them to begone. Something will be laid to their charge, and you will be implicated.»

«They assert, that Schrueber dispatched a courier from Bröl to Mayence.»

«Nothing more likely. But what can be feared in my father's castle.»

«I at least fear nothing.»

«And I, every breath.»

«Well, a little anxiety becomes you, as none doth me. I will watch the Baron. You think the friar's suspicions of Jost are unjust?»

«Am certain, my father has trusted him from boyhood. But we must part, Fritz — the night advances, and Milberghausen will find some pretext to intrude upon my chamber.»

«Good night, then, dear Helena.»

It was the afternoon of the following day, when I prepared to take one of my accustomed strolls. I left the castle with that intent, and sauntered round to the verge of the lake. I heard my name called suddenly, and looking round, saw Fritz, beckoning to me from the Basse Cour. I obeyed his summons.

«Now, once more for the *escalier dérobé*,» said he. And he ascended lightly a dark and hidden staircase, up which I fol-

lowed, imitating his caution. After some winding and fatigue, we arrived at the turret-cabinet, into which the student stole. He immediately bid me look through the chink of the half-open door. And there I beheld Master Jost, with the *escrutoire*, where I had thrown some loose papers, open before him, and also, despite of Bramah, my portmanteau in a similar condition. Papers, however, seemed to be the sole object of his search. And as he replaced more than he took, I perceived, it was for the purpose of *espionnage*, not robbery, that he gave himself all this trouble. Fritz now made me signs to descend, and thus after having ocular demonstration of Jost's treason to his master's guests at least, if not to his master, we left him undisturbed to his researches.

«Shall we not go to the Count instantly?» said I.

«Nay, nay — that would be starting the game, before stretching the net. Join me here in the evening. Master Jost has his errand to Bröl. I have discovered his den, and by St. Benedict, we will rifle it.»

I found Fritz at the appointed hour. Jost he had watched on his errand towards the Rhine. The student had provided the means of access to Jost's cabinet, which, upon first entering it, seemed more to belong to a secretary than to a *valet de chambre*. All the rascal's security seemed to have been founded on the utter improbability of his being suspected, for no pains whatever were taken to secrete the objects of his spoil and treason. Some papers lay half-copied — Extracts and summaries of others had been deemed sufficient. Amongst other scraps I perceived part of a diary, which I myself was in the habit of keeping; and certainly the copying or miscopying of it made a strange figure. I could not well make it out — but my simple remarks on German characters, German scenery, and German cookery, looked most treasonable in the strokes of Jost's penmanship. I

seized it as a proof; Fritz said, it was not sufficient — something more conclusive was necessary — something treasonable against the Count's self. Such I despaired of finding, not believing that the spy could have been so consumate a rascal.

Fritz prosecuted his search, anxious, as his mutterings avowed, to discover if any letter or paper of Helena's had fallen into the fellow's power. On this point he seemed most interested. But none appeared. In the midst of a search, of which I began to be weary, my hands lit upon a roll of manuscript, differing in appearance, in the hand-writing, and in the care with which it was enveloped, from the rest. I opened it. It seemed a sort of narrative. What could have brought such there? I shewed it to Fritz, who looked over it.

«Psha!» said he, «the *brouillon* of some cursed romance or tale-writer, on whose acquaintance the Count happened to light.»

If the student, whilst he uttered this, had looked in my countenance, he would have seen strange signs of guilt and wonder. It made me look again at the manuscript, in some doubt if I were not to find it an Historiette — rather a difficult matter, even for Jost's ingenuity, as the post conveys these very loose sheets of mine as soon as scribbled. Foregad, however, it was very like one. Fritz cast his sharp eye over it again. «The *Comte de L* — , the *Comte de L* — ,» read he, and repeated — «What's this? where did you find it? the copy, if there be one, may inform us.»

Copy there was none, save a scrap, that seemed to have belonged to such.

«This will do,» said Fritz, as he observed the paper endorsed with an observation, «The Count's Memoir to the year ninety-five, the rest either never written, or not to be obtained.»

«'Tis what we seek for,» cried the student, «a paper from the Count's own desk. Let us see. I have a letter of his. Let

us compare them. It is, it is the Comte De Laach's own handwriting. This memoir is his — evidently stolen by Jost, the copy dispatched by him to his employers. — Come, this *is* proof. And we have rummaged enough. This has been laid by. Place the rest, as they were left, not to awaken suspicion for a day or two. The Count must see his memoir, and know where it was obtained."

Satisfied with our prize, we both retreated. Fritz acceded to my request, to grant me the possession and perusal of the few papers for that night. The brief memoir, which it had amused the Comte De Laach to draw up of his own early adventures, in the third person however, I present, as I read it, to my readers.

THE MEMOIR
OF THE
COMTE D'E LAACH.

The people of the three Ecclesiastical Electorates had for some time enjoyed profound tranquillity. Whilst the insurrection of the colonies of England kept the west of Europe in agitation, and the partition of Poland threatened to have the same effect on the east, the little German states, that had hitherto alway tasted of the earliest fruits of war, looked on for the first time unconcernedly at the quarrels of others. The Comte De L— was then very young, and instead of being sensible to the blessings of peace, he upbraided his stars for having ushered him into life

at so dull an epoch. The Count wished to travel; but his relative and sovereign, the Elector of Treves, expressly forbade him to quit his court, saying that it behoved not the subjects of the church to wander or war.

The old prelate had truth in asserting, that in his territory there was all that might content a reasonable man. It is, or was, throughout its whole extent, certainly the most picturesque and beautiful little realm in Europe. With the banks of the Rhine, with those of the Moselle, what region will compare? All it wanted even then to complete its charm, was the liberty of leaving it for a short space.

The Electorate was not without other attractions. The court resided chiefly at Coblentz. Although it was against discipline and rule for female charms to display themselves within its precincts, the daughters of the Rhine were too lovely not to overcome monastic etiquette; and with their unholy intrusion, joined with the easy, benignant, and joyous character of the reigning priesthood, Europe could not boast a happier court.

The youthful heart refuses to lie fallow. If unsown with the serious seeds of business or at least of busy amusement, love will spring up. It did so in the breast of the Comte De L—, who, had he been permitted to digress a time into the world, visit the courts of Europe, and its distinguished men, would have occupied his young head with more useful and delightful experience, after which he might have recurred in riper age to the solace of manly and mature affection. Fate and the Elector ordered it otherwise, and filled his young days with bitterness.

At the feet of Isabella — the Count declared his passion; and that either her heart or vanity was gladdened by the conquest of a lover, was evident in her guileless, though confused joy.

'Twas at the period when troubles thickened in France, threatening the nobility and the throne. Rumour upon rumour

came. Some amongst the Trevites were secretly pleased, some alarmed, the greater part careless. Our sage elector saw clearly the commencement of the war against altar and throne; and strong in his expression of commiseration for the French monarch, and indignation against his oppressors, those who meditated flight, looked toward his territory as a point of rallyment. The emigration began. It was a torrent, and in a short month, our little town of Coblentz was filled with fugitive nobles, families, prelates, and princes. Flight was the mode — and fashionable example so lorded over the better classes in France, that persons of *ton* were afraid to linger behind, lest they should lose their *caste*. The duty to their sovereign that bade them rally round him, that to their country, which bade them adhere to it and preserve it, were silenced by the edicts of the ruling *petits maitres*, who declared emigration to be *devoir à la mode*. And the greater part of the nobility of France, nowise forced to the step, sacrificed their rank and possessions, and embraced voluntary exile, rather than be thought singular in remaining behind.

Amongst the most distinguished of the emigrants was the Prince De R——. His was truly an escape, since he was nominally proscribed. After passing the utmost peril he arrived upon our frontiers, bringing with him his only sister to swell the court of Treves, which soon became the most splendid, most magnificent, and most needy in the world. For the fugitives had left all property in the hands of their enemies, or else had sold their possessions for sums so trifling, that it lasted their prodigality but for a brief space.

The Comte De L—— became attached to the Prince De R——. Both were young, both were ardent. The French noble had the advantage over his new Rhenish friend in his worldly knowledge, his habitual converse with the court and society of Paris, which

was a world in itself. He was gay, had wit, address, the power of mockery, the talent of raillery, to perfection, and the Count could not preserve his independence sufficiently to prevent him from taking the Prince as a model, and from allowing to him, both in public and private, the *pas* over him, which perhaps the Frenchman merited. The simplicity, the confidence of character, which were the result of a retired life, betrayed the Comte De L —— into this weakness. And when mortification had taught him to perceive it, and pride prompted him to correct it, the Count found it was too late. Like all other kinds of dominion, the once allowed holds good its place against the strongest endeavours to shake it off. And short of a downright quarrel, in which resentment would infallibly have assumed the appearance of petulance, the true equality of friendly intercourse became impossible to be restored betwixt the friends.

In short, they became rivals. Isabella's beauty, perhaps her rank and wealth, attracted the homage of the Prince. And perhaps, for the Count's alienation from him became evident, while some of his steps piqued the Prince, the latter seized the opportunity to supersede a rival in a lady's heart. Isabella, weak girl, could not but prefer the accomplished courtier and man of the world to the rustic attendant on a prelate, who reigned in a corner; and her smile was suddenly withdrawn from the Comte De L ——, her ancient and almost received lover.

Coblentz became in the meantime the scene of more important intrigues, than those of individual friends or rivals. It was the focus of counter-revolution. The French Princes took up their residence there, the monarchs of Europe sent their agents and emissaries. The anarchists in France were to be put down; and as the hopes of the emigrés became more ardent and more founded, their credit revived, and funds were again forthcoming to support magnificence and fashion.

The Prince De R —— espoused Isabella ——. The Comte was piqued and envious more than despairing; a state of feeling, that informed him that his affection had been one of those, which chance kindles prematurely, when the young breast is too impatient to tarry cool for its true passion.

Against her the Comte De L —— felt no resentment. Every feeling of that kind was cherished against the stranger, the intruder, the false friend, the successful rival, To gratify this resentment in the only honourable way, the Comte De L —— did every thing that was possible, but found his purposes always baffled. This was not owing to the unwillingness of the Prince, at least not to any want of courage on his part, for the emigré was as chevalresque in courage as in manner. Chance or some unseen hand so contrived, that at full a score of times and places of rendezvous fixed for the decision of the quarrel, one or other either never found themselves, or if in despite of obstacles they did meet, their purpose was marred by the sudden appearance and interference, now of the Elector, now of the Comte D'Artois, of some ladies of the court or emigration, or of the good Police of Treves, which was never vigilant, except on this occasion, before or since.

It perplexed both, but the Comte De L —— especially, to discover who could be so interested in their fates: — a man certainly it could not be, for his care of ever so dear a friend could not extend to thus sedulously guarding him from meeting a foe in the fair field of duel.

The Bourbon princes then inhabited the chateau of Schönbornlust, at a short distance from Coblentz. And they were surrounded certainly with a strange and motley court, as full of intrigue, as if an empire's revenue and patronage passed through its hands, and not abating one jot of the pride and etiquette, which is considered necessary for one of the first courts of Europe.

Contrasted with this was its poverty and daily expedients to borrow sufficient for the food of the household. To this indeed our Rhenish nobles with generous confidence contributed — the chief of them, the Prince of Neuwied, for example, still remain creditors to a great amount, to the newly-restored house of Bourbon. If funds were conveyed to them from Paris, it was always with melancholy feelings that the emigré princes thus found themselves relieved, for republican vigilance soon doomed the generous remitters to the guillotine. Such was the fate of the venerable Magon De La Ballue, who, for having remitted a sum to Coblentz at this epoch, perished with all his family of children, and great-grand-children, wives, daughters, and infants, filling with his own offspring one of those fatal waggons that conducted a herd of victims to the guillotine.

Many of the powers of Europe leagued with the fugitive princes. The armies of Austria marched to the Rhine, and Condé equipped his little army of emigrés. The Rhenish nobles were as ready to hazard their persons, as to exhaust their treasures, in the service of royalty. The Comte De L —— himself raised a band of followers, which called itself a regiment; and full of ardour and hope, he alternately took the field, and repaired to the court of Schönbornlust to consult respecting plans of campaigning: although this was often the excuse for the enjoyment of its gay society, at times a pretext for terminating his quarrel with the Prince De R——.

It was with the latter view that he repaired thither on a certain day. The little exile court was elated with having received the overtures of one of the Republican generals, who promised to betray his party. Much as they built upon it however, and with reason, since it was veritably a plank of safety to their shipwrecked cause, the aristocratic council long hesitated ere they could bring themselves to promise rank or honours towards one

elevated from the ranks of the people. They even threw a damp upon the zeal of the renegade, and compromised the success of his treason, by refusing him the title of General, as not derived from competent authority. So much does high and exclusive breeding narrow the intellects of men, and thus is the pride of birth and place made to entail its own punishment, by rendering its heritors incapacitated from defending their own privileges.

The Comte D'Artois in secret did the Comte De L —— the honour to communicate to him these tidings, and expressed his hopes of a speedy termination of the misfortunes of France.

«But you, Count,» concluded he, «have but half a soul in our success. Your thoughts are meditating vengeance upon one of our best supporters, and yet you call yourself our friend.» In vain did the Comte De L —— reply in excuse. «You must give up your enmity,» continued the Bourbon Prince, «the Princesse De R—— is happy — and you should turn your affections elsewhere. The Prince bears you no enmity, I can answer — nay, speaks with warmth of your former friendship, and regret for its irremediable cause. May I place my command upon you, to forget this silly quarrel, and to be friends. — Besides you see, ye cannot meet to terminate it hostilely — Fate has determined that you shall not.»

«If your Highness would inform me, what or *who* that fate may be,» replied the Comte De L ——, «it would at once satisfy my curiosity, and much allay my resentment.»

«Indeed! Then, I could inform you, under promise —»

«I will be secret.»

«It is a lady.»

«I guessed as much. But who can be so interested in my fate, the spurned of one of my own country damsels.»

«By them alone could the Comte De L —— be so — for women love variety even more than merit.»

«It must be a fair one possessed both of your Highness's friendship, and of the Elector's, for you both interfere —»

«I have no time for idling, the lady is, in first Helena De R——, the Prince De R——'s sister. Remember your promise.»

The Comte was astonished by so unexpected a piece of information. To him, however, whose wounded vanity had chiefly affected him, the balm was of the most soothing kind. Helena De R—— was lovely, but delicate, in seeming, apathetic and disdainful, one that none could ever have suspected of unsought love, and active, unwearied, secret attachment. Such, however, was hers; and the Comte De L—— fell at her feet with a warmer, a truer affection, than that puerile one which he had experienced towards Isabella. His pride, to be so distinguished, was flattered to enthusiasm, and gratitude blended with his love. Joyous and immediate was the reconciliation betwixt the Comte and the Prince De R——, betwixt the former and Isabella. And the Comte's marriage with the Prince's sister, was already foretold and looked upon as arranged at Coblentz and Schönbornlust.

A very grave, very honest, but, at the same time, a very whimsical personage, a Frenchman who had joined the emigration, and whose foible, or rather *fort*, as he himself supposed, was the offering of gratuitous advice to all whose ear he could lay hold on, the Princes themselves not excepted, did the Comte De L—— the honour, with many excuses, to expostulate with him upon his intended marriage. Both the advice and person would have been forgotten by the Comte, had not after circumstances forcibly recalled them, and with them the adage, that from the mouth of the fool may drop wisdom.

His objections, or rather warnings, went to hint an extraordinary and persevering ill fate attending the house of R——, well known in France, so well known as to prevent many from

seeking or receiving so dangerous an alliance. No member of it had been known in memory or tradition, to exist without being visited by some signal disaster; and the blood seemed to be perpetuated by miracle, for the purpose of keeping up the ban that hung upon them. The warning excited but the smile of the Comte. On consulting others, however, it was corroborated; yet did it make little impression upon him, save to bind him stronger to one of a race, which was deemed by fate worthy of being distinguished from all others.

Helena became Comtesse De L——, and her husband as happy as his affection promised.

To this state a year and upwards brought no change nor alloy: the warmest friendship and intimacy reigned between the united families of the De R——'s and De L——'s. And whilst the Comte forgave Isabella, and loved her as a sister, Helena's attachment to her sister-in-law became, as is natural to woman, warmer still.

Fortune in the meantime fulfilled none of the sanguine hopes of the emigrés. Republican obstinacy and hardihood overcame all the zeal of the royalists. Their great allies were but lukewarm in the cause, or at best prosecuted the war with all the tardiness and pedantry of the last century's tactics. The Rhine and its borders became the actual seat of war. The froth of emigration was wafted far from Coblentz, whilst the army of Condé, in which the Prince De R—— was enrolled, and to which the Comte De L—— was attached, struggled with chivalrous and despairing valour against the superior forces and indeed superior skill of their enemies.

The Comte De L—— placed his wife in his castle, situated in a remote valley, not distant from the bank of the Rhine, which he hoped, from its remoteness, might escape the devastations of the republicans. The Princesse was often her com-

panion, but more often she would persist in following her husband to the army, that she might tend him wounded, or perform a wife's more melancholy duty. It was in vain to dissuade her from such acts of devotion. The example of the females of La Vendée, whose enduring reached our ears, buoyed her up to emulate their example, and, alas! their misfortunes. She was *enceinte*, and for the first time; yet even this could not remove her a day's journey from the action and the camp. The Comtesse De L—— was, at that period, in a similar situation, having previously given birth to a daughter, whom the Comte named Helena after her adored mother.

In one of the many actions, that took place about this period, betwixt the French republicans and their enemies, the former after a hard-contested combat were victorious, routing and pursuing the vanquished with a zeal, that valiant resistance had excited. In this affair the little army of emigrés, which had stood out the field later than their German allies, found, towards its termination, their retreat cut off. The victorious divisions of the enemy had in their pursuit got betwixt them and the Rhine. Death awaited every captive. The direful tidings spread along the Rhine, and soon reached the Princesse De R——, who did not delay to wrap herself in peasant garments, and endeavour to pass the republican posts towards her husband. None were near her at the time to dissuade, and their counsels, even had there been, would have been disregarded.

Under cover of the night Isabella approached those passes guarded by the republicans, and which in her assumed disguise she hoped to traverse under cover of the darkness. But they were too vigilant; the devotion of the wives of the emigrés was known; and as all communication was sought to be cut off between the intercepted body and their friends, a close watch was kept. The Princesse De R—— was arrested in the attempt to

pass, recognized by some traitorous Trevites, in the Republican service, and detained. She was not the only female whose courageous attachment met with a similar ill-fate; and with some others in her predicament, she was confined for the night, and guarded in a cabin within the lines of the army.

She afterward conveyed to her friends an account of the anxiety and pain, in which she passed this sleepless night, and of the mingled agony and joy, that she experienced, when at day-break the shouts of Condé, the war-cry of the emigré band struck upon her ear, and resounded through the Republican camp. It was the little intercepted army of Royalists, who resolving to escape or sell their lives dearly, had attacked the Republicans with the intention of cutting their way through them. Through the window of the cabin and the dim dusk of morning, Isabella partially beheld the combat — the onset of the emigré heroes, the startled republicans running hastily to arms, and routed at first, whilst their cry of *Vive la Republique* yielded to that of *Vive le Roi, les Bourbons, et Condé.* By degrees the masses gathered, the tumult increased, the sounds of strife bore witness to a mortal and contested struggle. Isabella described the pain, the rage, she felt at not being able to join the fortunes of her husband and her husband's friends, to escape or perish with them. The uncertainty of their fate was dreadful to her.

She was at length relieved from continued suspense, and by how dreadful a process! A kind officer of the republicans informed her, that the emigrés had with desperate valour succeeded in cutting their way through, but that full three-fourths of their number had fallen in the attempt. He gave her the permission to go, guarded by a soldier, and seek amongst the slain, to discover if the Prince, her husband, had there fallen.

With gratitude she accepted the terrible favour, and com-

menced her search with a sinking heart. Many of her sex were busied like her, some seeking for friendly faces, glazed in the paleness of death, whilst others merely plied the trade of stripping and rifling the dead. How many a noble form did she gaze on in doubt, — how many a casque uplift from the pale forehead it covered, in terror, — how many a well known countenance did she mark clotted, effaced, the pride of the lip and nostril still there, but in death, and all this without a tear. She became at length wearied, sick. The Pince had not fallen — else he would have been found amongst these heaps of nobly slain. No — he had escaped. She was re-conducted to her prison.

The republicans were exasperated by the success of the Royalists, and more so by the excessive loss which they had suffered from the little band. The soldierlike generosity, which the armies of the Rhine had hitherto, and indeed in general, shewn towards their unhappy compatriots in the ranks of their enemies, and towards the relative of those who happened to be taken — in which their conduct was, to their honour, contrasted with the armies of La Vendée — was now for an instant suspended. All the captives taken were instantly ordered by the *representant du peuple* that accompanied the army, to be conveyed either to Metz or Nancy, and brought before the bar of a revolutionary tribunal. Isabella was led a prisoner to Nancy.

The Prince De R — —, free but wounded, soon learned the circumstances of his wife's captivity. He joined the Count and Countess De L — —, and every plan that invention could devise, was thought and meditated betwixt the friends for the liberation of Isabella. They even feared for her life; although she was not a native of France, and could not by marrying have transgressed its laws, still the savage Court was known to be merely actuated by vengeance, and by a wish to rival the sanguinary verdicts of the capital. In this the fears of the Count and Prince were jus-

tified. Every plan failed for her liberation, and the last emissary returned with tidings, that the prisoners *en masse* had been condemned to the guillotine, without the judges having taken the trouble to examine any particular case, and distinguish betwixt the different degrees of the several captive's culpability.

The Prince De R—— no sooner learned the truth than he rushed to the frontiers, or rather caused himself to be dragged thither, as his wound still kept him confined to a litter. The Comte De L—— accompanied him in a journey, that could terminate but in his destruction. The friends, however, were fortunately stopped by hearing that the Princess had been respited, from being recognized *enceinte;* and this not only rendered them sure of her present safety, but led them to hope that the authorities of the republican town could never have the barbarity to enforce so sanguinary a decree against an innocent victim.

The moment that he was restored to health, the Prince made his way in disguise and surrounded by perils to Nancy, where he lingered, unable to penetrate into the prison of his wife, although he received daily tidings from her.

In this abode of misery Isabella De R—— brought forth a son, and about the same time the Comtesse De L—— presented her husband with an heir. How bitter to both was the double event, which in other circumstances would have been productive of the extreme of happiness.

When the child of Isabella was born, the revolutionary judges, who always affected to garnish and cover their cannibalism with the show of humanity, decreed, that as they had respited her life in order that she might produce a citizen to the republic, on the same principle they would still allow her to live, in order to nourish the little citizen. One would be shocked to see the pedantry of law ingrafted on so inhuman a code, were it not in favour of mercy. Indeed the very judges them-

selves were perhaps inclined to pity, but dared not, consistent with their own safety, indulge in it, unless by some such affectation as the present, such an adoption in their verdict of the revolutionary cant of the period. By their decision, six months' further respite was given to the mother, who after that time was to be consigned to the guillotine. As six months was a term beyond which the existing state of things could be supposed to survive, the decision was considered as absolute grace. There was still one fearful proviso —— the child must live. If fate took it from the world, there could be no excuse for still extending the boon of life to a wretch that had forfeited it to the laws as the wife of an emigré.

Isabella was informed of this exception to the grace extended to her. The mother smiled as she looked upon her first-born, with the thought that were it taken from her, to follow it could be no pain.

This mixture of barbarity and humanity filled the Prince, the Count and Countess, with the deepest anxiety. What dreadful, what anomalous times! That anxiety was materially increased by learning that the infant was a weakly one. «The confinement, the wretched air of a prison,» said the Countess Helena, «will tell against its days, and that of its mother. Would that our little healthy babe were Isabella's, since the thread of her precious life depends upon her child's survival.»

A parent's and a husband's anxiety placed a hundred emissaries and messengers to bring daily tidings of the Princess and of her child. Every day too, it was hoped, would bring accounts of a change in the party uppermost in Paris, and a consequent relaxation of rigidity in the provinces. But no — all was adverse — terrorism still spread its sable wings over the land. And the health of Isabella's child decayed. She thought not for herself; she watched her pining infant unconscious, in her

anxiety for it, that the spark of her own life at the same time languished — and the last sands of both were running. If she did think on this, it was with a melancholy pleasure.

The Prince heard every day of the gradual decay of his child and of all his hopes. He hurried to the Count. He had gained the gaolers, — not to favour the prisoner's escape — to that they could not be won — but to admit a healthy child to be exchanged for the princess's dying babe. The Prince and the Countess Helena immediately sought around. Wealth, favour, all earthly goods were promised to whosoever would part with a child. No one could be found. The Prince was in despair. «She shall have mine,» said Helena, taking her infant from the cradle, while the Count heard her in horror and admiration. It too was *his* heir, his hope, — yet could he not gainsay the generosity of the Countess.

To a trusty emissary the child of the Comte and Comtesse De L—— was given. He executed his undertaking with good faith and success. The dead child of Isabella, was taken from before her, and the living substituted. Her life was saved.

It was a disorder that had raged in the prison, which had finally carried off Isabella's infant. It seized her suppositious one, the young hopes and heir of De L——. Isabella knew not how precious was the little charge. She tended it with equal care; but, owing to her insensibility which at first rendered her incapable of receiving tidings or directions, she was spared the agony of then knowing that her friends had sacrificed their child for her.

It perished too, the lovely babe of Helena. Alas! ——— The Princesse De R—— survived her prison, and was restored to the arms of her husband, while he himself was, after a time, restored to those of his country. The Castle De L—— was in

mourning; and her little daughter, Helena, alone remained to cheer her drooping mother.

Time was not allowed to the De L——'s to indulge in sorrow. An army of French at the very period invaded the Electorate. The Austrians opposed them. It was a grievous campaign for the Rhine; the French, irritated by the loss of a young hero, who commanded them, committed every cruelty and devastation. The Count De L—— obeyed his sovereign in joining the troops of Austria. A detachment of the French, in his absence, surrounded his castle-residence, plundered, and set fire to it. The Countess Helena never recovered the terror and the subsequent hardships she endured. She too perished, bequeathing to the disconsolate Count, her never-fading memory, and her infant Helena.

There was a mystery thrown over the disappearance of the Count's infant son. But one or two of the domestics were acquainted with the truth, necessarily kept secret at first, that the suspicions of the savages of Nancy might not be awakened. After the fire, it was believed that the infant had perished therein. It mattered little, save that the latter and untrue report has given birth to rumours, that the heir of De L—— still lives.

It was with the purpose of establishing so melancholy a fact to his house, that the Comte De L—— has himself drawn up this memoir.

CHAPTER VII.

Fritz too perused the Count's memoir, and was equally interested with myself in its contents. «How it will delight her, whom it concerns most,» said he, as he folded it for the purpose of conveying it to Helena. «There can be no treason surely in having thus ac-

quired a knowledge of the misfortunes and generosity of our host's family." I felt some qualms, nevertheless, upon this score, and proposed going with it to the Count, to state the way in which we had procured it. But Fritz said that he had especial and paramount reasons for making Helena acquainted with its contents.

In the mean time Jost, the adroit Jost, did not fail to perceive that his sanctuary had been visited. All our care could not regulate the papers as they had been. And his acute eyes saw at once where even the position of a single sheet had been altered. On further examination he missed that document so important to be replaced, so damning an evidence if produced against him — the Count's memoir. Who could be the plunderer? That was the principal point to be discovered. The suspicions of Jost turned alternately upon all the inhabitants of the castle, from the Count to his fellow-servants. The student he calculated to be otherwise employed; and finally his ideas fixed on Schrueber as the most likely person to pry into his secrets. He therefore, with the same honest, alluring, braggadocia face, kept bustling as gay and flippant as before, keeping a close eye upon every movement of the Baron Schrueber, to the delight and entertainment of Fritz, who saw at once that the traitor had been alarmed without becoming aware of his discoverer.

Other enemies were plotting to harm the student, and at least turn him forth from the predilections of the Count. As, however, more than a slight cause would be necessary to make the latter forget the debt of gratitude he lay under to the youth, it was determined by Schrueber and Madam Milberghausen, who talked together over this important point, to leave Helena and the youth uncontrolled, and seemingly unwatched, to their free converse and devices; and that thus thrown off their guard, some opportunity would unfailingly occur, to afford the Count proofs that a greater intimacy, than was consistent with the promise of the student to him, existed between the student and Helena.

The imprudence of the lovers seemed indeed unaccountable, and to pass all bounds. They deemed perhaps the ancients, as they termed Schrueber and Milberghausen, similarly absorbed with themselves. And though they mocked at the malice and mean cunning of the Baron, they took no care to guard against their becoming the objects of both.

At length it befel, or was so arranged, that the convalescent Count, bestirring himself at an unusual hour of evening, interrupted Fritz and his daughter Helena enjoying a *tête-à-tête*, and seated together in that friendly or loving position, which was rendered necessary by their perusing at the same time a manuscript held in the hands of both.

His first glance was at them, and an angry expostulation was about to succeed it, when his second glance caught the manuscript, which immediately directed his thoughts and suspicions in another channel. It was his own Memoir. He seized it, and demanded of the surprised pair, how they became possessed of such a document The student's crimsoned countenance bore all the semblance of guilt. He related the manner in which it had fallen into his hands, and called me to witness the truth of his assertions. The Count was with difficulty convinced, but he was at length, or seemed so. After some moments of thougt, of vexation, thought terminating in an angry smile, which was easily construed into a fresh conviction of the worthlessness and trustlessness of men, he desired that no mention of the circumstance might be allowed to escape, or to reach the ears of Jost above all others.

«You have read this?» said the Count to Helena.

She said, she had. «It was for your perusal, but—» the Count seemed so struck and absorbed by the unexpected discovery he had made concerning Jost, that he had not strength or inclination to speak upon the subject which had brought him to surprise his

daughter and Fritz. The first rush of his anger had been turned aside, and he was too distracted to collect his passion afresh. He therefore left them abruptly, and retired. While they experienced more anxiety and pain from this species of reprieve, than if the torrent of anger had at once been poured upon them.

Schrueber and Madam Milberghausen were in great disappointment and perplexity to perceive that no scene whatever followed the discovery which they had planned. The silence and troubled demeanour of the Count was unfathomable to them. To all appearance their plans of vengeance failed, and Schrueber declared, that the commission opened in a few days in Mayence, and that his departure on the morrow was necessary. I myself indeed formed a similar determination.

On the morrow the Comte De Laach called his daughter to him, and questioned her respecting her own conduct and that of the student. She denied and contradicted strongly, but simply, all her parents suspicions.

To her, however, he had to reproach no breach of promise. Fritz he taxed directly with that want of honour, which went to cancel all the gratitude that the Count owed him. The student was equally indignant in repelling the charge, but with little reason on his side, the lack of which, as in most cases, he endeavoured to make up by warmth.

«I deemed, young man," said the Count, «that if your ways were wild, extravagant, beyond, in short, all proportion of reason, your honour was strained also to the same enthusiastic pitch; and that I should not have to reproach you at once for a superfluity of patriotism and public spirit, and a want of honesty and self-respect."

«You are wrong, Comte De Laach," replied the student, «and from no other breathing man would I suffer, much less answer, the reproach. I have not o'erstepped my word given ——"

«Not to marry Helena De Laach forsooth, — I now call to mind those words of impertinence, that at the time of utterance I passed over, looking more to the tenor than the exact words of what I required. Are you the Jesuit, Sir, to throw mock-syllables in men's eyes, and cheat them of their confidence by subterfuge?»

«I sought to keep, I kept the very spirit of my promise.»

«Account then for appearances.»

«I cannot.»

«Our acquaintance therefore ends. Re-seek your university. Make peace with the high powers you have offended, and from whom I hoped to screen you.»

«I despise them, have been guilty of no crime, and will not stoop to ask what I do not need, pardon.»

«You have made one of revolutionary societies, nay, been a leader—even though ye were boys, your avowed principles surpassed those of most hardened men. The right and duty of assassination was the leading principle of your code. I have that code.»

Fritz started, thought of the wily Jost and his ways, of which however the Count profited, it must have been in ignorance of the manner in which documents and information were procured.

«I had broken with my old comrades,» said Fritz, somewhat angered, «and now may rejoin them.»

«Beware, young man. I do not say, that I have withdrawn all protection.»

«I am no criminal,» continued the student, «I seek your good opinion, not protection.»

«Well, we need use no more words. What ever has been said by me, is far too much, considering that I may find myself your judge, in my capacity of president, ere long; 'tis what I would have rejoiced to avoid.»

Jost at the moment rushed in, with looks of terrified innoeence, to whisper in the ear of his master.

«Speak out your tidings,» said the Count, shrinking from the traitor.

«A body of Prussian Gendarmerie approach the castle.» Helena, affrighted, rushed in with the same words.

«They come with some dispatch,» said the Count.

«They are over-many, your Highness, for couriers.»

«Young man, you hear, and stir not.»

«The toils have been too artfully spread,» said the student: «I am here alone, under your safe-guard.»

«There has been some traitor amongst us,» cried the Count, looking upon Jost. But the imperturbable countenance of the valet pleaded innocence, and in this case with sincerity.

«M. the Baron Schrueber,» said he, «had dispatched many couriers from Bröl within these few days back.»

The Count was struck with the greater likelihood of this suspicion, for he had observed from their first meeting in the unfortunate boar-chase, that the Baron had conceived a grudge against the youth.

«Let us descend,» said he.

And the Gendarmerie were met in the hall by most of the inhabitants of the chateau, collected. When the mission of the officer was demanded, he replied, that he came to arrest and conduct to Mayence, Frederic Lufer, student of the university of Heidelberg, and a fugitive thence; accused of having been a leading member of societies, formed for the troubling of the public peace in the confederate states of Germany, and for getting rid of the leading men of these states by assassination.

The Count wished to learn, who had been the informant, and who had signed the warrant. Schrueber's name appeared to the latter; himself had signed it. The Comte De Laach crimsoned with anger, and with something more. He asked to see the Baron, ignorant that his brother of the Commission of Inquest had taken

his departure that morning, for Mayence, on urgent business, he had informed Jost, and at an hour in which he was unwilling to disturb the Count in order to pay merely his parting respects.

Helena during this scene was in despair, about every instant to fling herself at her father's feet, and retained with difficulty by Madam Milberghausen, and by the student himself, who pointed out the impropriety of her betrayed interest in his fate before so many by-standers, and at the same time, the uselessness of entreaty, where all seemed placed beyond both the power and expectation of the Count.

«I will myself with my daughter and family,» said the Count, «proceed to Mayence, to-morrow. — You, Sir,» to the officer of Gendarmerie, «will use your prisoner with all lenience and respect.»

In a short time the police soldiers, five in number, a force great for peaceful regions, set forth with their captive, and took their way towards the Rhine, through the valley of the Bröl. The castle was abandoned to silence, but not the less to trouble and anxiety. It was no longer the fit place for strangers, and those who were so, immediately took their departure — I myself, among the rest, after a brief conversation with the Comte, who hoped to meet me at Mayence. He dispatched Jost on the instant, to make preparations for their reception. The Count had, it seemed, taken no notice of the deceitful practices of his valet, perhaps for the wisest of reasons. I observed Jost accoutring his steed for the journey, with haste, and saw him set forth with alacrity on his mission.

Fritz, in the mean time, and his guard, rounded the Veitsberg, and wound along the valley, in the several moods that may be supposed to befit the mind of a lover separated from his mistress, and policemen in the land of easy tyranny, where hand was never raised against them. They paced on in perfect security,

each man intent upon his pipe, the universal occupation of a German's life. Their leader had thrown the reins on his horse's neck in order to strike his flint and fungus, and was just conveying a lighted morsel of the latter to his pipe, when his steed abruptly halted. They were now coursing the base of a steep, though not very lofty precipice, on the brink of the stream, which rolled at the bottom of a profound and rugged channel beneath them. A little in front, the face of the precipice rose immediately from the stream, and being of solid rock, had defied the original contrivers of the road, from pursuing it in that direction. It consequently was made to cross the stream, over a bridge, and pursue its course on the opposite bank. This very bridge the Gendarmes had passed some hours before, and never did arch echo more firmly to their tramp. Now, however, it was shattered, broken down, an utter ruin. The rider, when his horse's pause directed his attention to this impediment, was such amazed to account for it. The river, though in winter well qualified for such a feat, was now shrunk considerably lower than the stone whence the arch had sprung. No piece of artillery, or overloaded wain appeared sunk, bespeaking itself the cause of the crash. Either gunpowder, or many active hands must have been employed so effectually to destroy the means of passage.

Germans, especially with pipes in their mouths, are not very speedy at coming to a resolution, and ere the guards of Fritz Lufen had arrived at any such point, they were attacked on a sudden by a party of students nnd young peasants, who — succeeded at the first onset, in precipitating the Gendarmes into the torrent's bed, and rescuing from their fangs their equally astonished captive.

The ridge above the road, though precipitate, was not high, and the discomfited cavaliers had scarcely raised and extricated themselves from the torrent, when the party which had put them

to the rout, had dispersed and disappeared. Fritz found himself once more amongst his ancient comrades, who hurried off with him to their old haunts.

It is easier to conceive than describe the tumult which the news of this adventure excited at Bröl. Since the last century, when the rugged Rhine bank was thronged with robbers, so daring an attempt had not been known. And under the patriarchal government of their ancient bishop, or the vigorous rule of the French, any resistance to established power had grown an act of madness beyond all precedent. The feat, too, excited some painful fears throughout the village; as it was likely in consequence to be visited by, and made perhaps, for some time, the station of a detachment from Coblentz, and perhaps, a troop of Prussians from Saar Louis, the billeting and approvisionment of which would prove a serious burden to the little community.

The wise heads of Bröl were accordingly put together to avert the dreaded calamity, or at least to render it as slight and of as short a duration as possible. And this, it was soon agreed, was best to be done by affording every possible aid and information to the discomfited powers of the *haute police*, in re-capturing the rescued prisoner, and securing the audacious band that had liberated him.

This I gathered in my passage through Bröl, where my arrival was somewhat retarded by the obstacle which had facilitated the rescue of the student. My old acquaintance, the innkeeper, and more especially his lady, was full of the misfortune, as she called it. And I could not but augur ill for the freedom and safety of Fritz and his imprudent comrades, from the zeal and accord with which the worthy Brölites declared against them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The gorge of the Rhine valley, after presenting some of its wildest and noblest scenery, opens at Andernach, a most interesting town, of Roman origin, and still bearing in its walls and towers and many other relics the marks of its immortal founders. On both sides of the river the hills recede, a bounded plain extending some distance on through which the Rhine winds from Coblentz, where, or at least a little past which, it is again enclosed by steep hills. The road traverses the left bank; on its right is seen the beautiful palace and village of Neuwied, famed, and to its misfortune, as the most practicable spot for a military passage of the Rhine. Here Cæsar first, and the unfortunate Hoche last, effected the difficult feat. A pillar to the memory of the latter stands on an eminence. This warharassed region is thickly strewn with such memorials. That of Marceau farther on, placed beneath the batteries of Coblentz, and amidst those innumerable swarms of Prussian soldiers which garrison them, is a melancholy object, the tomb at once of his individual heroism and his patriotic hopes. It is worthy of having caught the attention of the muse of Childe Harold, which in general seems to have been but moderately inspired by this lovely and chivalrous region. The contrasted beauties and sublimities of the Leman and the Swiss Alps were more congenial to the pilgrim's spirit.

A simultaneous turn of road and river brings the traveller of a sudden in view of Coblentz, certainly one of the most beautifully situated towns in Europe. Niched in the angle betwixt the meeting of the Rhine and Moselle, its gay white houses, the bustles of its crowded quays, and the throng of boats and rafts on the two rivers, have a most lively effect. Its numerous and beautiful steeples, two of which rise from every church together, give it the ap-

pearance, which is afterward found to be but the appearance, of a large and populous town. On the opposite bank of the Rhine, to which it is connected by a bridge of boats, rises the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

«Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height,
Yet shews of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer rain —
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.»

It no longer answers to the description. The effects of mine and shot are no longer visible. The face of the precipice is white with warlike masonry, and will, when finished, bristle no doubt with artillery. Prussia has rendered it stronger than ever. Its name bespeaks at the same time its impregnability, and the military spirit of the country to which it belongs — «the bright stone of honour» is its translation.

Entering Coblentz, I recalled the memoir of my friend the Count, and thought that the throng and gaiety of the emigration was all that was wanting to make Coblentz a delightful town. At present it is but a huge guard-house: the drum never ceases to resound within and without its walls. Every house of respectable appearance is either a barrack or an hotel. Soldiers and stray visiters complete its scanty population.

I sauntered forth on foot to enjoy the view from Ehrenbreitstein, and having descended upon the bridge of boats, I found my passage stopped by four boats and their united plank flooring having been withdrawn, in order to leave an open space in the midst. I looked for the cause, and saw it in the shape of an immense raft, which came slowly down the stream. It resembled a floating vil-

lage. Houses of various dimensions, formed of planks, weve scattered on its surface, whilst a crowd of the inhahitants, so they might be called, were busied to and fro. There were three immense oars plied before, each by six men, as many by as many behind, and by the means of them they steered their unwieldy vessel toward the aperture of the bridge. The raft had been cut most probably from the Black Forest at the extremity of the Rhine near its falls; there put together, launched and manned; it had floated down the king of streams, its destination one of the Dutch ports on the ocean. A native of America would smile at the interest thus attached to a long river-voyage, his own country affording so much more magnificent; but to an European that on the Rhine is nobly and uniquely romantic. I was so interested at the passage of the Leviathan and its population of a crew, that I expected a shout at least from those on the bridge to be re-echoed from the wanderers on the raft. It passed without a single greeting — never did I behold such an example of phlegm. It floated on — the bridge closed — and I passed forward to Ehrenbreitstein.

The summit of the fortress presents one of most beautiful views on the Rhine. The valley of the river is seen far up betwixt its boundaries of hills, some twenty ruined castles, of celebrated names, all in view, and one ruined convent standing on a picturesque island not distant from Coblentz. Northward the eye reverted to Neuwied and Andernach. I was enjoying the scene, not however without alloy, as every neighbouring eminence crowned with rampart, battery, and entrenchment, marred the true and natural spirit of the place, but I was interrupted or rather checked in my tacit anathemas against warfare and its followers by hearing a chorus of martial voices at a distance. They neared by degrees. It was a battalion of perhaps five hundred men, young conscripts or recruits apparently, for they were without fire-arms, returning from drill, and as the pursued the zig-zag path up the fortress

they all thundered out in passable accord a splendid national hymn, the words of which I could scarcely catch; but their spirit and effect will ever dwell with me. Musical taste is the romantic side of the German character. I thought of five hundred raw English recruits, and what an attempt at any enjoyment in common, any such solace, returning from the fatigues of a sunny day's drill. — Somehow or another I have had a respect for Prussian soldiers ever since, — a respect that all the exploits of Blucher had not previously inspired me with.

Arriving the next day early at Boppart, a little town on the Rhine, southward of Coblentz, I found a crowd, and bustle, and popular ferment.

«What! have Fritz and his friends been here too?» said I to myself with unmeaning mirth.

I did not repeat the remark. After a great many unanswered questions and miscomprehended answers, I at length learned the unusual cause of such sumult to be — recent murder. Who was the victim? That was yet to be ascertained, for none knew. It appeared, the unfortunate Herr, whoever he was, and a person of respectability his dress denoted him, had been journeying south along the Rhine, and had taken his passage most likely, for even that was only conjecture, in the *Jagdschiff*, or *Coche D'Eau*, from Coblentz to Mayence. As in this voyage the boat went against the current, dragged by the force of horses, it was rather tedious. About two or three miles' distance from Coblentz the river makes a considerable circuit, which may be shortened by pursuing a by-path over a mountain and through a forest to Boppart. This path was often taken on foot by the passengers in the Jagdschiff, and having been unfortunately undertaken alone by the individual in question, he had been robbed and murdered by the way. The *Coche* had continued its voyage, and this very probable conjecture remained yet to be confirmed. The body, however, had been found

upon the by-path in question, the pockets of its habits rifled, and its death-wound apparently inflicted by several thrusts of a rapier or rapiers.

Every traveller, as he entered the town, was brought to view the dead body, in hopes of some one thus recognizing it. As I however declared myself a stranger and an Englishman, I was spared that ceremony, a circumstance I afterward rejoiced at. Some one from Mayence arriving about the same time, recognized the body immediately upon beholding it, and thus satisfied the people of Boppart upon one important point. The murdered man was no other than the Baron Schrueber.

Considering the victim, my suspicions immediately fixed upon a certain band of persons as perpetrators. The wound, inflicted by a three-sided rapier, the very species of weapon carried by Fritz, increased the suspicion. How near the idea approached to certainty, may be conjectured, when I learned that the band of students had not lingered on the Veitsberg, but had actually passed Coblentz, and were seen in the neighbourhood of St. Goar.

This event, with its consequent train of reflections, caused me to continue my journey with most sad and unpleasant feelings. I had grown somewhat attached to the youth, in spite of his wild ways, his strained modes of thinking, and extravagant rules of acting. But I had deemed his avowal of such diabolical principles as the right of assassination, to be the mere supporting of a paradox for argument and address-sake, somewhat like our own schoolboy themes upon the death of Cæsar, and as remote from being drawn into precedent as example. The present crime, if what seemed but too probable should prove true, was an illustration of the doctrine quite to the letter. Schrueber was mean, selfish, intriguing, and had played falsely with Fritz, and the Comte De Laach, his protector. And to cut him off thus sum-

marily, might have been prompted and palliated, both as an act of vengeance, and one of duty.

Escape o'er a continent so rigidly guarded and secured by passports and police, seemed not to be possible. And a disgraceful fate apparel likely to close the career of my acquaintance, and of the lover of Helena.

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most beautiful ruins on the Rhine is certainly that of the little Gothic church at Bacharach. Its situation is most picturesque, o'erhanging an irregular village of immense antiquity. It is built of the soft red sand-stone, which is the material also of the public buildings at Mayence, and which gives to them so warm and singular an effect. Left to the chisel, and capable of receiving from it the most delicate and fantastic form, it becomes indurated by exposure, so as to defy both atmosphere and time. The lofty Gothic windows of the church of Bacharach — I visited it about noon, and even at that hour it took fifteen of my paces to measure it in shadow — are as perfect, glass excepted, as when the building held the feudal lord of the neighbouring castle, and all his vassals, bowed before its altar.

At Bingen, a few miles farther, the closed or narrow valley of the Rhine begins. Betwixt it and Mayence, mounting its course, its banks assume, but by beautiful degrees, that flat and level character, which they retain as far up as Bâle. The gradations which mark the space betwixt the flat banks and the mountain ones, are beautiful. It is the region betwixt Bingen and Mayence, and is called the Rheingau. There the hills no longer rise in precipices from the river's brink, but raise themselves at intervals

with gentle slopes and intervening plain betwixt each other, and between them and the stream. Each hill is covered with the most precious vines. Rüdesheim is opposite to Bingen. Johannisberg, or the mountain of St. John, rises at some distance behind, whilst afar, about two miles to the east of Mayence, may be perceived the steeple of the famed village of Hochheim, which with us gives its name to the vintage of the surrounding region. It is itself perhaps the most uninteresting village within view of the Rhine.

Mayence is reached through a mile of what, to an unmilitary eye, seems a chaos of fortifications. Napoleon deemed it one of the three bulwarks of his empire. And it is yet an object of such jealousy and importance, that whilst the sovereignty of it, the empty sovereignty, has been bestowed upon Hesse Darmstadt, the garrison of it is always half Prussian, half Austrian. Mayence is a venerable town, and some of its narrow lanes, lined with ancient edifices, recall the ancient abodes of Faust and Guttenberg, those fathers of printing, who here made the first successful essay of their art.

I took up my abode at the *Weiss Ross*, determined to await some farther circumstances of Fritz Lufen's fate. The Comte De Laach and Helena, I learned, had already, so long did I tarry on the lovely road, arrived at their residence in the *Grosse Bleiche.* They were greatly shocked to hear, as they passed Boppart, of their late guest's fate. It was melancholy, in spite of the mean and intriguing character of the victim. The Count entertained the same suspicions with myself, and they filled him with pain and regret. Helena, notwithstanding appearances, would not listen to such a supposition, and declared it impossible; yet she too had her doubts and terrors. The Count said, that Fritz and his comrades would probably be in Mayence that very evening, as a force had been sent to apprehend them, which it was not likely they

could escape, especially as they had been tracked by the inhabitants of Bröl southward, and were supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Bingen. Jost even had deposed before the authorities that he had himself seen Lufen near Boppart about the passage of the Coche D'Eau, which was the supposed and probable time of the murder.

The Count was not mistaken. The students were found betwixt Bingen and Kreutznach, and were conveyed, with Fritz at their head, that night to the prisons of Mayence.

The affair soon began to occupy every tongue and thought in the town. Fritz Lufen became as much an object of abhorrence in some quarters, and of interest in others, as his comrade, and it should seem, his model, Sand. The proceedings of the Commission of Inquest, to whose jurisdiction the part of examining and judging the culprits fell, were looked to with considerable anxiety. The examinations and all proceedings were secret, principally in writing; and curiosity was compelled to await the judge's final verdict, ere it could be gratified respecting any case.

Ten days of awful silence past. A muscle of the Comte's face could not be imagined to betray a hint or symptom of what was passing at the Commission, which now sate daily, resolved to sift closely the crime, to which one of their members had fallen a victim. Helena's anguish was truly pitiable; and she could scarcely look at her parent, who considered her as the cause of his having come in contact with the student, and who had not yet pardoned her that and other imprudences.

The situation of the Comte was sufficient, indeed, to sour his temper. By the mean, underhand meddling of Schrueber, who sought to ingratiate himself with the great ruling powers of Germany by conveying to them information, and by the treachery of his servant Jost, who, for more solid reasons, had been induced to betray his master, and give copies of his papers; the confidant

and delegate of a great sovereign, as he was, stood somewhat suspected of liberal leanings. His having met and harboured this mad, imprudent student in his house, was an unfortunate accident, most capable of being taken advantage of. And all this came out before the Commission, of which although he was the President, yet it contained others, brother-members, who both envied and mistrusted him; and who, if they had not hitherto done so, were ready, no doubt, to seize upon such an opportunity as the present, to commence, or even affect, hostility to him for interest-sake.

These considerations, which did not fail to strike the sagacious courtier and statesman, rendered his conduct difficult and delicate. To betray no suspicion, till the present affair had passed, was his first resolve; and Jost, accordingly, retained all his master's wonted benevolence and confidence.

With respect to Fritz and his comrades, the Commission at length closed its labours as to what seemed to them the principal point to be cleared, viz. how far the present crime was produced by the secret societies, and the system of affiliation to them, which prevailed in the German universities. Of this, though it may have remained the decided opinion of the inquisitors, they were able to extricate little satisfactory proof, that is, little that could be conclusive enough to allow of publication. And the process then became restricted to its more interesting part, the trial of the inculpated; which, be it remarked, was previously taken for granted in the political examination. This, however, being subject to the re-consideration of the regular criminal court, in case of the appeal of the condemned, more strictness and justice became requisite. At this period of the question too, secrecy became no longer indispensable, and the circumstances of the evidence soon transpired from those present, or presiding.

These were few, but strong. The students were in the neighbourhood of Boppart at the time of the murder. Schrueber, as

the person who had issued the warrant of capture, was obnoxious to their leader. And, what was damning, the sword usually worn by Fritz, had been found near to the spot, and in a state that bespoke it to have inflicted the wound. The students could bring only each other's evidence to prove their absence from the fatal spot. Fritz could say little, beyond an indignant disavowal of enmity against Schrueber, a declaration of little weight. It was, however, proved, that he had not worn a sword when captured, and that it had, consequently, been left at the castle of the Comte De Laach. This latter part might be doubted; and, even were it true, one accustomed to enter the castle by secret passages (that had been brought forward) might have easily regained possession of his weapon, subsequently upon his rescue.

Then why had they abandoned their university? Had they not defended the conduct of Sand, and avowed the right to commit the very crime, which they now seemed to shrink from? Very many similar questions were put, without receiving any thing like a satisfactory answer. And the judgment was no longer doubtful.

It was in this state of things, while haunted, in common with all Mayence, by thoughts of the unfortunate, if not criminal student, I sought to distract them by bestowing attention upon the sights which the ancients Rhenish city boasted. With this view I had entered the cathedral, from the busy market that bustled before it, and not without having observed the marks of cannon-shot on its ruddy octagonal tower or steeple, some of the bequests, and not the least detrimental, of the late war, to the old electoral city. Its ancient monuments attracted my curiosity — as did its verger, who seemed altogether to forget the dethronement of the archiepiscopal elector.

Having succeeded after some time in shaking off the attendance of him and his halberd of a mace, I stood gazing at the monument of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, when a votary in

the act of supplication at one of the little side chapels or shrines, struck my attention, as, it seemed, my figure struck his. He was meanly clad, in the coarse blue linen dress of the peasantry, and it was not till the third or fourth glance, that I recognised him to be Fritz's uncle, the Friar Guy.

The old man had not only quitted the dress of his order, which he had lately assumed, but was in disguise. For, although he was of middling life, his garb bespoke one of the lowest condition. The cause that brought him to Mayence, was intelligible. He approached me in the act, and under the pretext, of asking alms, and said,

«I have been seeking you, Herr stranger.»

«For what possible purpose, good friar?»

«That you may convey from me a message to the Count.»

«Why not yourself deliver it?»

«They consider me an accomplice in this supposed crime of Fritz's, at least in his other ways; and I dare not, therefore, make myself known. You will do my behests, they go to right innocence.»

«Well!»

«Inform the Comte De Laach, that he must save Fritz Lufen—»

«A likely, or a possible command to be obeyed!»

«Nay, more; that he must clear him of all guilt.»

«If I could at the same time inform him *how* to do this, my errand might have some excuse or success.»

«A wily statesman, Sir, cannot be at a loss for the *how*, provided he be made fully certain of the necessity of so doing.»

«Even that may be something. How shall I apprise him of this necessity?»

«He is implicated, tell him, with that student, whom he took up, harboured, suspected, yet did not betray. The morrow

of Fritz's condemnation will bring his own discharge from the office of President of the Commission."

"This on the mere word of a friar, to a man of rank, the confidant of monarchs?"

"The more blind, the more near the sun. Besides, his own sagacity, his own fears will corroborate what you will declare."

"Perhaps so, sufficiently to astonish him, trouble him momentarily, — but they are not based so as to induce the experienced man of affairs to act upon them."

The friar mused, and saw the necessity of farther confidence.

"I have seen the declaration of what I assert, and that in the hand-writing of a minister of state."

"Where? how?" replied I, incredulous.

"Let us withdraw behind this pillar," continued the friar. "You know, how we, the old, the idle, and the mendicant, delight in *espieglerie* —"

"A stronger word would apply perhaps —"

"No, not in the cause of right. Well, I have ever suspected Jost, and more especially since Fritz informed me of his discoveries, I made it my task to watch the traitor. He had set forth too suddenly from the Convent Lake for my vigilance, and even when I had discovered his departure, his hurry and speed surpassed mine; still by the aid of friendly barges and friendly postilions, I overtook him at a little inn, where he rested for the night. You know these places. The noble's valet slept in the place of honour; the friar had his straw laid in the granary above. I had but a few rungs of a ladder to descend to where Jost reposed. Resolved to emulate Fritz's cunning and success, I stole into his chamber, and, at the risk certainly of being taken for a robber, I extracted the portfeuille, which he had cautiously placed beneath his pillow. Ten minutes allowed me to peruse its contents, which astonished and terrified me. The chiefly concerned the Comte and Schrueber —

had I known then all that had just happened, I had certainly ventured, despite of risk, to have retained what I then read.»

«You have a copy or summary of these writings?»

«No more than an unfailing recollection. One was a letter from —— to Schrueber, obtained whilst the Baron was visiting the castle, in the way that the valet rifled every comer, in answer to Schrueber's information respecting the fugitive student, and the Comte's predilection for him. It ordered the arrest that afterward took place, that thus Schrueber was forced to by superior authority, and which, being unable to excuse to the Comte, he took that abrupt departure and journey so fatal to him. The letter then alluded to the Comte, recommended dissimulation to Schrueber, and promised finally, that if all the latter's suspicions were well-founded, if the student was found at the castle, afterward convicted of having belonged to the secret societies, and of having taken a lead in their plans, the Comte De Laach, who had so forgotten his rank and duty, as to favour or harbour such a young firebrand of liberalism, should instantly be suspended from the office of President which he held, and replaced by Schrueber's self. Such were the machinations of the Baron.»

We paced up and down the aisle.

«This may well alarm the Count for himself,» said I, «and make him exert all his prudence and sagacity to ward off the blow. But the attempt to save Fritz will certainly be neither the prudent means to that end, nor the one, that he will be likely to adopt.»

«Will not gratitude towards him, who sends this information, this warning, prompt him so to exert himself.»

«It may. But taking the will for granted, the power will be wanting, utterly wanting, notwithstanding your idea of a statesman's finesse. How prove the guilty innocent, when every proof is there to convict him.»

«No proof, I tell you, Fritz is as innocent as I am.»

«Who then is guilty?

«Heaven knows — some one perhaps we least suspect. The Count at any rate must preserve Fritz, at his own life's peril!» said Guy, with vehemence.

I could not but smile.

«And here,» continued he, producing a diminutive velvet bag, less even than a purse could be, «you must convey this to Helena De Laach — but no — there cannot yet be such haste requisite. I will myself deliver it. What church does she frequent at vespers?»

I could not inform him.

«There is one at the end of the *Grosse Bleiche*, on the Parade — and this is Sunday — Farewell. You will convey my message.»

I nodded, and lost no time in hurrying with it to the Count. He was enjoying a promenade along the Rhine bank with his daughter, or rather taking one, for even the lovely prospect, that extended before him beyond the nobly-flowing river, failed to touch except with pain a mind anxiously occupied.

We chatted, after mutual greeting, on divers topics of the day. As he was able to converse in English, I instantly opened the tidings I had to convey to him, notwithstanding the crowd and bustle round. Their import, however, soon induced him to seek his carriage, and in a drive through labyrinths of fortifications, I fully delivered the message of Friar Guy.

«Why would he not see me himself,» said the Comte, «he need not fear arrest with me — and yet» — the thought of Fritz taken in his very residence struck him — he is right. I know from other sources, that what he tells is not without foundation.

«But Fritz,» said I, «the Friar urges that he *must* be saved; *must* was his word, and presses it as necessary to your own safety, as well as out of gratitude to him.»

«I have had enough of being over grateful for slight favours of

late," said the Count; "I am willing to do my utmost for the youth, — but the Friar is mad — what has his safety to do with mine? Myself first secure, I can best aid him, if aid indeed of any kind be not long since out of the question."

"Is that all the hope?"

"I have none for him, save in some miracle."

"And Jost, what think you of him?"

"I will give the scoundrel tether, and he will surely strangle himself at the last."

"If the Friar seek of me an answer."

"I am grateful. I see no hope of saving his nephew, even if innocent, as he asserts, unless the Friar can come forward to prove that innocence. The student may appeal from us, and time at least will be gained by the new trial."

CHAPTER X.

The minister to whom Jost had transmitted his reports, had in the mean while communicated them to the Commission. In turning over these papers, the member entrusted with the judicial inquiry hit upon a letter of the highest importance, which Schrueber could not have received but the very morning of his departure from the castle of the Convent-lake, which he must have carried with him at the time of his death, and which by chance or some unaccountable mistake had slipped among the other pieces of information. This accident threw the suspicion of the murder lately committed upon that roguish and treacherous knave and it seemed evident, that finding his treachery and false ways discovered, he was at a loss to find out, who had fathomed his villany, and that his suspicions at length rested upon Schrueber and might have induced the assassin to waylay him.

Jost was immediately put under arrest: a trick that appalled the traitor.

The Prince and Princess De R——, the Count's ancient rival, friend, and mistress, had arrived from Paris. The former was travelling on some mission from the court of France, to that of one of the northern powers, but consented to tarry a few days at Mayence. I was anxious to behold in the Prince De R—— and Isabella, the personages of the Count's memoir. The age of hero and heroine were, however, past for both. Their joy at meeting with the Count was extreme, and every immediate interest and object of anxiety were forgotten in recollections of old times. Helena was admired by the Princess, declared to be the image of her mother, and every mark of womanly endearment was lavished in order to flatter and win the affections of the daughter of her lost friend.

Poor Helena, however, was too pre-occupied to respond to all this kindness. She was silent and dejected; and the Princess, unable to enliven or comprehend her, was at length obliged to interrupt her husband and the Count, who were absorbed in years past, with abruptly asking, «What has the girl?»

This excited the Count's attention towards his daughter: «True,» said he, «even I have cause not to be so gay — we have been all anxious and interested of late for a silly youth, who was with us on the Convent Lake — a wild student — suspected wrongfully of murder, and, my faith, well nigh condemned for it too.»

«*Wrongfully* then even *you* allow at length, father,» said Helena.

«Ay, girl, I believe the true assassin has come to light.»

«Now, thank Heaven.»

On the demand of the Princess De R——, the Count related all, or most of the circumstances of the student's story, which interested them not a little.

«For my part, however,» said the Prince, «I think justice

never errs. And even if she had taken the life of this mad youth for a crime which he did not commit, he at least merited it for the principles which he dared to avow.»

«Nay, but a boy, a student, an enthusiast, so easily led astray by mistaken patriotism, preached in midnight conciliabules.»

«As soon as the young hand is strong enough to strike a poignard, the tender age of the criminal should not protect him. We have seen so many examples, the fanatic of Schoenbrunn, and Sand of late. If these young enthusiasts are not kept under, we know not what may come of it.»

«It is indeed fearful,» said the Count, «but there are hallucinations, that the scaffold and its examples will but confirm, by giving dignity and importance to them. Some little mockery would blight the system, root and branch, principle and deed, more effectually than punishment. A German Cervantes, by ridiculing this Quixotism of our universities, would convey the most lasting benefit to his country.»

«And I hope,» said the Princess, «that this young gentleman, who interests us *all* so much,» (a glance at Helena) «will not be let loose without recanting fully this dangerous Quixotism of assassination.»

«Before the Commission he was placed in view of the dead body of Schrueber,» replied the Count. «Notwithstanding his admiration and professions of killing, he had never seen, I believe, such a sight before — and he was so shocked and struck, that we took his stupefaction for guilt. When after that, he heard the discourses and avowals of these principles proved against him, he confessed to have been mad and criminal enough to have entertained them, but that it required but the sight he had that day beheld to make him abjure them for ever, if his better reason had not before prompted him so to do. — I myself then bore witness to his having broken with his comrades. But the Court was prepossessed with his

guilt, attributed his recantation to fear, and my evidence to prejudice in his favour."

"Do you know, Count," said the Princess De R——, "I have been thinking it extremely fortunate that this hero did not save Helena's life instead of yours."

"Why?" asked the Count, whilst Helena's cheek glowed.

"Seeing that gratitude, which I may call your family failing, towards him hath placed your political existence in jeopardy, in that case *her* gratitude might have placed her warm and noble heart in equal peril."

"They are merely old friends and acquaintances," said the Count.

"So much the worse."

"Nay, I rely upon Helena De Laach."

"And you may so, father," said the girl, rallying her countenance to a smile.

A Parisian shrug from the Princess terminated the conversation.

CHAPTER XI.

On the morrow, the members of the Commission were summoned for the examination of Jost, and the reconsideration of all the facts and evidence relative to the death of Schrueber. They entered their council-room with countenances expressive of weariness of the question, and of doubt that any new circumstance could appear to exculpate either the student from crime, or the Count from having bestowed his patronage upon a subject so suspected. The new discovery however, changed suddenly and materially both the sentiments and countenances of the members. They attempted at once to recal for their president their dismissed smiles — Jost was in-

stantly ordered before them — and their late apathy to business was only to be equalled by their present alacrity.

When Jost was brought forward to be examined, he confessed at once his having been in the habit of betraying his master's confidence, and took no small credit to himself, in his braggadocia manner, for so doing. He was alway amenable to authority, the fellow averred; and much as he loved, and had reason to respect his master, he could not but consider the commands of the police as more sacred, and he obeyed them in consequence.

The valet was informed, that for his conduct, be it praiseworthy, or the contrary, no question or punishment awaited him. It behoved him merely to explain how a letter from — to the Baron Schrueber fell into his possession?

He had obtained it, he averred, as he had done others, from the apartment of the Baron. This, however, had been delivered into Schrueber's hands by a messenger, who had never lost sight of him, till he quitted the castle. Jost, however, insisted.

Friar Guy appeared to bear witness to his own act of espionnage, which proved little more than did the letter itself, and the manner of its being procured. The damning circumstance of the very sword of Fritz having been found in the path from Reinse to Boppart, in which Schrueber had fallen, still remained an unshaken evidence against the student. The weapon having been freshly re-pointed, bore witness to malignity of purpose. The latter, 'tis true, averred, that he had left his weapon at the castle, and his comrades, as well as some of the peasants, testified the same circumstance. But these were all interested or implicated personage. The Commission remained divided in opinion, that of some influenced by the discovered sword, that of others, by the discovered letter; and it became not improbable, that the Court, perplexed and wearied, might finally decree, that both the suspected criminals should, lest the

true one escape, be punished, not however capitally, but by a long or indefinite period of imprisonment or labour.

These were the tidings, that the Comte De Laach brought home to Helena and his guests. They were unwelcome and unexpected, for there Fritz had been already absolved, and all the guilt placed to the traitor-valet.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the jeopardy and misfortunes of a youth, ever so interesting and innocent, could exclusively occupy breasts, to which disasters and reverses, their own, and of the worst, were nothing new. Each had their schemes and dreams to ponder on and further. So had Helena: but hers were wound up in Fritz's fate, in anxiety and doubt respecting him. The Princess De R——, was as interested for Helena, as the latter for the student. She perceived the symptoms, the unworthy predilection of the girl, pitied the blindness and incapacity of fathers in leaving the happiness of daughters uncared for, and dreaded lest Helena, abandoned to herself — for Madam Milberghausen had retired in despair to Manheim, after learning the fatal accident that had befallen the Baron Schrueber — might carry her sympathy for the student to the extreme of throwing herself away, in the case of his liberation.

Like a careful matron, the Princess began to meditate a preventive; and as the most effectual and conclusive was certainly to select a fitting husband for the daughter of the Count De Laach, the Frenchwoman, for such in habit as here evinced, she had long since become, ran over, in her mind's eye, the list of all her young male acquaintance, who happened at the same time not to be without the accidents of birth and fortune. Amongst these, her judgment was not long in making a selection. A certain Vicomte of the Royal Guard seemed every way suitable. The necessity of herself opening the negociation with the officer in question did not appal her, such being a thing of every day occurrence and success.

Besides, she knew him, as one who proclaimed himself an heart-whole youth, only in search of the requisite amiability in a bride, in order to render up his heart and person.

The Princess immediately made known her kind intentions to the Comte De Laach, who was German enough to be a friend to allowing the young heart more freedom than was consistent with such a proposal. Moreover, he was national and anti-gallican, and did not like to see his German feuds go to swell the property of a French courtier, who would most probably convert them into ignoble money at the first opportunity. But then the cause, the danger was imminent; and the Count had neither time nor inclination to look around through his young Rhenish acquaintance, even if such had been the mode. Then the Princess had written, she declared. How headlong! But she might speak to Helena.

She did so after some consideration, and with all the delicacy and management, that she deemed to be required. Helena listened sorrowfully, but calmly, declined the honour of wedding a person whom she had never seen, but did not, though the Princess had expected no less, give way to any passionate expostulations or deprecations. In short, bating the denial, which was mere matter of course, the Princess deemed her most reasonable, and reported her as such to the Count. And in despite of his lukewarmness, the letter to Paris was in reality dispatched. In the midst of these *menées*, Friar Guy made his way to the *Grosse Bleiche*, and at length demanded to speak with the Comte De Laach. As his communication was supposed to concern Fritz, the guests of the Count were anxious as himself to hear it, and the Friar was accordingly introduced amidst the assembled family. In making his obeisance he fixed his glance upon the Princess, an attention that the sharp-sighted lady did not fail to return.

Guy did not seem to come upon the errand expected. For when bade to declare his business, it was not respecting his nephew's in-

nocence or acquital that he began, but, on the contrary, a long and tedious exordium, touching his ancient convent, its destruction, abandonment, the dispersion of its ancient brother-hood, and, finally, the strong hopes of the few survivors of the latter to be allowed to repossess their old walls, and resume their habits and profession. The Princess lost patience, and the Prince De R— exclaimed, «It is the same story as with us. Now if we laics had the ready impudence of the friars and ecclesiastics in demanding their own, what indignant answers, and worse than words for answers, might we not expect?»

The Count informed the friar that his demand was absurd, and not to be listened to in the present century, wondering how he could be so mad as to entertain the thought, or make the request.

«Do not despise me, Count De Laach, or deem me mad, as I deserve in sooth, were I to ask ought for religion-sake of one of this century, as you say, without being otherwise emboldened to dare it. I had hopes that you would grant *me* what I ask for special kindness-sake.»

«I have proved myself grateful enough to Fritz Lufen, old man, without extending more, as you now ask, towards his relatives.»

«It is not altogether on his account,» replied Guy. «If your excelleney cannot remember, this lady surely will, that in former times I ventured somewhat for your sake.»

The Count looked towards the Princess De R—, from whom tears fell fast: «This must be the man,» said she, «who came from you to me, in the prison of Nancy, bearing that cruel gift, which had I known but then —»

«Let us not recal those thoughts. Old man, you had your reward. Why come you to trouble us this day?»

«In that you must grant my request, or regret it.»

«This fellow,» said the Prince, «is the most sturdy brother of the mendicant order, whom I have yet seen.»

«The alms he asks too, being house and land.»

«But house,» rejoined the friar; «but the walls,—and liberty to beg. I will repay in value, if you make the gift.»

«Well, let's hear your value.»

«I trust then to your honour, Count. What I have to say is this, the infant that the Countess gave me to my trust, to convey to Nancy, never went thither.»

«I would to Heaven,» said the Princess, «that it were so, that it had never reached my ill-fated arms.»

«It never did.»

«Beware,» cried the Comte, «how you trifle with a parent's feelings, and call up hopes but to crush them anew. By heaven, if you mock me, the most loathsome dungeon in Europe shall be your abode.»

«And if I speak the most welcome of tidings to the Comte De Laach, the Convent of the Lake shall be my abode.»

«It shall.»

«Then, verily, it was my own nephew, Lufen, that these hands conveyed to this lady, in the prison of Nancy.»

«And why, old man, didst thou sacrifice a brother's or a sister's son, for love of me? Answer that, ere your narrative goes further.»

«A question not over-wise, when I answer, simply to put my own blood in the place of the young Comte De Laach. The idea struck me as I beheld both infants together on the same couch, in making hasty preparations for my journey. They looked too so alike in age and feature, that but for the rags of one and the rich wrapping of the other, I had not known the difference.»

«And yet that morning we offered thee ten thousand florins, to let the child incur the danger of being sent to Nancy, and thou wouldst not.»

«The sum of florins were a bribe, and for one's own flesh,—the

Comtedom of Laach was for the babe, and for its own sake did I trust it upon Fortune's wheel. 'Twas crushed, by my love however, not by my selfishness."

"Proceed. What didst thou with the babe. Where are we to search? Were it in the uttermost ends of the earth—"

"It is this hour in the prisons of Mayence."

"Ha! after purloining my offspring, thou hast bred him in the ways of villany."

"Nay, he is not guilty. Fritz is innocent."

"Fritz Lufen then, the student, is he?"

"The same, Fritz De Laach."

"Heaven send, Comte," said the Prince, "this romance be not a mere one."

"Unaccountable the interest I took in him, a youth every way repelling, and dangerous in me to have protected. But proofs of this are requisite."

"*I* cannot fail to know Helena's son," said the Princess. "A letter of hers, her last, that I have ever preserved, marks it past a doubt. The infant, that perished in my prison, wanted that distinguishing mark. I observed it even in my grief, but forbore to speak to no end upon so painful a subject."

"An amulet too, in a velvet bag, escaped my attention, when I changed the infants," said the friar; "I gave it to Mademoiselle Helena."

Helena produced it.

"Helena then has been in the secret," said the Princess.

"Fritz knew the truth respecting his birth; he doubtless acquainted his sister."

"This, then, is the secret of your interest, my girl, your promises and breach of them—your love was sisterly— why not have confessed?"

«I dared not father; the friar menaced to disappear, if we disobeyed him, and he enjoined silence for a time.»

«But you, Sir, who stipulate for a reward,» said the Count to Guy, «you seem not to think your act a crime. You exult in it.»

«*You* may exult in it, and through me. If a crime, 'tis one that demands your gratitude.»

«Perfect then the amends you offer, by proving him innocent, whom you declare my son.»

«Demand not too much of me,» said the Friar; «'twas fear for him, that drove me to make this confession, that I so long kept in dread to disclose. Circumstance must aid. You have sent to the castle to search the cabinet of Jost.»

«Long since. Little is to be hoped from that. But come — I will to the prison instantly. Shall we not all?»

«Willingly,» exclaimed the Prince and the Princess De R—. And a carriage soon bore them to the walls which immured Fritz.

CHAPTER XII.

The surprise of the student, who had not yet been informed of the incrimination of Jost, at such a number of visiters to his prison, was great. The silence which they observed until the Princess De R— was satisfied that the story of the Friar was no deceit, that he really was the young Vicomte De Laach, increased the feeling. It reached at once its height and its solution, when Isabella declaring his identity undeniable, Helena sprung to embrace her brother, exclaiming that their secret was no longer one. The Comte also embraced his son; and, after the fulness of joy was past, questioned him about his early recollections. But he had none, save of Bröl and of the Friar's cabin, until the old man, conscience-

stricken for the wrong he had done the child, sacrificed all his little store of wealth, to enable his supposed nephew to pursue his studies at Heidelberg, and thus be fitted for the station, to which his birth entitled him, and to which it was ever the Friar's purpose to restore him. Fear and selfish hopes had long retarded this act, on the part of Guy, till at length the danger of the youth overcame all fear and reluctance, and forced the Friar to avowal.

Fritz had been for some time aware of his rights, but he obeyed the Friar in delaying to make the disclosure, which indeed, without the aid of that personage, could not have gained belief. Latterly, accused of a crime, of which he now felt all the baseness, and of which, though innocent, there seemed little probability of his being declared guiltless, he had resolved to suffer its punishment in silence, rather than bring disgrace upon a name that he not only loved as his own, but had learned to respect, even before he was aware of his right to it.

The joy of all was damped and checked by the imputations still resting on the student. None had now a doubt, even if one lingered before, that his noble blood would instinctively have shunned the crime, even though the parodoxical and Quixotic sentiment of the university had ennobled it in his eyes; but neither the rest of the public, nor of the Commission, were likely to have their judgment influenced by such aristocratic prejudice.

The only hope rested on the emissaries of justice despatched to the Castle of the Convent Lake, whose return was that day expected. And lest any favourable circumstance or evidence coming to light, and acquitting the student, might be attributed to the new discovery of his birth, it was resolved to keep the latter a secret from all; and Friar Guy, of whose capability of silence there was a long example and proof, was enjoined to say nought upon the subject. Meantime, the family were sanguine, and some proofs of the youth's innocence were now confidently expected.

The answer of the gallant French Vicomte, which it seems he had not tarried long in resolving and dispatching, that day arrived too — it had been fated to be one of events. He felt himself so highly honoured to be so distinguished, and destined for a near relative, by a lady of such rank, beauty, accomplishments (et ceteras not spared in the epistle), that he, in his own hand-writing, conveyed his heart to the Princess De R——, to be disposed of, as she thought most fitting. This blind devotion on the part of the Frenchman, amused the Comte extremely, was not altogether pleasing to Helena, but was praised by the Prince and Princess, as an act and offer every way *comme il faut.* The Vicomte hinted, that could he procure leave, which it was very probable he should be able to do, he would betake himself forthwith to Mayence, in order to obey the Princess's commands.

Helena was indignant, and entreated the Princess at once to deliver her from the sight of so mean and interested a wretch, as he who could have written such a letter. But the French lady of fashion begged her to form no such quick resolution — that the heart might be warm, even where the mode prescribed selfishness and apathy — that it was the way of the world, that is, of the French world — that affection was best sown in the plot specially prepared for it — and, in short, a world of common-places to the same effect.

Those dispatched to the Convent Lake returned to the Commission, after having carefully examined and brought away every article found in what was called Jost's cabinet. He had come away in a considerable hurry, as was evident from the state of the little apartment. The sudden departure of Schrueber must supposing the valet's suspicions of being fathomed and betrayed by the Baron, have taken him by surprise. His urgent demands to be allowed to depart instantly for Mayence, in order to make preparations for receiving his master and family there, were recollected and borne

witness to by the Count. But the convincing evidence was found in the fragment of a sword, broken off from its point, and which was found lying in a corner of the valet's chamber. At Fritz's former examinations before the Commission, he had confessed frankly the rapier found in the fatal path to be his, but at the same time remarked it to be shorter than when he had worn it. The conclusion was, that Jost had secreted it, for the purpose to which it had been employed, to effect the crime of making away with one of his enemies, Schrueber, and of throwing the guilt on another of his enemies, the student. As the weapon however had been used by its original owner, as much in play and pastime as in earnest, it required to be sharpened for the new duty to which it was destined. In the valet's tremor and hurry, while thus occupied, it had broken; and the fragment was forthcoming as a proof.

As is often the case, too, in processes of this kind, when just sufficient evidence is procured, and that perhaps after much anxious and perilous delay, more corroboratives of the truth then come forth, when it is almost superfluous: — so many witnesses are eager to support truth already received, who have not the activity or the courage to stand forth at first to establish it. Thus it was, that fresh testimony soon made its appearance before the Commission, of Jost's movements at the period of the murder, and his vicinity to the place of its perpetration. The master of *Coche d'eau*, or Jagdschiff, himself, had seen a courier-like figure, such as Jost, watching from some distance the disembarkation of Schrueber at Reinse, in order to pursue the by-path. Others had seen him in the very path; especially one, when he was descending its precipitate termination, as it sinks again to the Rhine bank within view of Boppart. In short, the guilt of Jost was established to the perfect satisfaction of the Commission, and Fritz, or, as we may now call him, Frederick De Laach, was restored to his new found parent, sister, and friends.

His birth was then immediately avowed. And although slander and calumny, with such ample materials to work upon, were in this, as in every possible case, not idle, congratulations poured in upon the Comte De Laach from every quarter. Fritz's comrades too were liberated, and the youth entreated of them to *humanize* for a space, as he said, and accompany him once more, though with the mere views of social pleasure, to the Castle of the Convent Lake. But they answered by abjuring the friendship of a scion of feudality, and by returning once more, the freedom and security thereto being obtained, to Heidelberg.

I regret not being able, after the orthodox fashion, to wind up my story with a wedding. But Fritz was heart-free, overflowing with patriotism, and a love of Deutschland, too great to allow of minor affections. If he abjured and contemned his old plan of furthering her freedom, by the sword and poignard, he resolved to prepare himself for acting her enlightened friend in a more commanding and worthy station. The Princess De R— had entertained hopes of settling Helena in the world, and in her own world of Paris. But now that the necessity for such a hurried step no longer existed, the Comte would not give his sanction even to the most gentle force being employed on the occasion. And Helena resisted so determinately the thought of bestowing the slightest regard on a swain who could fall in love by proxy, that the Princess was obliged to abandon all hopes of the Vicomte, and I of finishing my chapter with her espousals.

The family betook itself once more to the Castle of the Convent Lake, the Comte with the intention no longer of rendering it habitable for a moment, but of restoring it to all its feudal splendour. The little town of Bröl was immediately in a fever of joy, and all the region of the old Electorate felt its dignity restored in the line of one of its oldest families. Friar Guy, and five surviving brethren of his gown, were duly installed in their ancient cor-

vent, «all a world too wide» for their shrunk numbers and importance. But amidst the penance and mortifications voluntarily undertaken by the brotherhood, the suppression of the vanity of their order was not one. They regained their ancient abode, their ancient habits, but not their ancient happiness: — the old respect borne towards them was departed, the charm was gone. And Guy was soon as disconsolate an inhabitant of a cloister, as he had been a discontented citizen of Bröl. But this was beyond the Count's power or gratitude to amend.

Jost was condemned, such is the lenience of justice in these countries, not to capital punishment. The Prince and Princess proceeded, after a time, upon their diplomatic mission. The De Laachs repaired to Berlin, and I mounted my now sleek Fleming in search of new scenes and adventures.

RICHARD I.

COEUR DE LION.

THE RUINS OF TRIFELS-CASTLE.

Situated upon a ridge of the Vosges on the borders of lower Alsatia near the borough of Annweiler, six miles (English) distant from Landau and twice as much from Haguenau, ought to be visited by the English tourists, it being the remains of the last place of detention of Richard the first, during his memorable captivity in Germany.

The castle, a triple fort, equally fortified by nature and art, received its name from the three rocks, on which it is built. It is situated on the right bank of the Queich, which flows through the borough of Annweiler, and its very high square tower, constructed of free-stone, is still nearly entire. A deep well, and the remains of the chapel, in which in the 13th century the imperial insignia were kept, are still extant; above the well a tower was built for its protection. The borough of Annweiler, and its narrow valley, planted with vines, afford a very pleasing prospect.

The annals of Hildesheim tell us that *Triveles* had been surrendered in 1113 to Emperor Henry V. The same Henry V. ordered, shortly before he died, in 1125, that the crown and other regalia should be kept in the fort of Trifels until an other Emperor should have been elected. The archbishop Adelbert of Mayence had before that period been imprisoned during three years in *Trifels* on account of rebellion. Emperor Frederick I. signed 1155 at *Trivelis* a document concerning the cloister of

TRIEFELS.

Hert. His son and successor Henry VI. sentenced the famous female pirate Margaretha and count Richard, a kinsman of the empress, after they had been blinded, to be imprisoned for life in *Trifels*, and ordered also Richard king of England, whom on his return from Palestine, Leopold duke of Austria, had seized and sold to him for 60,000 marks, to be imprisoned in the castle of Trivallis from which never a prisoner had been discharged, as Matthæus Paris expresses himself, erroneously spelling the name *Triballis*. From this same castle, where he was detained in the still extant tower, called the *black tower* in the chronicles of those times, Richard was carried to Haguenau, to have an interview with the Emperor at which the latter pledged his word to release him for an ransom of 70,000 marks of silver.

Richard informed his mother Alienor of these transaction in a letter dated: Haguenau, Apr. 19. 1193 in which he mentions the castle of *Trivellis* as the place of his confinement. This letter written in Latin and handed down to us by

Thom. Rymer in the collection of publick acts, conventions and treaties of the King of England

gives so peculiar a representation of our hero and his time, that we cannot dispense with offering hereafter a translation of it to our readers.

Henry VI. also carried the money and treasures which he had collected in Apulia, Calabria and Sicily, to *Trifels*, which thereby became the treasury and depository of the insignia of the empire.

Conrad, bishop of Spires and Metz retired hither with the insignia of the empire after the death of king Philip, whose chancellor he had been, refusing to surrender them to Otto IV., unless he were first confirmed in his office of chancellor of the empire. This refusal to give up the insignia of the imperial dignity was perhaps the reason why Otto had substituted in his seals a

cross for a sceptre. Otto's successor, Frederick II., took in 1215 Trifels and Landskron, the two frontier fortresses of the North and South of Alsace. Four years after, he granted, from a particular predilection for his fort *Trifels*, to the village of Annweiler the privileges of a town and a mint. To Trifels fled Henry, the son of Frederick II., from the wrath of his father, against whom he had rebelled; — and Conrad IV., the second son of Frederick II., received in 1246 the castle of Trifels and the imperial insignia kept in it, out of the hands of Isengarde, the lady of Philip of Falkenstein, to whose keeping the emperor had committed them.

William, Count of Holland, who had been elected emperor in the room of Conrad IV., esteemed himself fortunate for having by the taking of Trifels obtained possession of the insignia of the imperial majesty. Pope Urban IV. wrote to the emperor that the towns and forts, *especially the fort of Treveles*, should be assigned to the crowned king of the Romans — an evident proof that among all imperial forts our Trifels was highly valued and distinguished. It was at that time (1266) in the possession of the Dynasts of Falkenstein, perhaps in their quality of imperial castellans, this office being mentioned in a document of 1380.

In the year 1330 Trifels, as well as Germersheim, Gutenberg and other places were granted by the emperor Lewis as imperial fees to the counts Palatine on the Rhine, now the royal family of Bavaria to whose possessions the Castle reverted in consequence of the treaty of Paris in 1815.

Letter of RICHARD I., King of England to his mother, the Queen ALIENOR, and his justices of England.

A. D. 1193. 19. *Apr.*

Richard, by the grace of God king of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitany and count of Anjou, to Alienor, his dear mother, by the same divine grace queen of England and his justices appointed in England, greeting.

Be it known unto every one of you that, when our dearly beloved Hubert, the venerable bishop of Salisbury, and William of the church of St. Mary, our Protonotary, had left us, William, bishop of Ely, our celebrated chancellor, came to us, and having faithfully interceded between the Emperor and ourselves, our concerns sped so far, that we went from the fort of *Trivellis*, in which we had been detained, to meet the Emperor at Haguenau, where we were honorably received by himself and his whole court. There the Emperor and Empress honoured us with great and various presents, and, what is of the first consideration, a mutual and indissoluble league of love was contracted between the Emperor and ourselves, in such a manner, that both of us are to assist one another reciprocally in the acquisition and vindication of our respective rights. We shall, however, make an honourable stay with the Emperor himself, until his and our business shall be concluded and we have paid to him 70,000 marks of silver. We therefore, pray and conjure you by your fidelity to us, to spare no pains to procure that money, and you, our justices, to set a good example to our other subjects, and to assist us honourably and liberally from your own means, as well as with what you can borrow of others, and thus by your example to encourage the rest of our loyal subjects to do the like.

We further desire you that you will with careful deference collect all the gold and silver of the churches and receive written attestations for the same from their prelates and assure them by your oath and that of our other barons, that it shall be returned to them in full.

You will also take hostages from all our barons, in order that our trusty chancellor, as soon as he shall come to England, after the settlement of our affairs in Germany, may find those hostages with our dear mother, the queen, and what has been agreed upon between ourselves and the Emperor can be dispatched without delay and our delivery be not protracted by your neglect and the absence of the hostages

The money being collected, it is to be given to our mother and to those she may appoint to receive it. Those whom we shall find prompt and willing to assist us in our necessity, shall in return find us in their exigencies a mindful friend, and it will be more acceptable to us, if any one shall assist us with any thing in our absence, than if he were to give us double the amount when present.

It is, however, our pleasure, that the names of all the individual barons and the amount of their respective aid should be committed to writing under the seal of our mother, in order that we may know in what measure we are beholden to each of them.

You may rest assured, that, if we were in England restored to the free exercise of our power, we would give to the Lord Emperor as much, or more money than we have now stipulated to pay by the grace of God, and that, if we are not provided with the money, we shall surrender our body to the Emperor until it shall be paid, and before this is done, all that has been effected will be imperfect. The aforesaid attestation will be delivered to you under the golden bull of the Emperor; Witness our own hand, Haguenau, Apr. 19.

Song written by RICHARD and BLONDEL, jointly, by which the place of the king's confinement was discovered.

Domna vostra beutas
Elas bellas faisos
Els bels oils amoros
Els gens cors ben taillats
Don sieu empresenats
De vostra amor que mi lia.

Your beauty, Lady fair,
None views without delight;
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite:
Yet this I patient see,
While all are shunn'd like me.

Si bel trop affansia
Ia de vos non portrai
Que major honorai
Sol en votre deman
Que sautra des beisan
To can de vos volria.

No nymph my heart can wound,
If favour she divide,
And smile on all around,
Unwilling to decide:
I'd rather hatred bear,
Than love with others share.

Song by RICHARD *the* FIRST, *COEUR DE LION, written during his imprisonment in the* TOUR TENEBREUSE, *or Black Tower.*

Ia nus hom pris non dira sa razon
Adreschement se com hom dolens non;
Ma per conort pot il faire canson.
Prou ai d'amis, mas poure son li don,
Onta i auron se por ma reenzon
Soit fait dos yver pris.

No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
Unless with pain, and bitterness of soul;
Yet consolation from the muse he seeks,
Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whose face I ne'er-beheld without a smile,
Will none, his sovereign to redeem expend
The smallest portion of his treasure vile?

Or sachon ben mi hom e mi baron
Engles, Norman Pettaven et Guascon,
Qe ge n'avoie si povre compagnon
Que laissasse por aver en preison
Ge nil di pas, por nulla retraison
Mas anquar soige pris.

Though none may blush that near two tedious years,
Without relief, my bondage has endur'd,
Yet know my English, Norman, Gascon Peers,
Not one of you should thus remain immur'd;
The meanest subject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ransom should have found;

I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground?

Car sachon ben per ver certanament
Qu'hom mort ny pris n'a amye ne parent
Quant il me laissent por or ni por argent.
Mal m'es de my, may perz m'es por ma gent
Qu'apres ma mort n'auron reperzhament
Tan longament soi pris.

Too true it is, so selfish human race!
«Nor dead, nor captives, friend or kindred find,»
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
Much for myself I feel, yet ah! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows;
What can from infamy their names restore,
If, while a pris'ner, death my eyes should close.

Non meravil s'en ai lo cor dolent
Qu messire met ma terra en torment
No li membra de nostre sagrament
Qe nos feimes andos cominalment
Ben sai de ver qe gaire longament
Non serai ge sous pris.

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,
My lands are ravag'd by the Gallic chief,
While none my cause has courage to espouse,
Though lofty tow'rs obscure the cheerful day,
Yet, through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
Kind hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,
«Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom.»

Mi compagnon cui j'amoi e cui j'am
Cil de Chail et Cil de Pensavin
Di lor chanzon qil non sont pas certain
Unca vers els non hai cor fals ni vain
Sil me guerroent il feron qe vilain
Tan com ge soie pris.

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Oh Chail and Pensavin, aloud declare,
Throughout the earth in everlasting lays
My foes against me wage inglorious war.
Oh tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes
Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear;
That infamy will brand to latest times
The insults I receive while captive here.

Or sachent ben Enjevin e Torain
E il Bachaliers qi son legier e sain
Qen gombre soie pris en autrui main
Il ma juvassen mas il no ve un grain
De belles armes sont era voit li plain
Per zo qe ge soi pris.

Know all ye men of Anjou and Touraine,
And ev'ry bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
That duty now and love alike are vain,
From bonds your sov'reign and your friend to save.
Remote from consolation here I lie,
The wretched captive of a pow'rful foe,
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you ought but pity to bestow!

THE THREE PALMERS.

„Yo soy Ricardo, que en deciros esto
Pienso que esta abonada mi persona,
Pues todo lo que valgo manifesto,
Y quanto puedo hacer, el nombre abona.“

Jerusalem Conquistada de LOPE DE VEGA.

IT was about the hour of noon on a fine autumnal day, in the year 1193, that three men whom their dresses, and the white staves which they bore in their hands, proclaimed to be Palmers, entered the little village of Ginacia, which is situated about five miles from the city of Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow colour inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had assumed, and to make an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behaviour in the manner above mentioned; but

more frequently by an obstreperous laugh, by lifting up his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by carolling a stave or two of some popular Provençal ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the Palmers as they travelled from town to town, that instead of soliciting alms they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and even lavishly. The tall Palmer too, for so he was designated, took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the palaces into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginacia, instead of proceeding on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall Palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to; but the travellers produced their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

«By my troth,» said the Palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, «Multon — Doyley — our labour has not been in vain. Holy Palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon you.»

«Reverend Father,» said Doyley in a tone of deprecation, but following nevertheless the example of good feeding which his tall

brother had set him, «methinks that your conversation still savours too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not, that should it please Heaven to restore you to all that you have lost, you will cherish as ardently as ever what the good Curate of Neuilly called your three daughters — Pride, Avarice, and Lust.»

«Nay in verity, holy brother,» replied the other, «I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops.»

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigour. «Multon, friend!» said the tall Palmer, «we must be wary — we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he tries to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here with hearty good cheer before us, and reverend pilgrims though we be, the stirrup-cup and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir — another to the land we are hastening to — a third to the confusion of the Paynims; — and then join me in the lay which we trolled out yesternight.»

The cups were quaffed with most laudable alacrity and vigour, and then the three joined in the following ditty: —

«Come fill up the tankard, the wisest man drank hard,
And said that when sunk in care,
The best cure he should think, would be found in good drink,
For where can cures lurk it not there?

Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl,
Let the dotard and fool from it flee;

Ye sages, wear ivy; and, fond fellows, wive ye;
But the bonny brown bowl for me.

Let old Time beware, for if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,
We 'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe."

While the Palmers were thus piously occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity leaned upon his harp and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall Palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and approaching the festive board, made a lowly obeisance. The reverend trio started as though they had seen a spectre. «Ha!» said he, who had answered to the name of Doyly; «'tis the spy minstrel! What would ye with us, man? We are Palmers, with whose reverend characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

«Nay," said the minstrel, «I know many a fytte to which your ears, most holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good christian knights in the Holy-Land, of holy Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bulloign, and of brave King Richard of England."

«Nay, nay," said the tall Palmer, «prithee begone; we have our frugal meal to dispatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble beds that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

«Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, «and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and with a look of defiance left the apartment.

Although the meal of the Palmers was not quite as frugal, or their prayers and penances as exemplary as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night, did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travellers, however, were well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment into very luxurious couches. The tall Palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions, of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War and tumult, and ignominy, and imprisonment, and triumph, and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands — warriors and statesmen and churchmen hailed him as their lord — a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles — a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon and expressing penitence — and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm, but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream, and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall Palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane did he shake off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrunk back, appalled at the gigantic strength of their op-

ponent. «'Tis Diabolus,» said one. «'Tis he, or that other one whom we seek,» returned another, «for no one else could have aimed a blow like that: but close round him, we are surely too numerous and too well armed, to be daunted by one naked man.»

The odds against the tall Palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men stealing behind him, seized his hands and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast. The Palmer then seeing that in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, he was foiled, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of, expostulation and remonstrance. «How now, my masters,» he said; «what mean ye? are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are travelling on their way home from the Holy Land.»

«Nay, nay,» said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; «they are no Palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognise in this holy man, a person who has before bestowed his favours upon him.»

«Men and Christians!» said the Palmer, «I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of heaven and of holy church, let us pass our way.»

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers, but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the Palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering: «Arise, my Lord,» he said; «once more behold this man and say if the tale that I told thee is not true.»

The Duke, for such he was, approached the Palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

«'Tis Richard of England!» said the Duke; «the betrayer of

the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad of Montferrat, the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy case of steel, and unfetter but one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the Emperor at Haguenau," said the Duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Fulk Doyly, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit."

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to God, and the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King," said Leopold; "if *he* may be called a king whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a duke. Away with him, and let the knight and baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginacia to Haguenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfaction of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England, spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that with his own unarmed strength he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and to effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly and with the greatest impatience to these reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ar-

dently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavoured to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Haguenau for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no

fear for the result: in outward appearance the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore oriental turbans on their heads.

«Richard of England,» said Arthur, «if thou wouldest forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment.»

«Arthur of Austria,» said Richard, «I came not here to prate, and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings.»

«Forbear, forbear, Arthur,» said the Princess, «and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee, may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom.»

«Peace, idle girl,» said the Prince. «And now King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever.»

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

«Did the Prince strike me? said Richard, turning round to his opponent. «Give me your hand, young Sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength.»

«Nay, nay, Sir King,» said the Prince, detaining him, «this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their king disdained to try his strength on the Almain prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee.»

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

«He's slain! he's slain!» shrieked the Empress; «the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!»

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. «It is in vain — it is vain!» said the Emperor. «Oh heaven!» he added, clasping his hands, «he was my only son; my only hope.» The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently. Then turning to her husband, «It is the finger of Heaven,» she said; «thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us.»

«Now, by our Lady,» said the Emperor; «rather will I let him reve the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the

castle: and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness.»

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial gaoler, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink were provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull heavy clank of the footsteps of his gaoler as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

«Oh lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

«Oh lady, lady fair,
The Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.

«Oh lady, lady fair,
A sceptre has pass'd from me.
And an empire been reft — yet still I command
A nobler sceptre — thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee.»

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring, and shortly afterwards the gaoler entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at this apparition, and, gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognized the Lady Margaretta.

«And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this to chant the praises of your lady fair?» asked the Princess.

«The true knight,» answered the King, «can always find leisure for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was.»

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margaretta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts, and that ever since he had beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

«I come to free thee,» said the lady: «I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude — I dare not say thy love. Yet if I unloose thy fetters thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance.»

«Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee — or, better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. There eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them.»

«'Tis now dead midnight,» said the lady, «all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the Castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend, and then we shall find three palfreys for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted gaoler, who dares not stay behind thee.»

«Thanks, generous damsel,» said the King. «A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey.»

Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the Castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

«She's gone — she's fled!» said a female voice, which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. «I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house.»

«Peace, women, peace!» said the Emperor: «let us see if our prisoner be safe. Ha!» he added, as with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the subject of his search. «Behold the traitor with that dishonoured minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter.»

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming «Save him — spare him! — back — back,» rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords fell one and all to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

«Her heart is pierced! she's dead — she's dead!» shrieked the Empress: «woe to our house, woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King: woe, woe to me; my son — my daughter — where are ye?»

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

«Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?»

«It is, my liege,» answered an attendant; «the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor.»

«Thrust back the traitor to his cell then,» said the Emperor, «and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger.»

The Empress caught her husband's arm and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the mean time, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon, but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and near five feet and a half in heighth. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws which seemed to be near two inches

long; and while his right fore foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above, but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause which was gathering from the assembled spectators was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter with the same herculean strength repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled, but what was their astonishment at seeing the King in his turn become the assailant, and rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death rattle was heard in his throat, his limbs after quivering for an instant were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground, and Richard drawing forth his arm displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

«God save King Richard!» burst from the lips of every one present. «The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants.» Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agi-

tated features of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. «The will of Heaven be done!» said the Emperor, approaching his captive. «I have already paid dearly enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven farther. Say, is the ransom money ready?»

«Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded,» said King Richard scornfully. «Is it not, most generous Emperor!»

«Talk not of ransom,» said the Empress to her husband, «lest, even while we were speaking, this strong-ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin.»

«Nay, nay, Madam,» said Richard; «the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom, and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?»

«Even so,» said the Emperor; and while his avarice and fear wrung this reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and with his two companions who had acted the parts of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England, on the 20th March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion.**

* This tale is founded on the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, published by Mr. Weber.

THE PROGRESS
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.
from 1400 *to* 1800.

JEFFREY CHAUCER.
1400.

A Ballad, warning men to beware of deceitful women.

* Look well about yee that lovers bee,
Let not your lusts lead you to dotage,
*Be not enamoured on all things that ye see,
Sampson the fort, and Salomon the sage
Deceived were for all their great courage,
Men deme[1] it right that they see with eie,
*Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

I mean of women for all their cheres queint,
Trust them not too much, their truth is but geason,[2]
The fairest outward well can they paine,
Their stedfastnesse endureth but a season,
For they fain frendlines, and worchen[3] treason,
And for they are chaungeable naturally,
Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

What wight on live[4] trusteth on their cheres,[5]
That have at last his guerdon and his mede,
For women can shave nearer than rasors or sheres,

---

1 deem. 2 rare. 3 work. 4 life. 5 cheers.

*Al is not goldy shineth, men take hede
Their gall is hid under a sugred wede, [6]
It is full queint their fantasie to aspie
Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

Though all the world doe his busie cure,
To make women stand in stablenesse,
It would not be, it is against nature
The world is do[7] when they lack doublenes,
For they can laugh and love not, this is expres,
To trust to them is but fantasie
Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

Women of kind hath conditions three
The first is, they be full of disceit, [8]
To spinne also is their property
And women have as wonderfull conceit
For they can weep oft, and all is a sleit, [9]
And ever when they list, the tear is in the eie,
Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

*In sooth to say, though all the erth so wanne [10]
Were parchment, smooth, white and scribabell [11]
And the great sea, that called is the Ociane
Were tourned into ink blacker than Sabell [12]
Every stick a pen, each man a scrivener abell [13]
Not could they write woman's trechery,
Beware therfore, the blind eateth many a flie.

---

6 weed. 7 is undone. 8 deceit. 9 slight, craft. 10 wan.
11 scribable. 12 sables. 13 able.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

1546.

A praise of my ladie.

Geve place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hande approaches one,
Whose face will stayne you all.

The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to have no other bookes
To reade or look upon.

In eche[1] of her two christall eyes
Smyleth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffise
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take
Or else I doubt if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.

She may be well comparde[2]
Unto the Phenix kinde,
Whose like was never seen nor heard,
That any man can fynde.

In life she is Diana chast[3]
In trouth Penelopey,

---

1. each. 2. compared. 3. chaste.

In woord and eke[4] in dede[5] stedfast;
What will you more we say:

If all the world were sought so farre,[6]
Who could finde such a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre[7]
Within the frosty night.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1598.

An Aeglogue to the honour and praise of Queene Elizabeth.

Ye daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hither looke,
at my request.
And eke[1] you virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell,

Of faire Elisa be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plight.
For she is Syrinx daughter without spot:
Which Pan shepheards God of her begot:

---

4. also. 5. deed. 6. far. 7. star.

1. also.

So sprung her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
and Erimines white.
Vpon her head a Crimosin Coronet,
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heauenly hauiour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The red rose medled with the White yfere,[2]
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden hed,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spred,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the overthrowe.

2 together.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,
and be not abasht:
When she the beames of her beautie displaies;
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES seede:
Such follie, great sorrow to NIOBE did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,[3]
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,[4]
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheards swaine,
Albee[5] forswonke[6] and forswat[7] I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Instrument:

3. moan. 4. Bonnibel, bonilasse. 5. albeit. 6. over laboured. 7 sunburnt.

They dauncen deffly, [8] and singen soote, [9]
in their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme [10] to my Lady be yeuen [11]
Shee shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie [12] of Ladies bright,
raunged [13] in a rowe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight, [14]
that vnto her goe.
CHLORIS, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waste.
For more finenesse with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vvine,
worne of Paramours.

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8. nimbly. 9. sweet. 10. room 11. given. 12. company: from a bevy of larks. 13. ranged. 14. called.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now rise up ELISA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:
And now ye daintie Damsels may depart
each one his way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame ELISA thank you for her song.
And if you come heather,
When Damsins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE.

(Lines written in the time of Charles I.)

1645.

Sweet spirit from that lovely bondage free
Of flux mortality;
Free from the cares that rudely press
The mourner that companionless
Must onward tread life's wilderness
Uncheered by Thee!

O! heed'st thou where that couch of tears they strew
And midnight sighs
For him, that lonely one, — that bade adieu
With thee the all of joy, he ever knew!
For him no more of hope's illusive hue
Shall visions rise.

There beats the heart so cheerless and unfriended,
That if on joy depended
The pulse of life, that ministry
With thy last sigh had ceased to be,
In griefs forlorn captivity
With hope unblended;

That left me none beloving, loved by none
Now thou art gone —
Nor hath that babe of thine the power
To smile away the shades that lower —
No — I must weep away the hour
Unsoothed — alone!

JOHN DRYDEN.

1690.

An ode to the pious memory of that accomplished young Lady

Mrs. Anne Killigrew,

Excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.

Thou brightest virgin daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last promotion of the bless'd;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest; 5
Whether adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven's majestic pace;

Or, call'd to more superior bliss, 10
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss,
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine: 15
Hear, then, a mortal muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of poesy were given
To make thyself a welcome inmate there, 20
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good; 25
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd at first with myriads more, 30
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore, 35
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say that at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth. 40

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels, at thy birth,
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high, 45
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then if ever mortal ears,
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees 50
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew;
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above. 55

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above 60
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
O wretched we, why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T'increase the streaming ordures of the stage? 65
What can we say t'excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child, 70

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For nature did that want supply;
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn, 75
That it seem'd borrow'd where 'was only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred;
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear; 80
Each test, and ev'ry light, her Muse will bear,
Tho' Epictetus with his lamp was there.
E'en love, for love sometimes her Muse exprest,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning dream; 85
So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government; 90
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjourning lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.
A chamber of Dependencies was fram'd, 95
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence,
For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
And perfectly could represent

The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament,
And all the large domains which the dumb sister sway'd;
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went, 105
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft' the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear, 110
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades, 115
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece, 120
Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before, 125
But when the peopled ark thy whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with rev'rence strook:
For, not content t'express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart: 130
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,

As when by magic ghosts are made appear,
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right: 135
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands?
Before a train of heroines was seen 140
In beauty foremost, as in rank a queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side. 145
What next she had design'd heav'n only knows:
To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose,
That fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportion'd shape and beauteous face, 150
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow, 155
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine, 160
To rob the relic and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heav'n by the same disease did both translate:
As equal were their souls, so equal were their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas 165
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth! that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here:
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come, 170
Alas! thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,
Among the Pleiads a new kindled star, 175
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat, 180
The judging God shall close the book of fate,
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky; 185
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloath'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground; 190
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks to the new morning sing;

There thou, sweet saint! before the choir shall go,
As harbinger of heav'n, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below. 195

DAVID MALLET.

1731.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at Williams's feet.

Her face was like an April morn 5
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sableshroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown; 10
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek, 15
Just op'ning to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time. 20

«Awake!» she cry'd, «thy true love calls,
Come from her midn ght grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

«This is the dumb and dreary hour 25
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

«Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath, 30
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

«Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright, 35
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

«How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break? 40

«Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

«That face, alas! no more is fair, 45
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

«The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear; 50
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

«But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and lade adieu!
Come see, false Man! how low she lies 55
Who dy'd for love of you.»

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed. 60

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name, 65
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

WILLIAM ROSCOE.
1796.

On the death of Robert Burns.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread
And, *Scotia*, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;

But ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy stream may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gayly charm thy feathery throng;
But now, unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around,
For his wild-harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassion'd, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due;
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favouring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;

He heard with joy the tempest rise
  That wak'd him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
  Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
  To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile
  His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
  His days with early hardships tried:
And, more to mark the gloomy void,
  And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
  Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
  With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
  And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
  The powers of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
  With native wit and sprightly song.

— Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
  When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
  And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
  Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
  The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
  Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
  And fame attract his vagrant glance:
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
  Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
'Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
  He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
  Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concentre all her rays,
  And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
  In social pleasures unconfin'd,
And confidence that spurns controul
  Unlock the inmost springs of mind:

And lead his steps those bowers among,
  Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or science bids her favour'd throng
  To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
  And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
  That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
  With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
  And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
  Disclose the yawning gulf below,

And pour incessant on his sight
Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe:

And shew beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys;
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul be bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
'Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, *Scotia*, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red:
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

GEORGE CRABBE.

1810.

WOMAN.

Mr. Ledyard, as quoted by M. Park in his travels into Afric.

To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like Men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsels with a double relish.

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,—she cries;
And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;

Yet misery marks him of our kind;
  We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
  Pronounce him man and ask our aid.

Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
  There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
  Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright;
Of such may be his weeping wife,
  Such children for their sire may call,
And if we spare his ebbing life,
  Our kindness may preserve them all.

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
  Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows
  Can her warm flow of pity freeze:—
From some sad land the stranger comes,
  Where joys, like ours, are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
  Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
  To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
  To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless
  With good no other people know;
T'enlarge the joys that we possess,
  By feeling those that we bestow!

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
  Where wandering man may trace his kind;

Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe:
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe and age they cheer.

THE ENTAIL,

OR

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MANOR-HOUSE.

Not far from the shore of the Baltic lies Rossitten *), the family seat of the barons of that name. The country around it is barren and dreary: scarcely a blade of grass enlivens here and there the sterile soil consisting of drift-sand, and instead of a garden, the usual ornament of a manor-house, the naked walls of it, towards the landside, are bordered by a forest of stinted fir-trees, whose ever dreary gloom is never cheered by the partycoloured children of spring. Instead of being ravished by the merry carols of singing birds, the ear is incessantly assailed by the dismal croaking of ravens and the piercing shrieks of the tempest-portending sea-gulls. At a distance of about a mile the aspect of the country changes abruptly: as if called forth by the power of magick, blooming grounds, luxuriant fields and meadows suddenly rise to the view of the traveller. All at once he beholds a large, rich village with the spacious dwelling of the land-steward. In front of a friendly alder-grove you descry the ground floor of a large castle, which one of the late owners had intended to build. His successors, residing on their estate in Courland, discontinued the work, and the present owner, baron Roderick of Rossiten, who removed to the family seat, had likewise no mind

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*) Rossitten, a peninsula of the Curish Haff (bay) now almost entirely covered with drift-sand. Tr.

to finish the building, the old solitary mansion perfectly agreeing with his gloomy, misanthropic disposition. He had the ruinous fabric repaired as far as it would do, secluding himself in it with an old morose steward and a few domesticks. He was but rarely seen in the village, riding and walking, however, frequently up and down the sea-shore, and people might have observed from a distance, that he used to address the undulating billows and to listen to the roaring and hissing of the foaming surge, as if he were hearing the responding voice of the spirit of the ocean. At the top of the watch-tower he had caused a chamber to be fitted up with spy-glasses and a complete astronomical apparatus, where he in the day time was surveying the sea, observing the ships gliding along the margin of the distant horizon like white-pinioned sea-gulls. In star-light nights he spent there many solitary hours with astronomical, or, as some would have it, astrological, calculations, in which he was assisted by his aged steward. It was rumoured that he was given to the practice of the black art, as it is called, and that some unsuccessful operation of his, which had injured a certain august princely family, had driven him out of Courland. The slightest recollection of his stay in that country filled his mind with horror; but all the disquietude, that occasionally assailed him, and all the mischances he had experienced there, were imputed solely to his ancestors, who had basely deserted the family mansion. In order to attach at least for the future the head of the family to the seat of his ancestors, he entailed it. His sovereign confirmed the settlement the more readily, as it served to attach to his territory a family famous for chivalrous virtues and branching already into foreign countries. Hubert, Roderick's son, the present lord of the manor, did not, however, choose to reside in the family mansion, preferring to stay in Courland, and it seemed that, being of a more cheerful and jovial disposition than his gloomy ancestor, he

loathed that dismal abode. Baron Roderick had granted permission to two ancient maiden-sisters of his father, who were but scantily provided for, and lived in a state of penury, to occupy some apartments of the mansion and to subsist on the produce of the estate. The two venerable spinsters had established themselves with an aged female domestick in some comfortable, snug rooms in one of the wings, and besides them and the cook, who occupied a large apartment adjoining the kitchen on the ground-floor, only an old forester, who was charged with the duties of a castellain, staggered through the lofty apartments and halls of the mansion. The rest of the domesticks dwelled in the village, in the house of the land-steward. Only late in autumn, when the first snow began to fall and the chase of wolves and wild boars began, the gloomy and deserted mansion was enlivened by a large party of visitors. Baron Roderick, attended by his lady, some relations, acquaintances and a numerous hunting retinue, came in that season from Courland. The neighbouring nobility, together with some sporting friends, who lived in the next town, came to visit the baron; the mansion together with the wings, were then scarcely capable of containing that host of guests; large fires crackled in all the stoves and chimnies, the roasting spits were in constant action from the down of morning until late at night; crowds of merry folks were running up and dawn stairs; in one apartment merry sportsmen were passing round the bottle and singing jovial hunting songs; in an other the steps of dancing couplets and the shrill notes of rude music were heard and shouting and laughter resounded through the mansion. Thus the residence of the lord of the manor resembled for the space of four weeks rather a large inn by the side of a much frequented high-road than the mansion of a noble baron. In the meanwhile baron Roderick devoted as much of his time as he could spare, to serious business, performing the duties incumbent upon him as

lord of the manor. He did not only examine the accounts of his land-steward, but carefully attended to every proposal offered for the improvement of the estate, and listened to the most trifling complaints of his tenants, most scrupulously striving to settle all differences and to do justice to every one that applied to him for redress of his grivances. In this honourable occupation he was assisted by Mr. Frost, an aged counsellor, who had been handed down from father to son as the established man of business of the baronial estate, and used regularly to set out for the mansion eight days before the barons arrival.

In the year 1790 the time was drawing near, when the counsellor was to set out for the manor of Rossitten. Vigorous as the old man felt himself in his 70th year, he seems to have been sensible of the expediency of an assistant. He said, therefore, one day to me: Cousin (as he used to call me), I think, snuffing a little sea-air would do you no harm; what do you think of attending me to Rossitten. Besides easing me of part of my troublesome task, you might taste the pleasures of a sportsman, and after having minuted down a few law-cases one morning, the next day try what it is to face a grim looking, shaggy wolf, or a ferocious wild boar, and whether you have skill enough to dispatch such a monster by a well applied shot." I must not have heard so many curious accounts of the merry life prevailing at the manor during the sporting season, nor been so fond of my venerable relation, if I had not been highly rejoiced at his proposal. Being already tolerably well versed in business of that kind, I cheerfully promised that I would assiduously strive to relieve him of the most tedious part of his employment at the baronial seat. The next day we were seated in our carriage, wrapped up in warm fur-coats, driving towards Rossitten whilst a drizzling snow gave us a foretaste of the setting in of the wintery season. On our road the old man entertained me with an account of the oddi-

ties of the late baron Roderick who had founded the entail and notwithstanding his youth, appointed him his legal assistant in the management of the estate and the executor of his will. He spoke of the rough, savagelike manners peculiar to that old nobleman, and which, he asserted, had become inheritable in the family, in as much as even the present lord of the manor, whom he had known as a gentle, nay rather effeminate, youth, appeared to get infected with it more and more every year. He tutored me to deport myself frankly and unconcerned, if I wished to be regarded by the old baron, and then described to me the apartments which he used to occupy whilst he staid at the mansion, which, he said, were warm and comfortable and far enough removed from the main building to enable us to seclude ourselves, whenever we chose, from the bustle and carousing of the jovial visitors; they were situated, he observed, in one of the wings opposite to that in which the old ladies resided, contiguous to the hall of justice and hung with warm tapestry. We arrived at the mansion late at night, after a speedy, though uncomfortable, ride. We drove through the village. The alehouse resounded with music and the rejoicings of the merry dancers, and the land-steward's dwelling was likewise lit up from top to bottom and enlivened by the sound of music and the carols of the revelling inmates, which greatly added to the dismal appearance of the solitary manor, we now entered. The seabreeze assailed us with piercing and melancholy accords, and the dark groups of pine-trees responded with hollow groans, as if roused from a magick sleep. The naked, black walls of the mansion rose above the snow-covered ground, and we stopped at the gate, which was closely barred and bolted. In vain did we halloo, useless was the loud smacking of our postillion's whip, to no purpose our knocking and hammering against the gate: no living soul seemed to be in the old fabrick no light was to be seen

in any of the windows. My grand-uncle now raised his strong, sonorous voice, bawling: «Francis! — Francis! — Where the deuce are you? Bestir yourself, we are freezing to death here.»— A mastiff now began to bark — a moving light appeared in the ground-floor; keys rattled and the folding doors of the massy gate soon creaked on their hinges. «I bid your honour wellcome! what horrid weather you have had to travel in! A thousand times wellcome!» cried old Francis, holding up his lanthorn so as to make the full light reflect from his shrivelled visage, contracted by a forced laugh into a frightful grin.

The carriage drove into the yard; we alighted, and now I had a full view of the figure of the aged domestick fantastically clad in an old fashioned huntsman's livery. A few grey locks shaded his forehead; the lower part of his face displayed the ruddy complexion of a sportsman's countenance, and although the contorted muscles gave his countenance very nearly the appearance of a grotesque mask, yet the simple goodnature, which sparkled in his eyes and played round his lips, reconciled you with the oddity of his person and attire. «Well, old Francis,» resumed my grand-uncle on the landing-place, whilst he was shaking the snow off his fur-coat, «is all ready; is the tapestry in my apartments dusted, are the beds put up in them and properly aired, and have you been keeping up a good fire yesterday and to day?» — «Not I,» replied Francis very calmly, «please your honour; nothing of all this has been done.» — «Zounds, Sir!» my grand-uncle burst out in a passion, «have I not written in good time? don't I always come exactly at the time appointed? This is very stupid, indeed; now I must take up with ice-cold apartments!»— «Look ye, your honour,» Francis replied, whilst he was removing with the snuffers a thief from the candle and extinguishing it with his foot; «all this, especially heating the rooms, would have been of no use, as the wind and snow are playing the deuce in them through

the broken panes; besides" — «What?" interrupted my grand-uncle, throwing open his fur-coat and putting his arms a kimbo, «the windows are broken; and you, being appointed castellain, have not had them repaired?" — «But, please your honour," the old man resumed very calmly, «one cannot well get at them on account of the large mass of rubbish and the immense quantity of stones, with which the apartments are choaked up." — «Rubbish, and stones," my grand-uncle repeated in a passion; «what have they to do in my apartments?" — «God bless you, young gentleman," said the old man, bowing civilly to me (I had just sneezed), and immediately continued: «they are stones and mortar of the partition-wall, which was thrown down by the violent concussion." «What concussion?" my grand-uncle burst out angrily: «have you had an earthquake?" — «No earthquake," the steward replied, smiling; «but a few days ago the heavy wainscotted ceiling came down at once with a tremendous crash" — My grand-uncle seemed to be going to utter an angry oath, but stopped suddenly, raising his right hand, and lifting his fur-cap with the left. Then, turning to me, he said laughing aloud: «By my troth, cousin, we must hold our peace, and ask no farther, lest we should hear of yet worse mishap, or the whole old fabrick tumble down upon our heads." — «But," continued he, turning to the old domestick, «have not you had sense enough to get an other apartment ready for me against the session-day." — «Surely have I," replied the old man, complacently pointing at the stairs, and ascending them forthwith. «An odd fish, indeed!" my grand-uncle cried, following the old man's lead. The steward led the way thro' long and lofty arched corridors, whilst the flickering light of his lamp strangely illuminated the intense darkness of the lofty passages. Columns, capitals and painted arches appeared by turns, as if suspended in the air, whilst our shadows were striding giantlike by our sides, and the grotesque figures, apparently gliding along

the walls, seemed to tremble and shake upon their surface, and to whisper to us in the hollow eccho of our footsteps: „forbear to rouse the wild magic crew sleeping underneath these old stones!" At length, after we had been wandering through a great many chilly and dark apartments, Francis opened the door of a spacious hall, in which a cheerful chimney-fire invited us to its comforts. I recovered my spirits as soon as we entered, whilst my grand-uncle stopped in the middle of the hall, and, casting his looks all around, said in a serious, almost solemn, tone of voice: „This then is to serve us for a session-hall?" Francis, raising his lamp on high, to enable us to look round, and to discover on the broad dark wall a light spot resembling a door, said in hollow and painful accents: „Justice has been administered here ere now." – „What do you mean, old man?" my grand-uncle cried, pulling off his fur-coat and stepping to the chimney. „The words escaped me inadvertently," Francis replied, lighting the candles and opening the door of an adjoining chamber, which had been privately got up for our accommodation. Soon after our entrance the cloth was laid before the chimney-fire, and the old man placed upon the table several savoury dishes, which, when we were quite at our ease, were followed by a bowl of excellent punch, brewed after the northern fashion. Being tired with the journey, my grand-uncle went to bed as soon as we had supped, whilst the novelty of what I had seen and the strange appearance of our quarters, together with the punch had roused my animal spirits to such a pitch as put sleep entirely out of my thoughts. Francis cleared the table, and having stirred the fire, retired with friendly bows and scrapes.

Now I was sitting by myself in the lofty and spacious hall. The snow-shower had ceased pelting against the windows and the storm was hushed; the sky had cleared up, and the bright full-moon sent her silver rays through the broad arched windows, cast-

ing a magick light into every corner which the dim gleam of my taper and of the chimney-fire could not reach. After the fashion usually observed in old castles the walls and the ceiling were ornamented, the one with heavy wainscotting and the other with phantastical sculpture, richly gilt. From the large pictures, most of which represented the sanguinary bustle of the chase of bears and wolves, the heads of animals and men carved in wood, were projecting; the painted bodies which were joined to these, gave them in the flickering light of the fire, which was blended with the pale rays of the moon, an appearance of truth really frightful. Betwixt these pictures were introduced representations of knights in a sporting attire, in their full length which probably were intended for the portraits of the baron's ancestors famous for their fondness of the chase. The whole, both the carving and the painting, had the dark colouring of times long past, which served to render the light coloured spot on the wall through which two doors led to the adjoining apartments, the more conspicuous. It was not long before I was satisfied that a third door must have been where that light spot was seen, which had been walled up, and by it's newness and nakedness singularly contrasted with the crowded and grotesque ornaments of the remaining parts of the wall. — Who does not know how powerfully an uncommon and grotesque abode can impress the mind with chilling awe? Even the most indolent imagination is excited in a valley inclosed by huge rocks, or within the gloomy walls of a gothick church, and fancies to forebode scenes never witnessed before. Now, when I add that I was but twenty years old, and had drunk some glasses of strong punch, the reader will easily believe that my mind must have been most uncommonly excited in that spacious and oddly ornamented hall. Let him only consider the profound silence of the night, in which the hollow roaring of the waves of the Baltick, the strange whistling of the breeze sounded

like the notes of a huge organ struck by spirits — the fleeting clouds, which, luminous and brillant, frequently seemed to be looking through the rattling bow-windows like giants passing by, and he will not think it extraordinary that the chilling tremor that was shaking my frame, made me apprehend that some mysterious scenes were going to be displayed to my view. Yet that sensation resembled the chilness we feel at the close of a well-told story of a ghostly apparition, and which we do not dislike. Whilst I was in this singular mood, it struck me that nothing could be better suited to the perusal of a book which I had put into my pocket and at that time was eagerly read by every one that had a taste for the romantick. It was Schiller's Armenian (in Germany better known by the original title of the Ghostseer). I read and read, and my imagination was heated more and more. I came at length to the passage which with an overwelming charm details the occurrences at the wedding feast in the house of Count V. Just when Jeronimo's bloody form enters, the door opening into the landing place was flung open with a tremendous report. I started up seized with terror, the book dropping from my hands. — But all around me instantly was hushed into profound silence, and I was ashamed of my childish terror, fancying that a gust of wind had, perhaps, burst open the door. «It is nothing at all!» I said to myself — «my heated imagination is lending t every natural phenomenon a gostly hue.» Thus reassured, I take up my book from the floor, flinging myself into my easy chair, when all at once some one is crossing the hall with slow and measured steps, sighing and groaning at intervals. These sighs and groans were expressive of the most desponding woe. «Surely,» thought I, «these doleful sounds proceed from some sick animal shut up somewhere on the ground-floor; who would suffer himself to be terrified by something of this kind?» Thus I reassured myself — but now it began to scratch,

louder and louder near that piece of new wall, uttering deeper laments, as if in dreadful agonies: «Really, it must be some poor animal shut up below — I will call out aloud, stamp with my foot upon the floor, and all will be hushed, or the animal will let itself be heard by sounds more natural to it.» — Thus I thought — but my blood began to curdle in my veins, cold drops were standing upon my forehead, terror fixed me to my arm-chair, neither was I capable of calling out. The horrid scratching ceased at length – steps were heard again. I feel new life and vigour, jump up, advance a couple of steps, when an ice-cold gust sweeps the hall and the moon casts her clear light upon the figure of a grave-looking man of a ghastly appearance, and I fancy to hear his warning voice distinctly and audibly, notwithstanding the roaring of the sea and the whistling of the wind, saying: «No farther — no farther! else thou art delivered over to the invisible powers.» Now the door is violently shut with the same tremendous crash with which it had been flung open — I hear steps in the landing place — some person is going down stairs — the gate of the mansion is flung open and shut with a loud report. — Then I fancied that a horse was taken out of the stable and a while after again led into it — when a dead silence ensued. — That very instant I heard my grand-uncle sighing and groaning most woefully in the next chamber, which restored me to the full possession of myself: I took up the candle and went into his chamber, where I found him seemingly under the torments of an oppressive dream. «Rouse yourself! for God's sake, rouse yourself!» I cried, holding the light close to his face. He started up with a hollow groan, and, instantly recollecting himself, looked kindly at me, saying: «Thank ye, my good fellow, for having roused me; I had an ugly dream, owing to nothing else but to this chamber and the hall, both having called up in my mind the recollection of times past, and of various singular

occurrences that have happened here; but now we will lie down again and have a sound sleep." So saying, he wrapped himself up in his covers and seemed to be fast asleep in a moment. Having extinguished my light and laid myself down likewise, I heard the old man praying softly. The next morning we went to business; the land-steward produced his accounts, and other people, wanting to have some dispute adjusted, or some other concern settled, made their appearance. At noon my grand-uncle went with me, to pay a formal visit to the old ladies, our opposite neighbours. Francis announced us to them, and after having been kept waiting some moments, we were received by an aged, decrepit damsel, apparently about sixty years of age, dressed in a gown of partycoloured silk, who introduced herself as the companion of the right honourable ladies, and ushered us into the sanctuary. There we were received with comical ceremonies by the ancient matrons dressed most oddly in an antidiluvian costume. I became an object of their astonishment, after having been presented most humorously by my old relation as a young man of the law attending him as his assistant. Their looks seemed to say, that they apprehended the wellfare of the baron's subjects to be in great peril in the hands of so young a man. Our visit to the old spinsters really was of a very ridiculous nature; but the horrors of the preceding night were still chilling my heart too sensibly; I felt as if I had been touched by some invisible hand, or rather, fancied I had already approached that magick ring, which, to transgress and to be irretrievably undone, required but a single step, and that nothing but the exertion of all my mental powers could preserve me from that excessive degree of horror that is so apt to bring on incurable madness. Thus it happened that even the old ladies in their oddly towering headdresses, in their singular robes trimmed up with flowers and ribbands of all colours, instead of exciting laughter, appeared to

me ghastly and spectrelike. I fancied to read in their antiquated, shrivelled, yellow faces and blinking eyes, and to hear by the bad French, which they spoke, that the old spinsters must at least be on a familiar footing with the infernal beings that haunted the mansion, and perhaps even themselves were capable of dreadful doings. My grand-uncle, happening to be in a very sportive humour, inveighled the old ladies by his quizzing rattle into a chat so extremely ludicrous, that, had I been in a different mood, I should not have been capable of suppressing a loud laugh; but, as I observed, the baronesses and their prattle continued to appear to me spectrelike, and the old man, having intended to procure to me an extraordinary amusement, gazed at me with surprise. Having retired to our quarters, he burst out: «For God's sake, cousin, what can be the matter with you? — you don't laugh, neither do you eat, nor drink — are you ill — or what else does ail you?» Now I did not hesitate detailing to him all the horrors I had experienced in the preceding night. I concealed nothing from him, confessing to him particularly, that I had drunk a great quantity of punch and been reading in Schiller's Armenian. «I must make this ample confession,» I added; «for all I have been telling you renders it probable that it was only my heated imagination that conjured up those phantasms, which existed nowhere but in my brains.» I expected my grand-uncle would now assail me with some bitter jokes for being such a visionary; however he grew all at once quite serious, stared at the floor, and then, raising his head abruptly and gazing at me with burning looks, said: «Cousin, I do not know the book in which you have been reading, yet it was not owing to its contents, nor to the spirits of the punch that you had that horrid vision. Know, that I dreamed exactly what has happened to you. I fancied to be sitting, as you really did, in an armchair, in the chimney-corner, but what *sounds* only informed

you of, I beheld distinctly with my mental eyes. Yes, I beheld that shocking phantom, as it stepped into the hall, tottering towards the walled-up door, and in a state of inconsolable despair scratching against the door, until the blood trickled from his nails; then he went down stairs, saddling a horse, and soon after leading him back into the stable. Did you hear the cocks crowing in the farm-yards of the village, when you roused me from my horrid dream?" Here the old man broke off abruptly. I refrained from asking questions, being assured that he would give me every explanation I might want, as soon as he should think it proper. Having sat a while in his arm-chair immersed in profound reflexion, he resumed: «Dare you now, when you are informed how all has actually happened, venture to witness once more that apparition in my company." It was quite natural that I should inform him I was then too much exhausted to be capable of it. «Well," replied the old man, «then we will sit up together next night. An internal voice tells me that my courage will enable me to dispel that infernal illusion, and that it will not be an act of impious presumption, but a pious and brave enterprise, when I venture my life in attempting to lay the evil spirit that alienates the sons from the mansion of their ancestors. It is no foolhardy venture I propose, for with so firm and honest a mind and so pious a confidence, as urge me to the undertaking, I may safely trust that I shall bravely overcome the fiend. Should it, however, please God to permit the evil power to prevail nevertheless, you, my nephew, shall proclaim to the world, that I was worsted in an honourable, christian-like conflict with the demon of Hell that here causes such baneful disturbances. — Keep, therefore, at a distance, and no harm can befall you."

A variety of diverting occupations insensibly ushered in the stillness of night. Francis had cleared the table and placed a

bowl of punch before us in the hall; the full-moon darted her silvery rays through the illuminated clouds, the billows of the sea roared and the nocturnal breeze shook the panes of the bow-windows. In spite of our internal perturbation we strove to talk of indifferent subjects. The old man had placed his watch before him. It was pointing at twelve o'clock, when the door was flung open with a tremendous report, as in the night before. Soft and slow steps moved across the hall, and sighs and groans were distinctly heard. The old man turned pale, whilst his eyes were beaming with unusual lustre, he rose from his arm-chair, his tall form standing erect, holding his left arm akimbo and pointing with his right hand to the middle of the hall, like a commanding hero. The sighing and groaning increased apace and became more distinct, when some person began scratching the wall more horribly than the night before. Hearing this, my grand-uncle stept forth, going strait towards the walled-up door with steps so firm as made the floor shake under him. When arrived at the spot, where the scratching resounded more violently every moment, he stopt short, calling out in accents louder than I ever had heard him utter before: „Daniel! Daniel! what art thou doing here at this hour of night?" A most yelling and horrid shriek made the hall ring, and a hollow sound was heard, as if a heavy load had dropt upon the floor. „Implore God for mercy!" my grand-uncle cried; „throw thyself down at the throne of grace, but not at my feet. Depart this life, from which thou art alienated for ever." Thus the old man vociferated more loudly than before, when I fancied I heard hollow moans in the air, which were overpowered by the storm, that had begun to grow more violent. Now the old man stept to the door, shutting it with such force as made the whole fabric shake. The tone of his voice and his features bespoke something so very supernatural as filled me with horror. When he had reseated himself in his

arm-chair, his looks beamed with an heavenly radiance; he folded his hands and was praying internally. Some minutes might have passed thus, when he asked me in gentle, heart-moving accents, which he could so easily command: «Well, nephew?» Seized with awe, reverence, horror, astonishment, terror, veneration and love, I dropped down upon my knees, grasping his proffered hand and shedding a flood of tears. The old man clasped me in his arms, pressed me to his heart, and said very tenderly: «Now we shall sleep very soundly, dear nephew.» I actually enjoyed a sound sleep, and as nothing of an alarming nature happened in the subsequent night, we regained our former cheerfulness.

Some days after the baron arrived with his lady and a numerous retinue of sportsmen; the guests, who had been previously invited, assembled, and now the tumultuous carousing and revelling, of which I have spoken in an other place, began in the repeopled mansion. The baron, visiting us soon after his arrival, seemed to be surprised at our change of apartments, casting a gloomy look at the walled-up door, and, averting his eyes quickly from it, brushed with his hand across his forehead, as if desirous of chasing away some unpleasant reminiscence. My grand-uncle mentioning the injury the hall of justice and the adjoining apartments had suffered, the baron scolded Francis for not having lodged us more comfortably and good naturedly desired the old man, to mention it without any hesitation, if he should miss any conveniency in his new habitation, which was greatly inferior to the chambers which he usually had occupied on former occasions. His deportment to my grand-uncle, in general, was not only cordial, but blended with such a filial veneration, as if the old man were a near and dear relation. This alone was it what reconciled me to the baron's domineering temper, which betrayed itself more strongly the

longer I had an opportunity of witnessing his conduct. Of myself he seemed to take little or no notice, regarding me only as a common clerk. The first time I had written out a process-verbal, he pretended to find fault with something in the wording of it; my blood began to boil, and I was going to reply rather sharply, when my grand-uncle, interrupting me, assured him *he* was perfectly satisfied with my performance, and I had exactly expressed his meaning which was principally to be attended to in our juridical transactions. When we were left to ourselves, I complained of the baron's conduct, who became every day more disagreeable to me. «Believe me," the old man replied, «when I assure you that the baron, notwithstanding his moroseness, is a most excellent and good-natured man. These manners, as I told you before, he has adopted but since he is become lord of the manor; previously to that period he was a gentle and modest young man. Besides, he is not quite so bad as you represent him, and I should like to know, for what reason you are so much prejudiced against him?" The old man said this with a very sarcastick smile, which made the blood rise into my face. Was it not natural that I now should more clearly understand the real state of my heart; could I help being sensible that my strange antipathy was the result of my loving, or rather adoring, a being appearing to me to be the sweetest and most magnanimous creature I ever had met with? And this being was no other than the baroness herself. Already on her arrival, as she was traversing the apartments, dressed in a Russian robe lined with ermine which closely fitted her taper-form, and her head covered with a rich veil, the sight of her had charmed me irresistibly. Nay her walking between her old aunts, who were as phantastically dressed as when I saw them for the first time, and gabbling their wellcomes in French, whilst the baroness with unspeakable sweetness was looking round, kindly nodding now

to one and then to an other, breathing at intervals some German words in the purest dialect of Courland, served to impress my mind most strangely, and I involuntarily contrasted with her appearance the horrid vision of that night, and the baroness seemed to me to be the angel that would subdue those powers of darkness that haunted the manor-house. — I still fancy to behold that charming woman. She was at that time scarcely nineteen years old. Her countenance was as delicate as her taper-form, displaying the most angelick goodness; her black eyes, in particular, beamed with an unspeakable charm blended with a melancholy tenderness. Frequently she appeared to be totally absorpt in profound revery, and then her sweet countenance was shaded by gloomy clouds, from which one might have inferred that some corroding grief had taken possession of her heart: but I concluded that it was the presage of a gloomy, disastrous futurity that had seized her in such moments, and with this supposition I connected in a singular manner, for which I could not account, the apparition that haunted the mansion. — On the morning after the baron's arrival the company met at breakfast; my grand-uncle introduced me to the baroness, and, as it often happens on such occasions, I deported myself extremely awkwardly, implicating myself in the most curious, nonsensical speeches, when the baroness asked me the simple questions how I liked my apartment, the environs of the mansion and the like. The old aunts entirely imputed this perplexity of mine to the profound respect I was supposed to entertain for the lady of the house, and condescended to come to my assistance, praising me in bad French as a pretty polite and clever young man, a *garçon très joli*. This vexed me extremely, and suddenly recovering the dominion over myself, I sported some witty words in better French than that of the noble spinsters, which made them stare at me with surprise, and stuff their long pointed noses with

snuff. The serious looks with which the baroness turned from me to a lady that was standing by, made me perceive that my witty saying had been near akin to a folly, which increased my vexation, and I mentally sent the old hags to the lowest pit of Il. — My old uncle had long since cured me by his raillery of all pastoral languishing and childish bewailing of an unsuccessful love, and I was well aware that the baroness occupied my whole soul more completely than ever any other woman had done. I saw and heard only her, though I was perfectly conscious that it would be an absurdity bordering on madness, if I were to venture upon an amorous folly, perceiving at the same time that it would be impossible for me to admire and adore at a respectful distance, like a lovesick boy, such excellence, a behaviour at which I should have blushed. I had it in my power to form a closer connection with that excellent woman, without betraying to her my sentiments, to imbibe the sweet poison of her looks and words, and then, though absent from her, hoard it up in my heart a long while, perhaps for ever, and was determined, I would. This romantick, nay, I may say chivalrous, love, having dawned within me in that sleepless night, seized upon me with such magick power, that I was childish enough to harangue myself with great pathos and finally to sigh most woefully: «Ah, Seraphina! Seraphina!» which awakened my grand-uncle from his sleep and made him call out: «Nephew! nephew! I believe you are dreaming aloud; leave that till day, if you can, and don't disturb my night's rest.» I was very apprehensive the old man, who had observed my emotion on my first interview with the baroness, had heard me pronounce her name; but the next morning, when we were entering the hall of justice, he said only: «God grant to every man a sufficiency of sound sense, and the grace of taking proper care of it! It is a great misfortune to any one, if he without much ado can make

a coxcomb of himself!» He then took his seat at the large table, and said: «write distinctly, dear nephew, to enable me to read without stopping.»

The respect, nay filial veneration the baron showed my grand-uncle, was visible in the whole of his deportment towards him. Among other instances thereof he displayed it by making him take his seat at table by the side of the baroness, a privilege for which he was envied by many of the guests, whilst accident placed me now near the top and then at the bottom of the table, though some officers commonly made me associate with them, to expectorate themselves to me about every thing novel and laughable that occurred, and to pass the bottle briskly round. Thus I happened for some successive days to be seated, at a great distance from the baroness, at the lower end of the table, until, at length, some lucky accident assigned to me a seat near her. Just when the dining room was thrown open for the company, the companion of the baroness, who was past the bloom of youth, but rather pretty and not without spirit, had engaged me in a conversation that seemed to interest her. According to custom I could not help offering her my arm, and was rejoiced, when she seated herself near the baroness, who kindly nodded to her. You may easily conceive that now everything I said was not intended for her alone, but chiefly for our fair hostess. Very likely a particular emotion of my mind imparted to what I said a peculiar energy; in short, my neighbour paid more and more attention to my discourse, and at length was drawn completely within the circle of the motley and variegating scenes I was describing. She was, as I said before, rather sensible, and thus our conversation soon happened being carried on totally unscheck-ed by the loquacity of the guests, who were talking of a variety of subjects, confining itself exclusively within it's own orbit, whilst I occasionally directed some flashes withersoever I chose.

I could not but observe that my neighbour was casting significant looks at the baroness, and that the latter endeavoured to overhear what we were saying. This was particularly the case, when our conversation turned upon music and I with enthusiasm spoke of that divine art, and at last acknowledged that, notwithstanding the dry and tedious study of the law, I was no indifferent performer on the pianoforte, a tolerable singer, and had composed already several airs. We removed to the adjoining saloon to take our coffee, when, before I was aware of it, I was standing before the baroness, who had been conversing with my neighbour. She accosted me immediately in that accent in which we are wont to address an acquaintance, repeating those questions, how I was pleased with my excursion to the manor etc. etc. I declared to her that at first the gloomy loneness of the environs, nay even the ancient appearance of the mansion had affected me singularly, but that in that state of mind my ideas had taken such an enchanting turn that I desired nothing more ardently than that my attendance at the rude chase of boars and wolves would be dispensed with, as I was unused to those savage sports. The baroness replied, smiling: «I can easily comprehend that the rude doings in our pine forests cannot suit your taste. You are a lover of music, and if I be not greatly mistaken, a poet to boot. — I am a passionate lover of either art — nay, I even play the harp a little, but must miss both in this place. Mylord does not approve of my taking my instrument along with me, as it's soft tones would but ill accord with the shrill sounds of the hunting horns, which alone are to be heard here. — Good heavens, how happy would music make me here!» I assured her, that I would exert myself to the utmost of my ability, to realize her wishes, as it was to be hoped that at least one instrument would be found in the mansion, if it should be only an old harpichord. At this observation Lady Adelheid, the companion of the baron-

ess, burst out in a loud laugh, asking me, whether I did not know that within the memory of man no music had been heard in the mansion and within the precincts of it, save the shrill notes of the tempest, the moans of hunting horns, the scratching of ill tuned fiddles and the melancholy bleating of the oboes of strolling musicians? The baroness was determined to have some sort of music, or other and to hear my performance, and both herself and Lady Adelheid strained their wits, to procure a tolerable pianoforte. Whilst they were deliberating, old Francis was crossing the hall. » There is the man that can procure any thing, however difficult it may be to be got at. » Lady Adelheid called to him, to step nearer, and whilst she was explaining to him our wants, the baroness, stretching her head forwards and looking with a sweet smile at the old man, listened attentively to what she was telling him. It was really delightful to see her, in that posture, look like a sweet lovely child anxious to have the expected plaything already in his hands. Francis, having in his roundabout manner mentioned several reasons why he thought nearly impossible to procure in a short time such a rare instrument, at last stroked his whiskers with a self approving smile and said: « The wife of the land-steward in the village plays the clavicord, or what else they call it by it's outlandish name, and accompanies it most charmingly with a voice so fine and lamentable as to make one's eyes water, as if they had been rubbed with an onion, and to set one a capering with both legs » — « And possesses a pianoforte? » interrupted Lady Adelheid. « Indeed, she does, » the old man resumed; « it has been sent directly from Dresden; — an » — « Charming! » cried the baroness — « An excellent instrument; » Francis continued; but it is rather of a delicate make; for when our organist lately was playing upon it the tune of an hymn, he broke it all to pieces, so completely that » — « Good heavens! » the baroness and Lady

Adelheid ejaculated at the same time — «that the land-steward was under the necessity of sending it away at a great expence, to be repaired.» — «Has it been sent back already?» Lady Adelheid inquired impatiently. «To be sure, it has, and the owner will esteem it a great honour to» — At that very instant the baron was passing by, and looking at us, as it appeared, with surprise, whispered with a sarcastic smile to the baroness: «Must Francis be consulted again?» The baroness cast down her eyes, blushing; old Francis was terrified and struck dumb, holding his head erect, dropping his arms, and pressing them closely to his body in a military posture. The old aunts waddled towards our group in their rustling stuff gowns, and carried off the baroness. She was followed by Lady Adelheid. I was left standing by myself, as if enchanted.

Delighted with the thought that now I was to come near the baroness, who possessed my whole heart and was my adored idol, gloomy displeasure and anger agitated my mind, because the baron appeared to me to have acted as an unfeeling despot. «Do you hear, do you see at last?» my grand-uncle cried, tapping me on my shoulder; and we returned to our quarters. «Don't obtrude yourself thus studiously upon the baroness;» he said, when we had returned to our apartment, «what will it boot you? Leave courting her to young coxcombs; there is no want of them here.» — I informed him, how all had come about, and desired him to tell me honestly, whether I was deserving of his reproaches? He returned me no answer but: «So! so!» — put on his night-gown, and having lit his pipe, seated himself in his easy-chair and began talking to me of the occurrences of yesterday's chase, rallying me good naturedly about my having spoiled so much gunpowder and shot to no purpose. The mansion now was hushed in profound silence, the ladies and gentlemen being busily employed in arranging their dress for the night;

for those strolling musicians whom Lady Adelheid had mentioned, had arrived, and there was to be a ball in proper form. The old man, preferring a good nights rest to such foppish racketing, as he used to call it, staid in his chamber, and I had just done dressing for the ball, when some person was gently tapping at my door and old Francis entered informing me with a complacent smile that the clavicord had just been sent in and carried to the apartment of the baroness. Lady Adelheid, he added, requested me to come to them instantly. It may easily be guessed how violently my pulses began to beat, and with what a sweet tremour I opened the door of the apartment in which I was to see *her*. Lady Adelheid came joyfully to meet me. The baroness, already completely dressed for the ball, sat, musing, before the mysterious box in which the sounds were slumbering, which I had been sent for to call forth. She rose in the full lustre of such beauty as made me gaze at her incapable of utterance. «Well, Theodor (addressing me by my christian name, according to the familiar custom of the north, which also prevails in the south), here is the instrument; heaven grant it may not be found quite unworthy your art!» As I opened the lid, a great number of string whizzed into my face, and all strings that had remained entire, being out of tune, they sounded most horribly, when I tried to strike an accord. «Surely, the organist has again tried his delicate hands at them,» Lady Adelheid cried, laughing, whilst the baroness angrily said: «This happens very unfortunately, indeed! Surely, I am doomed to have no pleasure here at all!» I examined the repository of the instrument, and found some coils of strings, but could not discover a tuning-hammer. — New lamentations were heard. When I assured them that any key whose bit fitted the pegs, would answer my purpose, the baroness and Lady Adelheid were running joyfully to and

fro', and ere long a whole magazine of polished keys lay on the sounding board.

Now I went busily to work. — Lady Adelheid and the baroness herself assisted me most assiduously. — At length one was found to fit the pegs, when both joyfully cried: «This will do! this will do!» All of a sudden a string which I had drawn up nearly to it's proper pitch, snapped, whizzing, and both recoiled in great terror. The baroness handled the elastic strings with her small, delicate fingers, reaching me the number I wanted, and holding the coil, whilst I was unwinding it, when suddenly one whizzed up and made her start and utter an impatient ah! — Lady Adelheid laughed aloud, and I ran after the intangled coil to the farther end of the apartment. At length we find sound coils — the strings begin to stand and the odious discordance is changed into pure accords. «It will do! it will do! the instrument is getting into tune!» the baroness cried, smiling sweetly on me. — How quickly did these joint exertions dispel all the strangeness and soberness imposed by convenience; how soon was a familiar confidence established between us, which, penetrating me like an electrical breath, quickly melted the timorous anxiety that with an icy heaviness oppressed my bosom! That strange pathos, which an amorous fit like that which had taken me, is wont to engender, had left me entirely, and thus it happened, that, when at last the pianoforte was in tolerable tune, instead of giving vent to my sentiments in phantasies, as I had purposed, I mechanically played those sweet canzonets transmitted to us from the southern regions of Europe: «*Senza di te* — etc.»

Whilst I was playing those sweet airs, and an hundred: *Morir mi sento's* and: *Addio's* and: *Oh dios*, Seraphina's looks began to sparkle more and more. She had seated herself by my side at the pianoforte, and I felt her warm breath touching my

cheek; as she was leaning her arm on the back of my chair, a white ribband, having loosened itself from her neat ball-dress, dropped over my shoulder, and, being agitated by Seraphina's gentle sighs and the vibration of my notes, was waving to and fro' like a trusty messenger of love. — It was next to a miracle that I did not lose my senses! whilst I was running my fingers up and down the keys, meditating of a new air, Lady Adelheid, who had all the while been sitting in a corner, ran to the baroness, and, kneeling down at her feet, and seizing her hands, pressing them to her bosom, begged: «Dear Seraphina, you must give us a song!» — «What are you thinking, Adelheid? how could I expose myself to our virtuoso here by my poor singing?» It was a charming sight to behold her, like a timorous child casting down her eyes, and, deeply blushing, struggling with desire and bashfulness. — It may easily be supposed how I pressed her, and when she mentioned some little popular Courland airs, urged my entreaties, until she tried a few notes with her left hand, by way of prelude. I was going to make room for her, but she would not permit me to rise, assuring me that she was not capable of striking a single accord, and that her singing, without the accompaniment of an instrument, would sound but very sober. Yet she began to sing with a delicate voice, like the chiming of well tuned bells, and, proceeding from her inmost heart, an air whose simple melody had the exact character of those popular airs that render us so deeply sensible of our poetical nature. The unassuming words of the text breathed a mysterious charm and became hieroglyphs of the unspeakable sentiments that swell our bosom. Who does not here recollect those Spanish canzonets, whose import, as to the words, is no more than: «With my dear love I was sailing on the sea; a tempest arose and the sweet maid staggered timorously from one side to the other. No! no! never will I venture again with her upon

the ocean.» Thus the tenor of the air sung by the baroness was no more than: «Lately I was dancing with my sweet heart at the wedding, when a flower dropped from my hair, which he picked up, and, presenting it to me, said: «When, my dearest, shall we again go to a wedding?» When I accompanied the second strophe of this air with harping accords, and in the ecstacy which seized me stole from her lips the melody of the next airs she sang, I appeared to her and to Adelheid a second Orpheus, and they overwhelmed me with praises. The burning candles of the ball-room in one of the wings sent over their glare into the chamber of the baroness, and the disharmonious squeaking of the trumpets and horns informed us that it was time to be gone. «Alas, I must go now!» the baroness cried, and I started up from the instrument.» You have procured us a delightful hour — these were the happiest moments I ever have enjoyed here.» So saying, the baroness offered me her hand, and when I in an ecstacy of rapture pressed it to my lips her fingers were throbbing violently within my hand. I do not recollect how I got back into my grand-uncle's chamber and thence into the ball-room. The state in which I was, was like that of a certain soldier of Gascogne, who feared the battle, because, being all heart, each wound he should receive would prove mortal — each touch of hers threatened me with destruction. The hand of the baroness, her throbbing fingers, had struck me like poisoned arrows; my blood was fermenting. — Without exactly interrogating, my grand-uncle was the next morning perfectly acquainted with what had happened the preceding evening, and I was considerably alarmed, when, after having conversed with me a while in a bantering tone, he suddenly grew very serious and said: «I conjure you, nephew, resist the folly that has seized you so powerfully; know that your proceeding, harmless as it appears, may have the most dreadful consequences; your incon-

siderate madness has placed you on a thin rind of ice which may easily give way, when you, ere you are aware of it, will plunge into a bottomless gulf. I shall take good care not to keep you back by main force, for I know you will extricate yourself, and, though mortally ill, say: «The trifling cold with which I am affected, I caught in a dream,» whilst a malignant fever is consuming your very marrow, and years will pass before you recover your lost vigour. The deuce take your musick, if you don't know how to make a better use of it, than robbing sentimental women of their peace.»—«But,» I replied: «Did I then ever intend to gain the baroness's affection?»—«Monkey, that you are,» my grand-uncle replied, «if I knew you did, I would throw you out of the window.»

The baron here interrupted the painful conversation, and the business we had in hand, roused me from my amorous revery, in which I saw nothing, thought of nothing but Seraphina. When in company, the baroness accosted me only occasionally; but scarcely an evening passed without my receiving some private message by Lady Adelheid, who took me to Seraphina's apartment. In a short time conversation interchanged with musick. Lady Adelheid, who scarcely was young enough for being thus natural and droll, used to interrupt our discourse by introducing a variety of jocular and confused matter, when I and Seraphina began to fall into sentimental visions and reveries. Many symptoms that happened to come within my observation, soon led me to suspect that Seraphina's mind was discomposed by something that I had believed to read in her looks, on our first meeting, and I could clearly account to myself for the baneful influence of the domestick demon. Something dreadful had happened, or was about to happen. How often did I feel myself urged to inform Seraphina, how I had come into contact with the invisible fiend, and how, as I thought, my grand-uncle had laid

him for ever; but a timidity unaccountable to myself, fettered my tongue, whenever I was going to mention the circumstance.

One day the baroness did not come to dinner; it was said, she was indisposed and confined to her room. The baron, being asked, whether her indisposition was of a serious kind, smiled with a fatal and bitterly sarcastick air, replying: «It is nothing but a cold caused by the bleak sea-breezes that will not endure a sweet voice in these parts, nor any other sound but the rough halloo of the chase.» Saying this, he cast a cutting look at me, who was sitting right opposite him. He had not intended his observation for his neighbour, but for me. Lady Adelheid, who was sitting next to me, turned as red as scarlet; staring at her plate, and drawing figures upon it with her fork, whispered to me: «You shall see her to day nevertheless, and soothe her sick heart with one of your sweet airs.» Adelheid's words were likewise intended for me, and in that very moment I fancied I was involved in a criminal love affair with the baroness, that could terminate only in a dreadful manner. The warning of the old man lay heavy on my heart. — What was I to do? See her no more? This was impossible whilst I staid at the manor; and though I had been at liberty to quit it, I was incapable of doing it. Alas! I became but too late sensible of my not possessing strength enough to rouse myself from a dream that mocked me with an imaginary success in love. Adelheid appeared to me to be no better than a common go-between. — I was on the point of despising her for it — yet, recollecting myself, I could not help blushing at my silliness; for what did occur in those blissful evening-hours, that in the least could have brought about a relation between myself and Seraphina not sanctioned by costume and decorum? What right had I to fancy that the baroness was feeling any tenderness for me? Nevertheless I was sensible of the dangers of my situation.

The dinner-party broke up earlier than usual, because the gentlemen were going to hunt for wolves that had been seen in the pine-forest adjoining the mansion. The chase exactly suited my irritated state of mind. I informed my grand-uncle that I intended to be of the party; he smiled at me with approbation, saying: «I am glad you are going to turn out with them at length; I shall stay at home, and you may take my rifle along with you. I would also advise you, to arm yourself with a cutlass, this being a weapon one can rely upon in case of need, whilst we are retaining self possession enough to use it properly.»

The part of the forest which the wolves were supposed to haunt, was beset by the sportsmen. The cold was piercing; the wind was howling in the pine-trees, driving the flakes of snow so violently against my face that I could see scarcely six steps before me, especially when night was coming on. Being completely benumbed, I quitted the stand assigned to me, seeking shelter deeper in the forest. There I was leaning against a tree, totally forgetful of the chase, my thoughts being confined entirely within Seraphina's snug apartment. Some shots were falling at a distance, and in that very instant something was rustling in the thicket, when I unexpectedly saw a large wolf running along, who was going to pass me. I aimed and fired at him — but missed my game, and the animal sprang upon me, his eyes flashing with fury. I should have been lost, had I not had selfpossession enough to unsheathe my cutlass, and to run it up to the hilt through the throat of the animal, which made his blood squirt upon my hand and arm. One of the baron's huntsmen, who had been standing not far from me, came running to my assistance, and upon his repeated call I was almost instantly surrounded by all the sportsmen. The baron, flying to me, cried: «For heaven's sake, you are bleeding are you wounded?» I assured him I was not. Now he took the huntsman to task who

had been standing near me, loading him with reproaches for not having fired at the wolf, when he saw that I had missed him; and although the poor fellow protested that this had been impossible, because the animal had instantly rushed upon me, and he should have risked injuring me, the baron insisted that he ought to have taken better care of me, as I was not an experienced sportsman. In the meanwhile the sportsman had taken up the animal, and declared, this was the largest wolf he had seen for a long time, all admiring my courage and resolution. The baron, in particular, seemed to take great interest in my escape, asking me again and again, if I really was not wounded, and did not apprehend that the fright I must have been in, would hurt me? Now we returned to the mansion; the baron took me under his arm, as if I were a dear friend of his, and gave my gun to one of the huntsmen, to carry it for me. He continued speaking of my heroic feat, making me at last myself believe that I actually was an hero, and discard all bashfulness so completely, that I really fancied, I possessed resolution enough to put myself boldly upon an equal footing with the baron. The schoolboy had successfully got over his examination, had ceased being a schoolboy, and all humble timorousness of a schoolboy had left him. I imagined I had now acquired the privilege of courting Seraphina's favour. The reader, surely, is not ignorant what silly comparisons the imagination of an amorous young man is capable of. In the mansion, at the fireside and when the punch-bowl, was smoking on the table, I was the hero of the day. Only the baron had, besides myself, killed a wolf; the other sportsmen were obliged to content themselves with imputing their failures to the badness of the weather, or to the darkness of the forest, and with relating horrid stories of the success they had had on former occasions and of the dangers they had escaped on their hunting expeditions. Now I expected that my grand-uncle

would praise and admire me highly; elated by this presumption I detailed to him my adventure pretty circumstantially, not forgetting to describe the savage and ferocious appearance of the wild beast as a complete monster. However the old man only laughed at me, saying: «God is powerful in the weak.» —

Being tired of drinking, I stole through the corridor into the hall of justice, when I saw the figure of a female walking before me, carrying a lighted candle in her hand. Entering the hall, I found that it was Lady Adelheid. «A person really must wander about like a ghost or night-walker, to find you out, my brave wolf-killer!» Thus she whispered to me, taking me by the hand. The words: Night-walker and ghost, being uttered in that apartment, fell heavy upon my heart, reminding me instantly of the shocking apparition I had seen there in those horrid nights, especially as the sea-breeze was roaring as loudly as then, whistling through the bow windows, and the moon cast a faint light upon the mysterious wall against which the apparition had been scratching. I imagined I discovered spots of blood of it. Lady Adelheid, still holding me by the hand, could not but feel the icy coldness, that had seized me. «What is the matter with you?» she asked softly; «your blood seems to be completely chilled. Well, I must recall you to life: Know, that the baroness is impatient to see you. She scarcely can believe that that savage wolf has not lacerated you shockingly, she is extremely anxious about you. I never saw her in such a state of mind. — Heavens, how your pulse begins to throb! How lively the gentleman is grown all at once! — Come along with me to the little baroness!» I silently suffered myself to be pulled along by her; the tone in which Adelheid spoke of the baroness, appeared to me unworthy of that lady, and her reflection on our reciprocal relation, in particular, vulgar. When I entered Seraphina's apartment with Adelheid, she advanced three or four

hurried steps to receive me with a low ah! then stopped short in the middle of the apartment, as if hesitating; I ventured to take her by the hand, pressing it to my lips. The baroness suffered me to retain it within mine, exclaiming: «Tell me, for heaven's sake, what business you have had to encounter wolves? Don't you know, that the fabulous ages of Orpheus and Amphion are past long ago, and that the wild beasts of the forest now a days care nothing at all for the most excellent singers?» This pleasant turn, by which the baroness' immediately obviated every misinterpretation of the lively concern for me, which she had betrayed, instantly restored me to myself. I do not know, how it happened, that I did not, as usual, take a seat at the instrument, but by the side of the baroness on the sofa. Her asking me, how I had happened to get into that perilous situation? made me comprehend that she did not intend that we should spend our time with musick, but wished for some chat. Having related to her my adventure in the forest, and mentioned the lively interest the baron had taken in it, hinting, at the same time, that I had not thought him capable of it, the baroness replied in soft, rather melancholy, accents: «Surely, the baron must appear to you very impetuous and rough; but I can assure you, that he gives way to that humour only during his stay within these gloomy and dismal walls; the wild chase in these dreary forests alters him entirely, at least as to his external deportment. What particularly serves to discompose him, is the belief, which is continually haunting him, that something horrid will happen here: On this very account your late adventure, which fortunately went off without being attended with any ill consequences, has left such a violent impression upon him. He desires that not even the meanest of his servants should be exposed to the least danger, much less a dear, newly acquired, friend, and I know for certain that Gottlieb, whom he charges with having left you

in the lurch, will either be imprisoned, or sentenced to suffer the disgraceful sporting punishment of attending the hunting retinue without a gun and cutlass, armed only with a bludgeon. Already the circumstance that the chase in these parts never is totally exempt from danger, and that the baron, though continually apprehending some misfortune, nevertheless, in his predilection for it, provokes the evil demon, taints his mind with a kind of derangement that cannot but extend it's injurious effects even to myself. They tell a variety of strange stories of our ancestor that first entailed this state, and I know full well that some dismal family mystery, which is inclosed within these walls, like a frightful demon chases away the owners, allowing them only to spend a short time here in noisy revelry. And, ah! how solitary must I feel myself in that bustle, and how lively must I be affected by the secret horrors reflected from these gloomy walls! You, my dear friend, have by your art procured me the first unclouded moments I ever enjoyed here. How can I express to you how grateful I am for it?» I kissed her proffered hand, protesting that I likewise had been made sensible with the greatest horror, in the very first night after our arrival, of the dismal nature of the place. The baroness stared at me, when I imputed the dismal appearance of that ruinous fabric principally to the ornaments of the hall of justice, the frightful roar of the sea-breeze etc. Very likely I betrayed by my accent and expression that I was alluding to something quite different; in short, when I ceased speaking, the baroness exclaimed vehemently: «No! no! something horrid must have happened to you in that hall, which I never enter without feeling some secret horror. — I conjure you to tell me all!» —

Seraphina's countenance having turned deadly pale, I was fully aware that prudence required, I should faithfully tell her all that had happened to me, rather than allow her irritated

imagination to conjure up the idea of an apparition that, in a relation unknown to me, might be pregnant with horrors more dreadful than what I had beheld. She listened to me attentively, and as I proceeded, her anxiety and terror gradually increased. Mentioning the scratching against the wall, she shrieked: «Dreadful! dreadful! Surely, hat wall conceals the horrid mystery!» As I went on telling her that my grand-uncle had laid the demon, she heaved a deep sigh, as if released from a heavy load that had oppressed her. Leaning back on the sofa, she covered her face with her hands. Now it was that I first observed that Lady Adelheid had left us. Seeing that the baroness continued silent, long after I had done speaking, I arose softly, stepping to the instrument, and strove to call up, by soothing accords, consoling spirits, that were to recall Seraphina from those dark regions my tale had disclosed to her. At length I played with all the tenderness of expression I was capable of one of those sacred canzonets of the Abbate Steffani. When I came to those plaintive accords: *Occhi, perchè, piangete* — Seraphina was roused from her gloomy revery and listened, sweetly smiling, whilst pearly drops bedewed her eyes. I do not know, how I happened to drop down at her feet, whilst she was bending her taper form over me, encircling her with my arms, and a long warm kiss burnt upon my lips. — Neither do I know, how it came to pass, that I was not deprived of all recollection, that I was sensible of her pressing me gently to her bosom, and, withdrawing my arms, quickly arose and stepped to the instrument? Averting her face from me, the baroness proceeded a few steps towards the window, and then, turning round, stood before me with a dignity bordering on haughtiness, to which she usually was a stranger. «Your Grand-uncle,» she said, «is the most venerable old man I know; he is the guardian angel of our family — may he include me in his pious prayers!» I wa

incapable of uttering a single word; the baneful poison I had inhaled with that kiss, was fermenting and burning in all my pulses, in all my nerves.

Lady Adelheid returned — The violence of my internal conflict was bursting out in burning tears, which I was incapable of checking — Lady Adelheid gazed at us with surprise and a smile of suspicion. — I could have killed her. The baroness extended her hand to me, and said with inexpressible sweetness: «Farewell, my dear friend! May you be very, very happy, and never forget, that, perhaps, no one more deeply felt the import of your musick than myself. — Ah! those notes will reecho a long, long while in my heart.» — I strove to utter a few disconnected, silly words, and hurried to my apartment.

My grand-uncle was already in bed. I staid in the hall, and, dropping on my knees, wept aloud. — I called upon the name of the dear woman, in short, abandoned myself to all the follies of amorous madness, and only the loud calls of my grand-uncle, whose sleep had been disturbed by my ranting, could restore me to myself: «Nephew!» he cried, «I believe you are turned mad, or fighting again with a wolf; go to bed, if you please.» — I went into my chamber, laying myself down with the firm resolution that I would dream of Seraphina. It was about midnight when, being still awake, I heard distant voices, and people running to and fro', banging the doors after them. I listened, when I heard steps in the corridor. — The door of the hall was opened, and some person knocked at our apartment. «Who is there?» I called aloud, when some one without cried: «Counsellor, awake — awake quickly!» Distinguishing the voice of old Francis, I asked: «Is the mansion on fire?» The old man, awaking that very instant, inquired: «Where is the fire? — where is the devil playing his tricks again?» Pray, do get up, counsellor, Francis entreated; «the baron wants

to see you!» — «What does he want of me?» my grand-uncle resumed, «at so late an hour? Does he not know, that all law-business goes to bed with the counsellor, and sleeps, as well as himself?» — «For heaven's sake, get up!» the old man resumed anxiously — «the baroness is dying!» — I started up with a cry of terror. «Open the door for Francis!» my grand-uncle called to me. I staggered from one side of the apartment to the other in a state of distraction, without being able to find the door. The old man came to my assistance, and Francis entered, pale and with alarmed looks, lighting the candles. We had scarcely huddled on our clothes, when we already heard the baron calling in the hall: «May I speak with you, dear counsellor?» — «Why have you dressed yourself?» my grand-uncle asked me, as he was stepping out of the room. «I must go down — I must see her and die along with her,» I said in hollow accents, nearly choaked with anxiety and grief. «Must you? you are perfectly right, nephew!» So saying, he shut the door in my face with a vehemence that made the hinges creak, and bolded it on the outside. Highly provoked at this constraint, I was going to break open the door, but instantly recollected that this could produce only the fatal consequences of ungovernable madness, and resolved quietly to await the old man's return, and then at any risk make my escape from his controul. I heard him disputing violently with the baron, and my name mentioned several times, without however being able to make out anything. With every second my situation was growing more painful. At length I heard that some message was delivered to the Baron, upon which he left my grand-uncle, who now returned to our apartment. «She is dead! she is dead!» With this exclamation I was rushing towards him. «And you are a fool!» he returned calmly, making me sit down upon a chair. «I must go down!» I cried, «I must see her, even at the hazard of my life.» —

„There you are in the right, dear nephew!" he replied, locking the door and putting the key into his pocket. Now my rage was kindled to a degree of furious madness; I seized my rifle, which was charged with ball, vociferating: „I shall blow out my brains on the spot, if you don't open the door instantly." Now the old man stepped up close to me and casting a piercing look at me, said: „Boy, do you fancy you could intimidate me with your childish threats. Do you believe I shall value your life a pin, if you are capable of throwing it away in childish silliness, like a worn-out plaything? — What is the baron's wife to you? Who gave you leave to intrude yourself like a troublesome coxcomb, where you have no business at all, nor are wanted in the least? Would you act the part of a lovesick swain in the solemn hour of death?" I dropt back in my chair, as if annihilated. — A little while after, my grand-uncle resumed in a gentle accent: „But I must tell you, the baroness, probably, is in no danger at all. Lady Adelheid is easily frightened by trifles; when a drop of rain happens to fall upon her nose, she cries out immediately: ‚What an horrid tempest!' Unfortunately the cries of fire reached the ears of the old aunts, who instantly made their appearance, weeping, with a whole cart-load of drops, elixirs, pills, and, God knows what all — it was nothing at all but a violent fainting-fit." Here the old man stopped, observing, probably, the violent conflict my mind was sustaining. Having crossed the apartment several times, he stept up to me, and, laughing heartily, said: „Nephew, nephew, what a complete fool you are! I really think, that the devil is playing his tricks here; in your frolic you have got into his clutches, and now he is making you dance as he lists." He then walked up and down again a little while, and then resumed: „To night we may think no more of sleeping; therefore we might as well smoke a pipe together, and thus beguile the few remaining hours of night

and darkness.» So saying, he took down a tabacco-pipe, filling it slowly and carefully, whilst he was humming the tune of an air, and then searched among a heap of papers, till he found one, to light his pipe with. Puffing thick clouds of smoke into the air, he mumbled: «Well, nephew, how was it with the wolf?» This calmness, with which the old gentleman deported himself, made a strange impression upon me. Methought I was no longer at the mansion — the baroness removed far, very far from us, which allowed me to follow her only on the wings of thought. I was vexed at my grand-uncle's concluding query. «But,» interrupted I, «do you really think my adventure at the chase so laughable, so proper an object of ridicule?» — «By no means, my pretty gentleman,» he replied; «but you don't know what a comical figure a greenhorn, like you, is cutting, and how ridiculous he makes himself, when heaven in its goodness vouchsaves for once to suffer something extraordinary to happen to him. — I had an academical friend, who was a quiet and discreet young man, and in complete harmony with himself. Accident involved him, who never gave occasion for a rencounter, nor sought any such thing, in an affair of honour, when he, whom the major part of his fellow students took for a complete weakling, deported himself on that occasion so considerately and courageously, that he became an object of general admiration. But from that time he also became quite a different person. The diligent, considerate young man was transformed into a boaster and a swaggering bully. He drank and caroused and fought duels on the most trivial occasions, until he was run through the body by one of his own kidney, whom he had rudely insulted. — I have told you this anecdote as a warning, whatever you may think of it. But, to return to the baroness and her indisposition.» — At that very instant soft steps were heard in the hall. I fancied I heard some person groaning dismally.

«Now she is a dying!» This thought struck me like lightening. My grand-uncle arose, calling aloud: «Francis! Francis! is it you?» — «Yes, your honour,» the domestick answered without. «Francis,» my grand-uncle resumed, «stir the fire, and then, if you can, you may get us a few cups of good tea. — It is astonishingly cold,» he added, turning himself to me. I think we had better take a seat by the fireside in the hall, and have some chat.» He opened the door, and I followed him mechanically. He now asked Francis, how the baroness did? «Her fit was of no consequence,» Francis replied. «Mylady is perfectly well again, and says a bad dream had made her swoon.» I was going to shout with rapture, when a reproving look of my grand-uncle silenced me. «Upon recollection,» he now said to me, «I think we had better go to bed, and sleep a couple of hours. You need not, therefore, make tea for us, Francis.» — «Just as it pleases your honour!» Francis replied, taking his leave and wishing us a good-nights rest, though the cocks began already to crow. «Hark ye, nephew,» my grand-uncle said, emptying his pipe, «it is very fortunate that you have suffered no injury from ravenous wolves and loaded guns.» I comprehended his meaning perfectly well, and was ashamed of having given cause to the old gentleman for treating me like a naughty child.

«Be so good,» my grand-uncle said to me the next morning, «as to go up and ask how the baroness is; you may inquire for Lady Adelheid, who will provide you with a proper bulletin.» The reader may easily guess, how quick I was to execute my commission. But just as I was going to knock at Seraphina's anti-room, the baron was coming out of it in a hurried manner. He was surprised to meet me there, and, measuring me with stern and piercing looks, asked harshly: «What do you want here?» Although my heart was beating violently, I governed my rising anger, replying in a firm tone of voice: «To enquire

after Mylady's health, by my grand-uncle's desire." — «It was nothing to signify, nothing but her usual nervous fit. She is fast asleep at present; and I know, she will join our dinner party perfectly recovered. You may tell him this." The baron had said this with a certain passionate vehemence, which seemed to betray more uneasiness on his lady's account than he chuse to let me see. Turning round, to return to our quarters; he suddenly laid hold of my arm, exclaiming with burning looks: «I want to speak to you, young man." Did I not see the grievously offended husband before me, and had I not to apprehend a scene that might prove highly injurious to me? I was unarmed; yet, recollecting that I had an excellent hunting-knife in my pocket, my grand-uncle had made me a present of the preceding day, I followed the baron, who was hurrying me along, being firmly determined that I would not spare his life, if I should be in hazard of an insult. We had stept into the baron's private apartment, when he locked the door after him. Crossing his arms upon his back, he walked vehemently up and down the apartment for some time, then, planting himself before me, he repeated: «I want to speak to you, young man." Mustering up all the courage I was capable of, I replied in a determined tone: «I hope you will express yourself in a manner which I shall have no cause to resent." The baron stared at me with looks of surprise, as if he did not understand me. Then, fixing his gloomy looks on the ground, he crossed his arms upon his back, and began again measuring the apartment with hurried strides. At length he took down a gun, examining it with the ram-rod, to ascertain whether it was charged. My blood began to boil; I seized my knife and stept, up closely to the baron, to render it impossible for him to aim at me. «A fine gun!" the baron said, placing it into a corner. I retreated a few steps, and the baron, following me closely, laid his hand more heavily upon my

shoulder than was necessary, and said: «I must appear to you to be rather irritated and discomposed, Theodor; I confess I really am, owing to a thousand anxieties of a sleepless night. The fit of my lady was by no means of an alarming nature; I am aware of it now; but here — here in this mansion, which seems to be haunted by some demon, I am apprehensive of dreadful occurrences; besides, this is the first time that she has been taken ill here. You — you are the sole cause of it.» — «How can that be? I can discover no ground whatever of your accusation.» I replied calmly. «Would to God, that fatal box with the instrument of the wife of my land-steward had been broken into a million of pieces on the road — would to God, you had never — but no — no! It was to have been so. I alone am to blame for all that has happened. It would have been my duty to inform you the very first moment you began to make musick in my wife's apartment of the whole state of the matter, of her disposition of mind.» — I attempted to interrupt him — «Give me leave to proceed,» he said; «I must, above all things, prevent you from forming any partial judgement. You will, perhaps, believe me to be a rough man, and averse to the art of musick. This is by no means the case; yet a consideration founded upon firm persuasion, compels me to banish from here every sort of musick, which is so apt powerfully to seize upon every mind, and, I have no doubt, would equally affect mine. Know then, that my wife is subject to a sickly sensibility, which in the end must destroy every earthly happiness. Within these singular walls she is not capable of divesting herself of that excessive sensibility of mind, which otherwise seizes her only momentaneously, and sometimes is the forerunner of a serious illness: you might justly ask, why I do not dispense that delicate woman from attending me to this dismal place and witnessing the rude and disorderly bustle of our sporting diversions? You may call it weakness, if

you please; but it is impossible for me to leave her behind. I should be tortured by a thousand apprehensions and incapable of going through any serious business; for I know, I should be continually haunted, both in the forest and in the hall of justice, by the apprehension of a variety of fatalities that might befall her. Besides, I am of opinion that this very bustle will serve my delicate wife as a chalybeate bath invigorating her weak nerves. Surely, the sea-breezes whistling in the tops of the fir-trees, the hollow barking of the hounds, the lively and cheerful sound of horns, cannot but prevail here over the enervating and languishing fooleries at the pianoforte, which no man ought to play; whereas you have done everything to torture my poor wife to death." The baron said this with an increasing vehemence of voice and flashing eyes. — My blood began again to boil; I made a violent motion with my hand towards the baron, attempting to speak, but he would not suffer me to go on. «I know all that you are going to say," he resumed; «I know, and repeat it, that you were in a fair way to kill my wife; nor that I can blame you for it at all, though you will comprehend that I must put a stop to these doings. You irritate the nerves of my wife by playing and singing; and whilst she is driving about without either rudder or compasses upon the bottomless ocean of fanciful visions and forebodings, which your musick, like an evil demon, has conjured up, you sink her down by your account of an horrid apparition, which is said to have mocked you in the hall of justice. Your grand-uncle has informed me of every thing you saw there, or fancy to have seen — heard — felt — boded." I collected myself, calmly telling him, how all had happened from beginning to end. The baron uttered only occasionally a few abrupt words expressive of his astonishment. When I mentioned how my grand-uncle had with a pious courage laid the demon by dint of some powerful words, he folded his hands,

raising them to heaven, and exclaimed with ecstatick animation: «Indeed, he is the guardian-angel of our family! His mortal remains shall rest in the tomb of my ancestors.» When I had finished with the words: «Daniel, Daniel, what art thou doing here at this time of night?» the baron muttered within himself, crossing the room with folded hands. «This then was all you wanted to tell me, baron?» I asked, as I was going to withdraw. The baron started, as if suddenly roused from a dream; and, taking me by the hand, said: «My dear young friend, you, by whom my wife has been used so sadly, without your having intended it — you must likewise cure her of her malady. — You alone are capable of it.» I felt that I was blushing, and if I had been standing over against the looking glass, I should, surely, have beheld in it a very sheepish countenance. The baron seemed to be highly amused with my perplexity, fixing his looks at me and smiling in a most provoking manner. — «How should I be able to contrive that.» I stammered at length. «Never fear!» the baron replied; «your patient is not very dangerous. I specially claim the aid of your musical talent every night. But, let me beg you, to go over gradually to musick of a more vigorous cast, and adroitly to blend cheerful with serious pieces. But, above all things, repeat to her as often as you can the story of that horrid apparition. The baroness will get used to it, and forget that it haunts the mansion. It will not affect her more violently than one of those tales about enchanters in a novel, or in a collection of stories of ghosts and spectres, and the like. Do so, my friend.» So saying, he dismissed me. — I felt myself most painfully mortified and treated as an insignificant foolish boy. Madman, that I was to fancy that he would be jealous of me; he sends me himself to Seraphina; he himself makes use of me, merely as an unwilling instrument, which he applies and flings away, just as he pleases. Not many minutes had passed,

when I had feared the baron, being secretly, though deeply, conscious of guilt; but that very guilt made me distinctly anticipate the more glorious life, for which I was ripe. Now all was involved in midnight darkness, and I beheld only the silly boy, who in his childish perverseness had fancied the paper crown he had clapt upon his heated head, to be genuine gold. I hastened back to my grand-uncle, who was waiting for me. «Good heavens, cousin, how long you have staid! Where were you all the while?» he called to me. «I was speaking to the baron,» I replied negligently and in a low voice, without being capable of looking at the old man. «The d — l you have!» he replied, surprised; «I apprehended as much! — Surely, he has challenged you, cousin?» The loud laugh, in which the old man at the same instant burst out, proved to me, that he this time also completely penetrated me, as usual. I gnashed my teeth, scorning to reply a single word, being well aware that only was wanting for being instantly assailed by a thousand sarcasms, which were hovering on his lips.

The baroness came to dinner in an elegant morning dress, as dazzling as the new fallen snow. She appeared to be weak and in low spirits; however, when she, speaking softly and melodiously, raised her dark eyes, their smothered glow darted a sweet, longing desire, and a fleeting blush tinged her lily-white countenance. She was more charming than ever.

Who can calculate the follies of a young man of a warm heart and head? I transferred the bitter resentment to which the baron had provoked me, to the baroness. My whole relation to her appeared to me a down-right mystification, and I attempted to prove that I enjoyed the full command of my senses and was extremely sharpsighted. — Like a sulking child, I shunned the baroness, and gave the slip to Lady Adelheid who was in pursuit after me; by obtaining, as I had desired, a seat at the

lower end of the table, between the two officers, with whom I began to drink hard. When the desert came upon the table, we made the glasses ring merrily, and I was uncommonly loud and jovial. A servant offered me a plate with some confection, telling me it was sent by Lady Adelheid. I took it, and soon discovered upon a piece the words: «and Seraphina?» — My blood instantly was all in a ferment. I looked at Adelheid, who, in return, looked at me with an extremely sly and cunning air, taking up her glass and nodding at me gently, I muttered almost mechanically: «Seraphina!» took up my glass and emptied it at one draught. Looking eagerly at her, I observed that she likewise had been drinking at that very moment and was just putting down her glass. Her eyes met mine, and some mischievous demon seemed to be whispering into my ear: «Wretch! she loves you, nevertheless.» One of the guests rose, proposing, according to the northern custom, the health of the lady of the house. The glasses were ringing amidst loud exclamations. Rapture and despair thrilled my heart; the glow of the wine had inflamed my brains, and all objects were swimming before my eyes; I thought I must throw myself down at her feet and breathe out my life. «Dear sir, what ails you?» this inquiry of my neighbour recalled me to my recollection; but Seraphina had disappeared; the company rose from table. I was going to retire, when Adelheid stopped me, holding me with both her hands, and, laughing aloud, whispered something into my ear. As if seized with a cataleptick fit, I was standing there mute and motionless. I recollect only that I at length accepted of a glass of liqueur from Adelheid and drank it; that I found myself at last standing by myself in the recess of a window, and then abruptly rushed out of the apartment, flying down stairs into the adjacent forest. The snow was falling in large flakes, the fir-trees were moaning in the storm;

like mad I kept running round and round in wide circles, laughing and hallooing: «Look at me! look at me! — Hurrah! the devil is dancing with the stripling, who attempted to eat of the forbidden fruit!» Who knows, how these madpranks would have terminated, if I had not heard some person calling me aloud. The storm had abated; the moon was shining bright through the breaking clouds; I heard the hounds giving voice, and beheld some dark figure approaching me. It was the old forester. «Hey! hey! master Theodor, how came you to lose yourself in this ugly snow-shower? the counsellor is expecting you impatiently.» I followed the old man silently, and found my grand-uncle at work in the hall of justice.» You did very well, very well, indeed,» he exclaimed, «in going abroad a little, to cool yourself. You ought not to drink so much wine; you are too young for it; it won't agree with you.» I was incapable of utterance, and sat down silently to the writing table. «Pray, tell me now, dear cousin, what it was the baron wanted of you?» I informed him of all that had happened, and concluded with protesting that I would not submit to my being made an instrument to the cure in question the baron had proposed to me. «Neither would it be possible,» the old man interrupted, «as we shall quit this place very early to-morrow morning.» — We actually did, and I saw the baroness no more.

We had hardly returned home, when my grand-uncle complained of feeling himself quite exhausted by the fatigues of the journey. His gloomy taciturnity, interrupted only by violent fits of ill humour, was the fore-runner of an attack of the gout, to which he was subject. One day, being desired to come to him instantly, I found him, on his couch, speechless from the effects of an apoplectick fit, holding a rumbled letter in his convulsive grasp. I saw by the hand-writing that it was from the baron's land-steward; but the profound grief with which I was

affected, prevented me from disengaging it from his closed hand, and I apprehended that his death was very near at hand. However his pulses began to beat again before the physician arrived; the vigorous constitution of the old man withstood the deadly fit, and that very day the physician pronounced him to be out of danger.

The winter was unusually sev er and succeeded by a rough and gloomy spring, which kept my grand-uncle confined to his bed a long while by the gout in his feet. At that period he resolved to retire entirely from business. He resigned his appointment of justiciary to the baron, which deprived me of all hope of ever seeing that family again. The old man would not permit any one besides myself to nurse, entertain and amuse him. Although his cheerfulness occasionally returned, when, free from pain, he launched forth some blunt jokes, and even introduced now and then a sporting anecdote, which made me expect every moment that he would rally me upon my adventure at the chase, when I killed the ferocious wolf with my cutlass, he never mentioned our residence at the manor-house, and it may easily be concluded that the bashfulness which was natural to me, prevented me from introducing that subject. My profound grief and the incessant care I was taking of the old man, had placed Seraphina's picture quite into the back ground. In the same measure in which his illness abated, I recollected in a more lively manner that moment in her chamber, which appeared to me a bright star that had set for ever. An accident recalled all the pains I had formerly suffered, chilling me with an icy shivering, like an apparition from the world of spirits. Opening one evening the letter-case, which I had with me at the manor, my eyes caught between the leaves a dark lock of hair tied with a white ribband, which I instantly recollected to be composed of Seraphina's hair. Examining the ribband more closely, I

clearly discovered the trace of a drop of blood. Adelheid had probably contrived in those moments of senseless madness which had seized me the last day we were at the manor, to put it slyly into my letter-case; but that drop of blood suggested to me the most horrid apprehension, and that almost too romantick pledge as a memorial of my passion, that might have made some heart's-blood flow, raised my feelings almost to a degree of madness. It was the very same white ribband which had been playfully fluttering before my eyes the first time I had approached Seraphina, and which the dark night now imprinted with the mark of a deadly injury. The boy ought not to play with the weapon whose dangerous nature he is not aware of.

The vernal storms had at length ceased to blow, the summer-season exercised it's privilege; and even so intolerable as the cold had been, the heat of July was oppressive. My grand-uncle recovered his strength visibly, and, as he was wont to do, took a lodging in a garden in the suburb. One quiet, warm evening we were sitting in the fragrant jessamine bower. The old man was uncommonly cheerful, and not, as he formerly had used to be, sarcastick, but mild, and almost in a sentimental mood. «Cousin,» he began, «I cannot describe the disposition in which I am to day; I am uncommonly at my ease; a comfortable feeling, such as I have not experienced for many years, penetrates me, as it were, with an electrical warmth. I believe it to be the harbinger of my speedy dissolution.» I strove to divert him from that conceit. «Leave that alone,» he replied, «I am sensible I shall not live much longer, and must discharge a debt to you before I am called hence. Do you remember our stay at the manor of Rossitten in 1790?» This question of the old man struck me like a flash of lightening; but before I could return an answer, he continued: «Heaven would have it that you should make your entrance there in a

manner quite peculiar and unwilling be involved in the mysteries of the family. The time is now arrived, when you must be informed of all. We have frequently discussed matters, which you rather did apprehend than understand. Nature symbolically represents the cycle of human life by the change of the seasons; this is acknowledged by every one; but my notion of it differs from that of all. The vernal mists fall, the vapours of summer are dispersed; but it is only the pure ether of autumn, that clearly discloses the distant land which sinks every earthly object into the night of winter. I mean, that the clear perception of old age has a more distinct notion of the ways of the inscrutable power of the Eternal. At that advanced period of life man is indulged with a sight of that land of promise to which our pilgrimage is tending. How clearly do I in this moment comprehend the dark fate of that family with which I was connected by ties by far stronger than those of blood. Every thing is now laid open to my mental eyes. Yet, the forms in which all appears to me; its proper nature, I cannot express by words, nor is any human tongue capable of it. Listen, my son, to what I am able to relate to you only as a remarkable story that *might* have happened. Treasure up in your mind the knowledge of the mysterious relations into which you ventured, perhaps uncalled, and which might have proved you ruin. — But – this is past!»

The history of the entail of Rossitten, which the old man now related, I am carrying so faithfully in my memory, that I can repeat it nearly in his own words. He spoke of himself in the third person.

In a tempestuous autumnal night in the year 1760 a tremendous crash, as if the whole spacious castle were shivering into a thousand pieces, made the domesticks start from their sleep. In

an instant all were on their legs, candles were lit; with fright and terror in his corpslike countenance the house-steward came running with his bunch of keys; but how great was their surprise, when all of a sudden the stillness of the grave prevailed, through which the rattling of the keys in the resisting locks and every footstep dismally echoed, and they successively traversed uninjured passages, halls and apartments, nowhere discovering the smallest trace, of destruction. A gloomy apprehension suggested itself to the old steward. He stept up into the great hall adjoining to which a closet served the old baron for a resting place, when he was engaged in astronomical observations. A door between this and an other closet let thro' a narrow passage directly into the astronomical tower. But when Daniel (this was the steward's name) opened the door, the storm, dreadfully roaring and whistling drove rubbish and fragments of stones against him with such violence as made him start back with terror, and, dropping the candlestick to the ground, he cried aloud: „Merciful heaven, the baron is lamentably crushed to death!" At that instant moans were heard, which proceeded from the baron's sleeping closet. Daniel found his fellow servants gathered round the body of their master, completely dressed, and more richly than usually with a calm seriousness in his large, richly adorned, arm-chair, as if resting from some important occupation. But it was death that had put him to rest. When day-light appeared, it was discovered that the top of the tower had come down within. The large freestones had penetrated the ceiling and floor of the astronomical chamber and with the additional weight of the massy beams, preceding their fall, had broken through the lower vault and overturned part of the castle-wall and of the narrow passage. One could not advance a single step beyond the door of the hall without hazarding to fall down to the depth of eighty feet into the yawning abyss below.

The old baron had foreknown the very hour of his death and prevented his sons of it. Thus it happened that Wolfgang, the eldest son of the deceased, consequently the heir at law, arrived already the day following. Perfectly relying upon the foreboding of his old father, he had left Vienna immediately upon the receipt of the fatal letter, and hurried with all expedition to the family mansion. The steward had hung the great hall with black, and laid the corpse of his deceased master in the clothes in which he had been found upon a splendid state-bed surrounded by large silver candelabres with a number of burning candles. Wolfgang ascended the stairs silently and placed himself closely behind his father's corpse. There he was standing crossing his arms upon his breast, and, staring with gloomy looks, and knitted eye brows at the pallid countenance of his sire. He looked exactly like a statue; not a single tear moistened his eyes. Making, at length, with his right hand a convulsive motion towards the corpse, he muttered in a hollow tone: «Did the stars compel you to render miserable the son of your love?» Flinging his hands backwards and retreating a step, he muttered, lowering his voice, in accents rather soft: «Poor, infatuated old man; the carnaval play, together with all it's silly illusions, is over now. You will have learnt by this time that the scanty possessions admeasured to us here below, have nothing in common with the hereafter of the world to come. What will, what power extends beyond the grave.» Having paused a few seconds, he exclaimed violently: «Now a grain of my earthly happiness which you strove to destroy, shall your perverseness rob me of.» So saying, he vehemently pulled out of his pocket a folded paper, holding it between two fingers closely to one of the lighted torches placed around the coffin. The flame catching the paper, it blazed high aloft, and as the reflection of the flame was playing upon the face of the corpse the muscles of the deceased seemed

to be moving, and the old man to be uttering inaudible words, which struck the domesticks who were standing at some distance, with dismay and horror. The baron calmly finished his task, carefully extinguishing with his foot the last slip that had dropt upon the floor. Then he cast a sullen look at his father and left the hall with hasty strides. The following day Daniel acquainted the baron with the late destruction of the tower, giving him a verbose detail of all that had happened in the night in which the late baron had perished. Finally, he observed that it would be advisable to have the tower repaired without delay, because if more of it should tumble down, the whole mansion would be in hazard of being seriously injured, if not crushed entirely.

«Repair the tower?» the baron snarled at the domestick his eyes flashing with anger, «never, never. Don't you conceive,» he then added more calmly, «that the tower cannot have tumbled down in that manner without the aid of some foreign contrivance? Suppose my father himself had desired the destruction of the scene of his dark astrological practices; suppose, he should himself have made certain preparations that rendered it possible for him to bring down the top of the tower at pleasure, and thus to crush the interior of it? But, however that, I do not care if the whole fabrick be reduced to a heap of ruins. Do you really think, I shall reside in this dismal nest fit only for being the abode of owls and toads? — By now means! That prudent ancestor of mine who in the charming valley laid the foundation of a new mansion, has prepared the groundwork for me; him I will follow.» — «Then,» said Daniel dejected, «the old servants of the family probably will be discharged?» — «It may be expected,» the baron replied, that I don't choose to be waited upon by awkward, tottering old men; though I shall not turn away a single individual. Charged with no work, you will en-

joy your pensions in peace." — "But to put me," the old man cried sorrowfully, "out of all activity" — The baron, who had turned his back to the old man, being on the point of quitting the hall, faced about suddenly at these words, stepping up to the old man with a countenance as red as scarlet with passion, and, clenching his fist at him, cried with a dreadful voice: "Old hypocritical scoundrel, that you are, you, who assisted my old father in his infernal practices in yon tower, fastening on his heart like a vampyre, perhaps availing yourself criminally of the old man's madness, to excite in him those hellish resolutions that reduced me to the brink of ruin — you I ought to turn away like a mangy dog!" Overcome with terror at these dreadful expressions old Daniel had dropt upon his knees close before the baron, whence it may have happened, as the body frequently mechanically corresponds with the thoughts of a person in passion, mimically executing what he is thinking, that, putting his right foot vehemently forward, as he was uttering the last words, he hit the old man such a heavy blow upon his chest as made him fall down with a loud yell. He rose with difficulty, uttering a singular sound, very like the moaning of an animal that is mortally wounded, and casting at the baron a piercing look glowing with rage and despair. The purse with gold which the baron had flung down to him, as he was withdrawing he scorned to touch, leaving it on the floor. In the meanwhile the nearest relations who were residing in the neighbourhood, had come to the mansion; the deceased was splendidly entombed in the family vault underneath the church, and when the guests had left the mansion, the new lord of the manor appeared to have overcome the gloom that had settled on his mind and to enjoy the possession of his newly acquired estate. Assisted by the old counsellor who had managed all the concerns of the old baron, gained his entire confidence at the very first interview, and been

confirmed by him in his office, he calculated the revenue of the estate and how much of it could be expended upon improvements and the erection of the projected new manor-house. The counsellor was of opinion that it was impossible the deceased could have spent the whole of his annual income, and, as amongst the papers only a small amount in bonds was found, whilst the cash in the iron strong box did scarcely exceed a few thousand dollars, money must surely be hidden somewhere. Who else could know anything of it but old Daniel who, stubborn and selfwilled, as he was, perhaps was waiting only till he should be asked about it. The baron was very apprehensive that Daniel whom he had grievously offended, would be prevented, not by interest, for of what use could the largest sum be to him, a childless man who wished to spend the remainder of his life on the family-estate? but by the desire of taking vengeance for the disgrace he had suffered, from disclosing hidden treasures, and rather would let them rot. The baron gave the counsellor a minute account of what had happened between himself and his aged domestick, informing him that he had been told by several persons that it lately had been owing to the insinuations of Daniel that the deceased baron had been unaccountably averse to admit his sons in his life-time to the baronial family seat. The counsellor declared this information to be completely false, in as much as no person whatever had been capable of directing in the smallest degree the resolution of the deceased, much less of determining them, charging himself with drawing from Daniel the secret of the place where money was concealed. There was not, however, any art required to bring him to a confession; for scarcely had the counsellor begun: «But tell me, Daniel, how did the old baron happen to leave so little cash behind him?» when he replied with a grin: «Do you mean those paltry thousands of dollars you found in that small box? — The remainder

is lying in the arched vault adjoining the sleeping closet of the deceased lord; but the best part of it," he continued with a horrible grin and eyes of fiery red, «the best part of the treasure, many thousand gold pieces, are buried underneath the rubbish." The counsellor immediately communicated his information to the baron, going with him into the sleeping closet. There Daniel removed part of the wainscotting, when a lock appeared. Whilst the baron was eying the lock with eager looks, pulling out of his pocket a large punch of keys, to try whether any of them fitted the polished lock, Daniel was standing by, his head erect, and looking down with malicious pride upon the baron, who had stooped, to examine the lock more closely. The very picture of death, he now said in a tremulous tone of voice: «If I be a dog in your Lordship's eyes, I may also boast of preserving the fidelity of that animal." So saying, he presented to the baron a polished key, which the latter eagerly snatched out of his hand, and opened the lock without any difficulty. Now we stepped into a small low vault, in which we beheld a large iron chest the lid of which was open. Upon one of the numerous bags of gold a paper was laying, upon which the late baron in his large antiquated characters had written the following lines:

One hundred and fifty thousand rixdollars in old Frederick's-d'ors, being the savings out of the revenues of the estate, intended for building the castle. Besides, the lord of the manor who shall succeed me in the possession of this money, is to erect upon the top of the highest hill situated eastward of the old tower, which he will find in ruins, a high lighthouse for the benefit of navigators, at the top of which fires are to be kept burning in the night.

Rossitten, in the night of St. Michael 1760.

Roderick Baron of Rossitten.

First after the baron had balanced in his hands one bag after the other and dropt it again into the chest, enjoying the chinking of the gold, he turned abruptly round to the old steward, thanking him for his fidelity, and assuring him that his having in the beginning treated him so contumeliously had been entirely owing to the calumnious gossip of others. He assured him, he should not only be retained in the mansion, but likewise continued as house-steward with double wages. «I owe you a complete indemnification; therefore, if money can satisfy you, take one of these bags.» Thus the baron concluded his address, standing before the old man with downcast looks, pointing at the chest, to which he stepped once more, mustering the bags. Daniel's countenance was suddenly suffused with glowing redness, and he uttered that dismal sound resembling the moan of an animal mortally wounded, as described by the baron to the counsellor. The latter trembled; for what the old man had muttered, sounded like: «Blood for gold.» The baron, being entirely taken up with the sight of the treasure had not taken the least notice of it; Daniel, who was shaking as if seized with a violent fit of the ague, stepped up to the baron, hanging his head; and in an humble posture kissed the baron's hand, and said in a whimpering tone, wiping his eyes with his handkerschief, as if drying his tears: «My gracious lord and master, what is a poor, childless old man like myself to do with it? As for the doubled wages, I gladly accept of them, and promise to perform my duty with alacrity and assiduity.»

The baron, who had paid no particular attention to the old man's words, now shut the ponderous lid of the chest with a report that made the vault resound, locking the chest and, taking out the key carefully, put it into his pocket and replied negligently: «Very well, old man, very well; but,» resumed he, after they had already re-entered the hall, «did not you men-

tion a great many pieces of gold that are reported to be lying at the bottom of the ruined tower?» The old man went slowly to the door, unlocking it with great difficulty; but, opening the folding doors rather forcibly, the tempest drove a thick shower of snow into the hall, and a raven that had been scared up, flew, croaking, about the hall, fluttering against the windows, and, having regained the open door of the passage to the tower, plunged into the abyss. The baron, having stept out into the corridor, started back, after he had scarcely looked down into the abyss. «A shocking sight! — Giddiness!» he stammered, dropping, like swooning, into the counsellor's arms. But he recovered his recollection instantly, and, casting a piercing look at the old man, asked: «And there below?» — The steward had already shut the door, pressing against it with all his strength, panting and groaning whilst he was endeavouring to pull the large keys out of the rusty locks. Having accomplished it at last, he turned round to the baron, and, swinging the many keys in his hand to and fro', said with a strange smile: «Yes, there are lying thousands and thousands — all the fine instruments of the late baron — telescopes — quadrants — globes — night-glasses — all — all are lying there crushed beneath the stones and rafters.» — «But the cash? the cash?» the baron interrupted — «Did not you mention pieces of gold, old man?» — «I intended to say only, things that have cost many thousand pieces.» More than this could not be got out of him.

The baron was highly rejoiced at having got at once all the means he wanted for the execution of his favourite plan of building a new mansion. The counsellor did indeed, put him in mind, that, according to the will of the deceased, only the repairing and finishing of the old mansion could be intended by the words of the will, declaring that no new building whatever could have the venerable size, nor the grave and simple cha-

racter of the old family seat; but the baron insisted upon his plan, being of opinion that in settlements of that kind, not being sanctioned by the act of foundation, the intention of the deceased must give way to that of the living. He observed at the same time, that it was incumbent upon him to beautify the family residence, as much as the climate, soil and the environs would allow, as he intended shortly to carry to it an adored wife, who in every respect was deserving of the greatest sacrifice.

The mysterious manner in which the baron mentioned an alliance perhaps formed already in secret, precluded the counsellor from asking any farther question; he became, however, reconciled to the baron's resolution, imputing his thirst after wealth rather to the desire of making a dear object forget the superior advantages of her native country, which she should be obliged to renounce, than to sordid covetousness. Had it not been for this apologizing consideration, he could not but have thought the baron intolerably covetous, when he, tumbling over the bags of gold and eying them with delight, morosely exclaimed: «The old rogue undoubtedly is concealing from me the richest part of the treasure; but next spring I will have all the rubbish within that old tower removed under my immediate inspection.» —

The baron sent for architects, to consult with them how the building could be managed most properly. He rejected one plan after the other, no style of architecture appearing to him sufficiently rich and grand. Now he began himself to draw, and, being cheered up by these occupation which continually presented to him the charming picture of the happiest futurity, he was seized with a jovial humour verging sometimes on licentiousness, which he contrived to communicate to all his attendants. His generosity, the splendour of his entertainments, at least silenced every suspicion of his being a miser. Daniel seemed to have entirely for-

gotten the indignity with which he had been treated. He deported himself quietly and humbly towards the baron, who on account of the treasure supposed to be buried in the abyss frequently watched his steps with suspicious looks. But what appeared wonderful to all was that the old man seemed to be growing younger every day. It might be supposed that his grief about the untoward death of his late lord had affected him violently, and now he began to get the better of it; or it was owing to his being made no longer to spend the cold nights sleepless in the tower, and was allowed a better diet and generous wine; in short, the aged man seemed to be changed into a vigorous one with blooming cheeks and a well fed body, stepping firmly along, and laughing aloud, whenever a joke was sported.

The merry life at the manor was interrupted by the arrival of a man whom one should have thought to have a fair right to be there. That person was Wolfgang's younger brother Hubert. The baron turned deadly pale when he beheld him, exclaiming: «Unfortunate young man, what are you wanting here?» Hubert rushed into his brother's arms; but the latter, laying hold of him, dragged him after himself into a remote apartment, locking himself up with him. They staid several hours together, when Hubert at length made his appearance completely disordered, and calling for his horses. The counsellor stopped him; but he was unwilling to be detained. The former, fancying that it would perhaps, be in his power to compromise a mortal fraternal feud, conjured him to stay at least a few hours; that very instant the baron was coming down calling aloud: «Stay here, Hubert! — you will think better of it.» — Hubert's looks brightened up; he composed himself, and pulling off his costly fur-coat, flung it to a servant, took the counsellor by the hand, and, walking up and down the apartment with him, said with a sneering smile: «So! so! the lord of the manor, after all, will

endure me here." The counsellor expected that now an unfortunate misunderstanding would be removed which only the separation of the brothers had occasioned. Hubert took up the poker, and, stirring the fire, said to the counsellor: „You see, Sir, what a good-natured fellow I am, and that I am qualified for sundry domestick offices; as for Wolfgang, he is full of the most singular prejudices, and a little niggard." —

The counsellor did not think it advisable to search more closely into the relation of the brothers, especially as Wolfgang's countenance, his demeanour and the tone of his voice clearly indicated that his mind was violently agitated by contending passions.

The counsellor, having occasion to ask the baron's opinion respecting some matters concerning the family estate, went to his apartment late in the evening. He found him with his hands crossed upon his back, striding in visible agitation up and down his chamber. Seeing the counsellor, he stopped, and, grasping both his hands and staring him gloomily in the face, said in broken accents: „My brother is arrived. I know," he continued, when the counsellor scarcely had opened his lips to ask a question, „I know what you are going to say. Alas, you know nothing; you don't know that my unfortunate brother — yes, I will call him unfortunate — that he, like an evil demon, is continually crossing my way and disturbing my peace. It is no merit of his that I am not unspeakably miserable; he has done all in his power to destroy my happiness; but heaven would not permit it. Ever since it transpired that this estate was entailed he persecutes me with implacable hatred. He envies me the possession of an estate which in his hands would soon have been squandered away. He is the most desperate spendthrift I ever knew. His debts exceed by far one half of the disposable estate in Courland, that comes to his share, and being now persecuted

by his creditors, he flies to me, to beg for money." — «And you, his brother, refuse" — the counsellor was going to say, when the baron, losening his hands, and starting back a step, vociferated: «Stop! stop! — yes, I do refuse. Of the revenues of the family estate I cannot, neither will I give away a single dollar. But let me tell you, what proposal I vainly made but a few hours ago to that madman, and then judge whether I have a proper sense of my fraternal duty or not. The disposable property in Courland is, as you know, considerable. One half, which I have to claim as my share, I was going to give up, but only for the benefit of his family. Hubert is married in Courland to a very handsome, but poor, lady. She has born him children, with whom she is now reduced to absolute penury. I intended to have the estate put unter administration, that was to have assigned out of the revenue a sufficiency for the support of the family, and with the residue gradually to have paid off the creditors. But what does he care for a quiet and easy life, what are to him wife and children? The getting of money, of cash in large sums, to squander it in abominable dissipation, is all he desires. — What demon can have betrayed to him the secret of the hundred and fifty thousand rixdollars, one half of which he demands, protesting in his frantick manner, that money was, independently of the entail, to be considered as disposable. I must and will resist this demand; but I apprehend he is secretly plotting my ruin." Assiduously as the counsellor strove to persuade the baron that the suspicion he entertained against his brother, was groundless, which he, indeed, could do only on general and superficial moral grounds, as he was ignorant of the private relations subsisting between them, he did not succeed. The baron commissioned him to treat with the hostile and covetous Hubert. The counsellor did this with such careful circumspection as he was capable of, and was highly

pleased, when Hubert at length declared: «Well, Sir, I accept the proposals of the Lord of the manor, though on condition that, closely pressed as I am by my creditors, and being in hazard of seeing my honour and character ruined for ever, he advances me one thousand Frederick'sd'ors and gives me leave to reside at least for some time on the family estate with my kind brother.» — «Impossible!» cried the baron, when the counsellor broached this proposal. «Never will I allow Hubert to stay even a minute longer in my house after the arrival of my wife. Go, my dear friend, and tell the disturber of my peace, that I will let him have two thousand pieces, not as a loan, but as a gift, if he will depart forthwith.»

The counsellor now was informed that the baron had married without the knowledge of his father, and that that marriage had been the occasion of the fraternal strife. Hubert listened haughtily and calmly to what the counsellor had to propose, and when he had done, said in a hollow voice and gloomily: «I shall think of it, but in the meanwhile stay here a few days longer.» The counsellor endeavoured to prove to the dissatisfied man, that the baron really was willing to do every thing in his power to indemnify him as much as possible by making over to him the disposable estate in Courland, and that he had no cause whatever to complain, though he must allow that every settlement so excessively favourable to the first-born, placing the other children into the back ground, had something odious in it. Hubert, like a person wanting to ease the oppressed bosom of a heavy load, tore open his waist-coat from top to bottom, laying one hand upon his heart and pressing the other against his side, turned round abruptly with a rash dancing motion, upon one leg, and cried in a cutting accent: «Nonsense! the hateful is begotten by hatred!» then he burst out in a yelling laughter and said: «How gracious it is of Mylord to condescend to throw

down his paltry pieces of gold to the poor beggar.» The counsellor now comprehended that there was no hope whatever that he should be able to effect a reconciliation between the brothers.

Hubert, to the vexation of the baron, established himself for a long residence in the apartments assigned to him in one of the wings of the mansion. It was observed that he had frequent and long conferences with the house-steward, and that the latter even attended him sometimes when he went out shooting. In general, he was seen very rarely, and studiously avoided meeting in private with his brother, who was glad of it. The counsellor felt how painful this relation must be to the brothers; nay, he could not but allow that the peculiarly mysterious and suspicious manner which Hubert betrayed in all he did and spoke, was particularly calculated to destroy all pleasure. He could now perfectly well account for that terror which the baron was seized with, when he saw his brother stepping into his apartment.

The counsellor was sitting by himself in the hall of justice over his papers, when Hubert entered more serious and calmer than usual, addressing him in a tone of voice that might almost have been called sad: «I accept of the last proposal of my brother too; only contrive to procure me the two thousand pieces to day; then I shall set off in the night on horseback, by myself.» — «With the money? the counsellor asked?» — «You are in the right,» Hubert replied; «I know what you mean — you may draw a bill of exchange for that sum in my favour on Isaac Lazarus at Kœnigsberg. I shall set out for that town this very night. Something is driving me hence; the old man has sent up his evil spirits.» — «Are you speaking of your father, Sir?» the counsellor asked sternly. Huberts' lips were quivering; he was holding himself by the chair for support; but soon recovering, cried: «Recollect, Sir, this very day.» So saying, he staggered out of the apartment with some difficulty.» «He is sensible

now, that he can impose upon me no longer, that nothing can prevail over my firm resolution," the baron said, drawing up the desired bill of exchange. The departure of the hostile brother delivered him of a great load, and he was more cheerful at supper than he had been for some time. Hubert had sent an excuse, and all were glad of his absence.

The counsellor lodged in an apartment rather retired, the windows of which were looking into the court-yard. In the night he suddenly started up from his sleep, fancying to hear a distant moaning. He listened and listened, but all was as silent as the grave, and he concludes those lamentable sounds had been the illusion of a dream. Yet he was seized with so singular a sense of inward horror and anxiety, as did not allow him to keep in bed any longer. He rose and stepped to the window. He had not been standing long there, when the gate of the mansion was opened and some person with a burning taper stepped out, walking across the yard. He distinguished the figure of old Daniel, and saw him opening the stable, which he entered, returning soon after with a saddled horse. Now a second person emerged from the darkness, wrapped in a fur-cloak and having a fur-cap on his head. It was Hubert, who, after having said a few, seemingly passionate, words to Daniel, retired. Daniel led the horseback into the stable, locked it, as well as the gate of the mansion, after he had returned across the yard, as he had come. — Hubert had been on the point of setting off, but suddenly changed his mind; this was evident. But equally evident it was that he was leagued in some dangerous plot with the old steward. The counsellor scarcely could await the dawn of day, to inform the baron of what he had witnessed in the night. It was now high time that measures should be taken against some evil design of the artful Hubert, which, as the counsellor was

persuaded, his disturbed countenance had betrayed already the day before.

In the morning, at the time when the baron was used to rise, the counsellor heard people running to and fro', opening and shutting doors and a confused talking and screaming. Stepping out of his chamber, he every where met servants, who, without taking any notice of him, passed him with countenances as pale as death — running up stairs and down stairs, seemingly searching every apartment. At length he was informed that the baron was missing and they had been searching after him to no purpose near two hours. He had gone to bed in the presence of the gamekeeper, but seemed to have risen after the servant had left him, and in his night-gown and slippers and taking with him a branched candlestick which was missing, left his bedchamber. Seized with dismal apprehensions the counsellor flew to the fatal hall, the side-closet of which the baron, like his father, had chosen for his sleeping-room. The door of the tower was standing wide open, and the counsellor cried in accents of profoundest horror: «There at the bottom he is lying dashed to pieces!» This actually was the case. A fall of snow having taken place in the night, one could see only the stiff arm of the hapless man, projecting out of the masses of stone.

After the lapse of some hours, the workmen succeeded at the risk of their lives in pulling him up with ropes, having been obliged to tie together some ladders, to get to the bottom of the abyss. In the convulsive agony of death the baron had firmly grasped the candlestick, and the hand holding it was the only uninjured part of his body, which, dashing in its fall against the projecting stones, had been dreadfully mangled.

With a countenance distorted by all the furies of despair Hubert came running to the fatal spot in the very moment when the corpse bad been laid on a large table, in the hall upon

which that of the late baron Roderick had been lying but a few weeks before. Deeply affected by the horrid sight, he groaned: «Brother! — no, no! this was it not for what I implored the powers of darkness that had laid hold of me!» The counsellor trembled at these suspicious words, and thought he must rush upon Hubert as the murderer of his brother, — Hubert was lying senseless on the floor. They put him to bed, where he soon recovered after the application of some restoratives. Pale, his lips half closed with gloomy grief, he now entered the counsellor's chamber, and dropping down into an arm-chair, being scarcely able to stand, he said: «I was wishing for my brother's death, because my father had by his foolish settlement entailed upon him the principal share of the inheritance — now, since he has miserably perished, I am lord of the manor — but my heart is broken — I cannot, shall not ever by happy. I confirm you in your office, and give you the most unlimited authority with regard to the management of the family estate on which I never can reside.»

Hubert retired, and a few hours after was already on the road to Kœnigsberg.

It seemed the unfortunate Wolfgang had risen in the night, perhaps with an intention of going into the other closet which contained his library. In his drowsiness he probably missed the door, opened that of the tower and fell down into the abyss. This explanation was not, however, quite satisfactory. If the baron could not sleep, and was going to the library for a book, to beguile his time with reading, this precluded all drowsiness; but that alone conld have made him miss the door of the closet, and instead of it open that of the tower. Besides, the latter was locked and bolded and could not be opened easily. The coun-

sellor, having detailed these improbabilities to the assembled domesticks, Francis, the baron's gamekeeper, an honest fellow, who would have sacrificed his life for his late master, at length burst out: „Dear Sir, that surely was not the manner in which it happened! „but would not explain himself any farther in the presence of his fellow servants, being desirous of privately communicating to the counsellor what he knew of the business. The counsellor was now informed that the baron frequently had been speaking to Francis of the treasures supposed to be buried underneath the ruins below, and that he often, as if impelled by some infernal demon, in the dead of night had opened the door of the tower, having obtained the keys of Daniel, and with longing desire looked down, to discover them. It was, therefore, certain, that, in that fatal night the baron, after the gamekeeper had left him, had gone to the tower, and, being seized with a sudden giddiness, as he was looking down, had lost the equilibrium and fallen into the gulf. Daniel, who likewise seemed to be deeply affected by the baron's death, was of opinion that the fatal door ought to be walled up, which actually was done without delay. Baron Hubert, the present lord of the manor, returned to Courland and left the manor for a long time. The counsellor was furnished with the requisite power of attorney for administering the estate. The building of a new manor-house was thought of no more, and the old residence repaired as well as possible. Many years had elapsed, when Hubert returned for the first time to the estate late in autumn, and after having been closetted with the counsellor in his own apartment for some days, left it again for Courland. Alighting on in his way at P... he deposited his last will at the chancery of that town.

During his stay at the manor, the baron, who seemed to be totally changed, often mentioned that he apprehended he should not live much longer, and actually did the year following. His

son, whose name likewise was Hubert, arrived with all expedition from Courland, to take possession of the valuable family estate. He was followed by his mother and sister. The young man seemed to unite in his character all the bad qualities of his ancestors, showing himself haughty, domineering, passionate and covetous. In the first moments after his arrival he insisted upon the immediate change of many things that did not appear to him suitable and proper; he turned away the cook, attempted to cudgel the coachman, in which he, however, was disappointed, the fellow being as strong as a lion and not inclined to submit to a beating; in short, he was in a fair way to begin playing the rigorous lord of the manor, when the counsellor opposed him seriously, and firmly protested that not a chair should be removed in the manor-house, nor a cat driven out of it, if the animal chose to stay, before the last will of the deceased was known. «How dare you to prescribe laws to» — the baron began; but the counsellor did not allow the young man, who was foaming with passion, to proceed, measuring him with piercing looks: «Softly, Mylord, I beg you — I must protest against all attempts of yours to exercise any authority here, before the will is opened; for the present I am sole master here, and shall oppose violence by violence. Please to recollect, that I, being appointed executor of your father's will, and authorised by the regulations of the law, am entitled to oppose your stay here, and I advise you, quietly to return to Kœnigsberg, to prevent disagreeable consequences.» The seriousness of the counsellor and the commanding tone in which he spoke, struck the baron with awe, who, being sensible of the inutility of all opposition, deemed it advisable to effect his retreat, and withdrew with scornful laughter.

Three months had now elapsed, and the will was to be opened at Kœnigsberg, agreeably to the desire of the deceased. Besides the gentlemen of the law, the baron and the counsellor, there

also appeared in court a young man, whom the latter had brought with him, and who was supposed to be a clerk of that gentleman. The baron; as well as almost every one present, scarcely took any notice of him, impatiently demanding that the business should be dispatched without any needless ceremony and useless writing. He could not, he said, comprehend what weight a will could have in this business, at least as far as the succession to the entail was concerned, and in case anything should be resolved, it would depend entirely upon himself, whether he would conform with it or not. The handwriting and seal of the testator he acknowledged to be genuine, after having cast a superficial glance at them, and when the clerk of the court was going to read the will aloud, he was looking indifferently at the window, his right arm negligently on the back of his chair, whilst his left was resting upon the table, drumming with his fingers upon the green cloth with which it was covered.

After a short preamble, the late baron Hubert declared that he never had possessed the entail as the actual and lawful lord of the manor, but only in trust for and in the name of the heir at law, the only son of the late baron Wolfgang, called Roderick, after his late grand-father, and this was the person, who, according to the family succession, was to succeed to the title and estate after the death of his father. The most satisfactory accounts of the revenue and expenditure, and so forth, would be found among the papers of the testator. Wolfgang of Rossitten — Hubert observed in his will — when on his travels, got acquainted at Geneve with Lady Julia de St. Val, and fell so violently in love with her that he firmly resolved never to part with her. She was very poor, and her family, though of ancient nobility, was none of the most eminent. This alone was sufficient to make him totally despair of ever obtaining the approbation of his father, who was determined to raise his fa-

mily to the highest degree of splendour. He ventured, nevertheless, to disclose his inclination to his father, in a letter from Paris; but — what easily could be foreseen really happened, the old man declaring positively, that he had already chosen a bride for the heir of the family estate, and that any other could not be thought of. Wolfgang, instead of proceeding to England, as he ought to have done, returned to Geneve, assuming the name of Born, and there married Lady Julia, who, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, was delivered of a son, who became heir to the entail after Wolfgang's decease. That Hubert had been privy to the whole matter, kept it a secret so long, and deported himself as Lord of the manor, was properly accounted for by several reasons relating to a prior agreement with Wolfgang, which, however, were deemed nugatory and inadmissible.

The baron seemed to be thunderstruck, staring immoveably at the clerk of the court, who in his monotonous drawling manner went on proclaiming the fatal declarations of the testator. When he had finished, the counsellor took the young man whom he had brought with him, by the hand, and, bowing to the meeting, said: «Here gentlemen, I have the honour of presenting to you the baron Roderick of Rossitten, heir at law to the estate of Rossitten.

Baron Hubert, burning with inward rage, stared with flaming eyes at the young man, who seemed to have dropt from the clouds, to rob him of the rich inheritance of the family estate and of one half of the disposable property in Courland, and, threatening him with his clenched fist, ran out of the court. At the desire of the presiding judge baron Roderick now produced the documents that were to prove the identity of his person. He produced a properly attested extract from the registers of the church in which his father had been married, a certificate that the merchant Wolfgang Born, born at Kœnigsberg; had been

lawfully married to Lady Julia de St. Val in the presence of the undersigned witnesses. He also exhibited his baptismal certificate (he had been baptized at Geneve as the lawfully begotten child of the merchant Born and his wedded wife Julia de St. Val), several letters of his father to his mother, who had died many years ago, all of which, however, were signed only with the letter W.

The counsellor examined all these letters with a gloomy countenance, and, putting them up again, said with great concern: «Well, well! God will assist us.» Already the next day the presumptive heir at law presented by his attorney a protest, insisting to be put into immediate possession of the family estate. The attorney observed, it was selfevident that the late baron could have disposed of the entail neither by will nor in any other manner. The will which had been deposited at Kœnigsberg was, therefore, nothing else but a written declaration according to which the late baron Wolfgang had directed the family estate to be given up to a son then supposed to be living, which, however, afforded no stronger proof than the deposition of any other witness and of course could not possibly establish the legitimacy of the pretended baron Roderick of Rossitten; that the pretender, on the contrary, was bound to vindicate by a regular course of law his right of inheritance, which herewith was positively denied, and to justify his claim to the estate, which, according to the right of succession, now was the lawful property of his client. By the death of the father (it was farther alledged) it had devolved directly to the son; no declaration respecting the succession to the estate had, consequently been required, in as much as the entail-succession could not be affected at all by claims totally nugatory. It was totally indifferent what ground the deceased might have had for establishing an other successor; it must, however, be observed, and, if required, could be proved

from the papers he had left behind, that he had had a love-affair in Switzerland, and the pretended heir very likely was the offspring of that illicit connexion, whom he in a fit of repentance had desired to put into the possession of the rich entail.—

Highly probable, as it was, that the particulars mentioned in the will were correct, and revolting as appeared even to the judges the above turn given with a view to criminate his father, by an unblushing son, matters remained, nevertheless, as they had been represented by the oblocutor's attorney, and it was owing only to the strenuous endeavours of the counsellor, who solemnly engaged himself that he would shortly produce the most authentick proofs of the legitimacy of the young baron, that the surrender of the entail was postponed, and the administration continued until a final settlement of the dispute could be affected.

The counsellor was but too well aware to what difficulties the performance of his promise was liable. He had ransacked all the papers of old Roderick without having found the smallest trace of a letter or any other document referring to that matrimonial union between Wolfgang and Lady Julia de St. Val. Immersed in profound meditation, he was sitting in the sleeping closet of old Roderick, every corner of which he had closely searched through, drawing up a paper for a notary at Geneve who had been recommended to him as a man of great penetration and activity, and was to have procured some notices promising to clear up the business of the young baron. Midnight had surprised him, and the clear moon was sending her rays through the open door of the hall, when some person seemed to be walking slowly with heavy strides up stairs, and was rattling with a bunch of keys The counsellor listened, arose from his chair, and, stepping into the hall, distinctly heard some person approaching through the passage; the door of the great hall soon after this was opened, and a person with a disfigured counte-

nance, as pale as a corpse, dressed in a night-gown and carrying in one hand a branched candlestick and a bunch of keys in the other, entered slowly. The counsellor instantly discerned the features and person of the house-steward, and was just going to call to him, what he wanted so late at night, when something ghastly and spectrelike in the port and stiffened countenance of the old man chilled him with an icy coldness. He discovered that he had a sleep-walker before him. Daniel crossed the hall with measured steps, right towards the walled-up door which formerly had opened into the tower. He stopped close before it, heaving from the very bottom of his chest a howling sound so horrible that the hall resounded with it and the counsellor shook with horror. Having placed the candlestick upon the floor and fastened the bunch of keys to his girdle, Daniel began with both hands to scratch against the wall untill the blood was streaming from his nails, whilst he was groaning and moaning as if tormented by an inexpressible agony. Now he put his ear against the wall, as if listening; then he beckoned with his hand, as if endeavouring to tranquillize some person; upon which he took up the candlestick and returned with soft and measured steps to the door. He went down stairs, opened the gate of the mansion, when the counsellor adroitly slipped thro' it; now he went into the stable, having first, to the counsellor's astonishment, placed the candlestick so as to illuminate the building sufficiently, without the smallest risk of setting it on fire, and having procured a saddle, bridle and the other requisite gear, equipped a horse which he had untied from the manger, adjusted the girth and the stirrups; having drawn a portion of hair thro' the frontal, he took the horse by the bridle, tapping him upon his neck with one hand, and clacking aloud with his tongue, led him out of the stable. In the court-yard he stopped in a posture, as if receiving a commission, which he, nodding his

head, promised to execute. He then took the horse back into the stable, unsaddling and tying him to the manger; upon this he took up the candlestick, locked the stable, and, having returned into the mansion, shut himself up carefully in his chamber. — The counsellor was violently agitated by what he had witnessed, and the suspicion of some deed of darkness arose in him like an infernal demon, that thenceforward haunted him incessantly. Entirely occupied with the dangerous situation of his protegee, he believed himself bound at least to avail himself for his benefit of what he had seen. Daniel coming to him the next day at dusk to receive his orders respecting some domestick concerns, the counsellor laid hold of both his arms, and having made him sit down in an arm-chair, began: «Hark ye, old friend, I wanted to have asked you this long while, what you are thinking of that confused law-business, which Hubert's singular last will has saddled me with. Do you think that young man is actually Wolfgang's legitimate son?» The old man leaning over the back of the chair and staring at him, replied: «For aught I know, he may and may not; I don't care who is my master here.» — «But I should think,» the counsellor resumed, stepping near the old man and putting his hand upon his shoulder, «as you possessed the entire confidence of the old baron, he cannot have concealed from you, how it is with his sons. Surely, he must have informed you of the marriage Wolfgang contracted contrary to his will.» — «I cannot charge my recollection with these matters,» the old man replied, yawning disrespectfully.— «You are sleepy, Daniel,» the counsellor said; «very likely, you have had a restless night?» — «I can't say that;» Daniel answered; «but I will go now, and order supper.» So saying, he rose leisurely from his chair, rubbing his curved back, and yawning again more violently than before.» Pray, stay a little nger,» the counsellor said, taking him by the hand, and at-

tempting to make him sit down again. But the old man standing before the writing table, resting his hand upon it, and bending his body forwards, peevishly asked: «What does all this mean; what do I care about all this contest for the estate?» Of this,» the counsellor replied, «I shall say no more; let us pass over to a different subject, dear Daniel; you are peevish and gaped repeatedly; all this proves, that you are fatigued, and I am now almost inclined to believe, that it was you, who last night» — «What was I last night?» Daniel asked, retaining his posture. «As I was sitting yesterday, at midnight, in yon closet of the late baron, next to the great hall,» the counsellor resumed, «you came in, quite torpid and pale, stepped to the walled-up door, scratching with both hands against the wall and moaning, as if enduring the greatest torture. Are you, perhaps, accustomed to walk in your sleep, Daniel?» The old man dropped backward upon the chair, which the counsellor quickly put under him. He did not utter a syllable; the dusk of evening prevented his countenance from being observed; but his breath was short and he was gnashing his teeth. «Walking in one's sleep,» the counsellor resumed, «is a curious state, indeed: people that are subject to it, do not know anything of what they are doing during that period, as tho' they had been broad awake.» Daniel continued silent. «I have ere now seen persons in the same state in which I saw you yesterday. I had a friend, who, like yourself, regularly walked in his sleep every night, when the moon was full. Nay, he would sometimes sit down and write letters. But what was most remarkable, was my making him speak; when I softly whispered anything into his ear, he returned proper answers to all my questions, and even what he would have carefully concealed, when awake, flowed involuntarily from his lips, as if he had been incapable of withstanding the power that was acting upon him. I really believe,

a sleep-walker could be made to confess any crime, when in that state, though he should have concealed it ever so long. Happy he, that has a clear conscience, like ourselves; we need not be alarmed at walking in our sleep; no person will be able to make us confess a criminal action by means of his queries. But, hark ye, Daniel, I am sure, you want to get into the astronomical tower, when you are scratching so dreadfully against the walled-up door. Probably you want to make some experiments, like the late baron? I shall ask you about it the next time I find you again walking in your sleep." The old man had continued trembling more and more violently, whilst the counsellor was speaking; now his body was thrown about dreadfully by strong convulsions, and he burst out into a yelling undistinguishable chattering. The counsellor rang for a servant. Lights were brought in; the old man continuing in a mechanical convulsive motion, like an automaton, he was taken to bed. When this dreadful state had continued near an hour, he fell into a profound sleep, resembling a violent swoon. When he awoke, he called for wine, and having drunk, he made the servant leave him, who had offered to sit up with him, and locked his chamber as usual. The counsellor had actually intended to make the experiment, when he mentioned it to Daniel, though he was aware the old man, being, perhaps, informed now for the first time of his walking in his sleep, would use every precaution in his power, to avoid a repetition of it, and that a confession made in that state; would not be calculated to found any legal proceeding upon it. Nevertheless, he repaired against midnight to the hall, hoping that Daniel, as it happens in that disease, would be compelled to act mechanically. At midnight a dreadful noise arose in the yard. The counsellor could plainly distinguish that a window was forced open. He hurried down stairs, and, as he was traversing the passages, was assailed by a stink-

ing smoke, which, as he soon perceived, was issuing from the open window of the steward's chamber, whom the servants just were carrying, as stiff as a corpse, to an other room, to put him to bed. A servant, the domesticks said, had been roused at midnight by a hollow knocking; apprehending that the old man had been taken ill suddenly, he had been going to rise, to fly to his assistance, when the watchman in the yard began to cry: «Fire! fire! the steward's chamber is all in a blaze.» Upon his call several servants came running immediately, but all their endeavours to force open the door, were fruitless. Now they hurried down into the yard; however, the resolute watchman had already knocked in the steward's window, torn down the burning curtains, which had caused the conflagration, after which a few buckets of water had been sufficient to quench the flame. The steward was found lying on the floor, in the middle of his chamber in a profound swoon. He was still firmly grasping the candlestick, whose burning taper had set the curtains on fire. Some burning pieces of the bed-furniture, having dropt upon him, had scorched his eyebrows and singed great part of his hair. If the watchman had not noticed the fire in time, the old man must have been burnt to death. The servants were surprised on finding the door fastened within by two bolts newly screwed on, which had not been on the night before. The counsellor perceived that the old man had wanted to render it impossible for himself to quit the chamber in his sleep; for he could not have withstood the blind impulse. Daniel fell dangerously ill: he did not speak, took very little food, and stared before him, as if grasped by some horrid thought, with looks portending a speedy dissolution. The counsellor did not believe that he could recover. All he could now do for his protegee, was quietly awaiting the issue, and, therefore, intended to return to Kœnigsberg. Already the next morning was fixed for his departure. He was pack-

ing up his papers late at night, when he laid his hands on a small parcel given to him, sealed, by baron Hubert, and superscribed: To be read after my death, which he unaccountably had not noticed hitherto. He was just going to break the seal of that parcel, when the door of his chamber was opened and Daniel entered with soft and spectrelike steps. He put a black paper-case, which he was carrying under his arm, upon the writing table; then, heaving a deep sigh, dropped on his knees, convulsively grasped the counsellor's hands, and in hollow accents, sounding as if coming from the grave, said: «I should not like to die upon the scaffold! — He that is above us, will judge,» then he rose slowly, anxiously panting and left the apartment as he had entered it.

The counsellor was occupied the whole night with perusing the papers contained in the black paper-case and Hubert's parcel. Both were closely connected, and suggested the properest measures, to be taken now. As soon as he had arrived at Kœnigsberg, he went to baron Hubert, who received him with rude haughtiness. The remarkable issue of a conversation, which began at noon and was without interruption continued till late at night, was a voluntary declaration of Baron Hubert in court, that, agreeably to the tenor of his father's will, he acknowledged the claimant of the succession to the entail to be the lawful issue of a legitimate marriage between the eldest son of the late baron Roderick and Lady Julia de St. Val, and consequently the rightful heir of the family estate. Coming down from the court of justice, his carriage and four being ready at the door, he set off in great haste, leaving his mother and sister behind. He had left a letter for them, containing, amongst other mysterious expressions, the information, that they would, perhaps, see him no more. The young baron was greatly surprised at this unexpected turn of the business; he urged the counsellor to explain to him, by what means this miracle had been wrought,

and what mysterious agency was at the bottom of it? But the counsellor put him off to a future period, promising that he would give him the desired information when he should have taken possession of the family estate, this being prevented for the present by the courts requiring, in addition to baron Hubert's declaration, which did not fully satisfy the judges, a complete legitimation of baron Roderick. The counsellor offered him apartments at the mansions, adding, that Hubert's mother and sister, being rather distressed by their relation's aprupt departure, likewise would prefer the quiet retirement at the manor-house to the noisy and expensive residence at Kœnigsberg. The delight which Roderick derived from the idea of dwelling at least for a while with the baroness and her daughter under the same roof, proved how lively the impression was the sweet and charming Seraphina had made upon his heart. The young baron actually contrived to avail himself so successfully of his stay at the manor-house, that, ere many weeks had passed, he had secured Seraphina's affection and her mother's consent to their union. The counsellor did not approve of these premature advances, Roderick's legitimation being as yet rather doubtful. Letters from Courland interrupted the pastoral life at the manor. Hubert had not shewn himself at all on the estate, having proceeded directly to Petersburg, where he obtained an appointment in the army, and at that time had marched with it to Persia, with which Russia was just at war. This rendered it necessary for the baroness to repair with her daughter to her estate in that country, where the greatest disorder and confusion were prevailing. Roderick, looking already upon himself as her adopted son, did not neglect accompanying his bride, and as the counsellor likewise left the manor for Kœnigsberg — the mansion was again as solitary as ever. The steward's illness grew more alarming every day, which made him

apprehend himself he could not recover. His office was therefore committed to Francis, the faithful servant of the late baron.

After a long interval of suspense the counsellor at length received the most favourable intelligence from Switzerland. The clergyman who had solemnized Roderick's marriage, had been dead a long while; a remark in his own handwriting had, however, been found in the marriage-register of his parish, stating, that the person whom he had joined in matrimony with the Lady Julia of St. Val — under the name of Born, had proved himself to him to be the eldest son and heir of baron Wolfgang of Rossitten. — Besides, two witnesses to the marriage were found out, one a merchant of Geneve, and the other an old French captain, who had removed to Lyons, to whom Wolfgang had likewise discovered himself, and these persons confirmed on oath the authenticity of the clergyman's remark in the marriage-register. Provided with these testimonials, drawn up in a proper legal form, the counsellor established the claim of his constituent, and now nothing could prevent the consignment of the entail to the lawful heir, which was to take place in the ensuing autumn. Hubert was killed in the first battle in which he was engaged; thus the estate in Courland reverted to the baroness Seraphina and formed an acceptable dower for the happy Roderick.

November had began already, when the baroness, Roderick and his bride arrived at the manor-house. Now the family estate was formally delivered over to baron Roderick, who immediately after solemnized his marriage with Seraphina. Many weeks were spent merrily, before the guests, satiated with pleasure, left the young couple, to the satisfaction of the counsellor, who did not like to leave the mansion without first having given all information respecting the estate he could impart, to the new possessor.

Roderick's uncle had kept a very conscientious account of

the income and of his disbursements for the estate, and having expended but a trifling sum annually for the young man's support, it appeared that his savings had considerably encreased the capital left by the old baron. Only in the first three years Hubert had applied the revenues of the estate to his private use, but left an acknowledgment of these sums, with a direction that they should be reimboursed out of the revenues accruing from his share of the Courland estate.

The counsellor had chosen the bedroom of old Roderick for his dwelling-room over since he had surprised Daniel walking in his sleep, in order to get by stealth the information which the old man afterwards gave him of his own accord. Thus it happened that that closet and the adjoining hall continued being resorted to, when the baron met him on business. One stormy night, as they were sitting together before the blazing chimney fire examining accounts, the door of the hall was suddenly thrown open and a pale ghostly looking figure made its appearance, staggering in with every symptom of death in its countenance. Daniel, whom the counsellor, as well as every one else had fancied to be totally incapable of moving a limb, dangerously ill as he was, having been attacked again by his periodical fit of sleep-walking, was making his wonted pilgrimage to the hall. Speechless with astonishment the baron stared at him, but was seized with unspeakable horror, when he, moaning like a dying person, began to scratch against the wall. Turning as pale as death, and his hair bristling, he started up, stepping in a threatening attitude towards the old man, and called with a vehemence of voice that made the hall resound: «Daniel! Daniel! what are you doing here at this hour of night?» Upon this challenge the old man uttered that well-known dismal moan, like that of an animal mortally wounded, which he had ejaculated, when Wolfgang had offered to pay him for his fidelity,

and dropped down. The counsellor called for the servants; the old man was lifted up, but all endeavours to recall him to life were fruitless. The baron cried like frantick: «Merciful God, did not I know that people walking in their sleep may die on the spot when abruptly called by their name? Wretch, that I am! — I — I have killed the hapless old man! Never shall I enjoy an other happy moment!» When the servants had removed the corpse and cleared the hall, the counsellor took the self-accusing baron by the hand, leading him silently to the walled-up door and said: «The wretch that here dropped down dead at your feet, was the accursed murderer of your father!» The baron gazed at the counsellor, as if beholding some infernal demon, and the latter resumed: «The time is arrived, when it is fit that I should disclose to your Lordship the dreadful mystery in which that demon was involved, and by which he was haunted in his sleep. The Eternal caused the son to avenge his father's death upon the murderer. The words you thundered into the ears of that horrid sleep-walker, were the last your unfortunate father uttered.» The baron had resumed his seat before the chimney fire by the counsellor's side, trembling and incapable of utterance. The counsellor now communicated to the baron the tenor of the parcel Hubert had left behind and was to be unsealed first after the opening of his last will. Hubert accused himself in that writing in terms of sincerest repentance of the most implacable hatred of his elder brother, that had taken root in his bosom the very moment when old Roderick had entailed the family estate. He was deprived of every weapon he could have used against him; for even in case he should have succeeded in his endeavours to alienate the father from his first-born, this would have been of no avail, as Roderick himself had it in his power no longer to deprive his eldest son of the right of primogeniture, and even if his heart could have been turned

entirely against him, his principles would not have allowed it. First when Wolfgang had formed a connexion with Lady Julia at Geneve, Hubert had fancied he had found an opportunity to ruin his brother. From that period he began plotting with Daniel, to induce his father to form resolutions that must have driven his son to despair. He knew that only a matrimonial connexion with one of the first families in his country, in the opinion of old Roderick, could for ever secure the splendour of the entail. The old man fancied he had read of that connexion in the stars, and that any impious infringement of the decrees of the constellations might prove fatal to his settlement. Wolfgang's connexion with Lady Julia, consequently, appeared to the old baron to be a criminal attempt to reverse the decrees of the power that had aided him in his worldly proceedings, and every plan to ruin Julia, who had stept in his way like some infernal being, was deemed by him justifiable. Hubert knew that his brother's love of Julia was verging on madness, and that the loss of her would render him miserable, perhaps prove fatal to him, and he was the more willing actively to second the plans of Daniel, as he had conceived a criminal passion for Julia himself, and hoped he should be able to win her for himself. But a peculiar interference of Providence ordained that Wolfgang's resolution should defeat all his hostile attempts, and even deceive his persecutor. Hubert was kept in ignorance both of Wolfgang's marriage and of the birth of his son. When old Roderick began to feel that his dissolution was drawing near, he also began to suspect that Wolfgang had married that hated Julia; in a letter in which he ordered him to appear at the manor for the purpose of taking possession of the family estate, he threatened him with his curse, if he did not instantly dissolve that union. That letter was it which Wolfgang burned in the presence of his father's corpse.

To Hubert the old man wrote that Wolfgang was married to Julia, but was going to dissolve that union. Hubert took this to be only a conceit of his visionary father, but was violently terrified, when Wolfgang at the manor very frankly confirmed the suspicion of the old man, adding at the same time that he had a son by Julia, and that he was going agreeably to surprise her shortly with the intelligence of his rank and fortune, having to that moment suffered her to believe that she was married to a plain merchant of the name of Born. He was going to fly to Geneve, to carry home his dear wife. But before he could realize that plan, death surprised him. Hubert carefully concealed his knowledge of the existence of a son out of his brother's marriage with Julia, appropriating to himself the estate, which was the lawful property of his nephew. But after the lapse of only a few years he began to repent of it. Fate reminded him in a dreadful manner of the criminality of his deed by the deadly hatred which his two sons had conceived against each other, and which was growing more virulent every day. «You are a miserably beggarly fellow," the elder, a boy of twelve years, said to his younger brother, but I shall be lord of the manor, when our father dies, and then you must humbly kiss my hand, if I am to give you money for a new coat." The younger brother, highly enraged at his senior's provoking haughtiness, flung at him a knife which he just happened to have in his hand, and wounded him almost mortally. Hubert, apprehending greater mischief, sent his youngest son to Petersbourg, where he afterwards obtained a commission in the army and fell in battle under Suwarow. Shame prevented Hubert from publicly laying open to the world the secret of his fraudulent possession, though he could not resolve to rob the lawful heir of an other penny. He made inquiries at Geneve, and was informed that Mrs. Born had died of a broken heart at the unaccountable disappearance

of her husband, but that young Roderick was educated by a charitable gentleman, who had adopted him. Now Hubert introduced himself to him as a relation of Mr. Born who he pretended had perished at sea, and sent large sums sufficient to procure to the young man an education suitable to his future rank. It will be recollected how carefully he hoarded up the surplus revenues of the family estate and disposed of them by will. Of the death of his brother Wolfgang he spoke in singularly mysterious terms, which authorized the surmise that some secret must be hanging about it, and that Hubert had been at least an indirect accomplice in the perpetration of some heinous deed. The contents of the black paper-case cleared up the mystery. The treacherous correspondence with Daniel was accompanied by a paper which the latter had written and signed. The counsellor read a confession that agitated him violently. It was Daniel who had invited Hubert to the manor and also informed him of the hoard of the hundred and fifty thousand rixdollars. It will be recollected how Hubert was received by his brother, and that he was going to quit the manor on finding himself disappointed in all his wishes and hopes, but was stopt by the counsellor. Daniel's mind was broading bloody vengeance, which he meditated to take on the young man that wanted to expel him like a mangy dog. He fanned and fed the fire that had seized the mind of the despairing Hubert. In the pine forest, in a tempest of fleet, when chasing wolves, they concerted the plan of Wolfgang's destruction. «Put him out of the way!» Hubert muttered, looking askance and aiming with his gun; «yes, put him out of the way!» Daniel grinned: «Though not *thus* — not *thus!*» Now he pledged himself with a horrid oath that he would do for the baron, and not a soul should know anything of it. When Hubert had received the money, he repented of the murderous design and was going to quit the estate, to get out of

the way of farther temptation. Daniel saddled his horse for him, leading him out of the stable, but when the baron was going to mount, said to him in cutting accents: «I think, baron, you had better stay on the estate which has become your property just now, for the baron is lying dashed to pieces at the bottom of the pit in the tower.» — Daniel had observed, that, goaded by thirst after gold, Wolfgang used to rise at night, stept to the door that opened into the tower, looking with eagerness into the abyss, where, as he had assured him, great treasures were buried underneath the rubbish. Prepared for such a visit, Daniel was waiting at the door of the hall in that fatal night. When he heard that the baron was opening the door of the tower, he stole after him just as he was standing at the brink of the abyss. The baron, turning round, was seized with horror, when he saw his accursed servant standing behind him, his eyes flashing with a murderous intent, and cried: «Daniel, Daniel! what are you doing here at this time of night?» — Upon this Daniel cried furiously: «Down with thee thou mangy dog!» hurling the unfortunate man down with a powerful kick. — Violently affected by that horrid deed the baron could abide no longer in a place where his father had been basely murdered. He retired to his estate in Courland, returning only once a year in the shooting season. Old Francis protested that Daniel, whose crime he suspected, continued to haunt the mansion, when the moon was full, and described the apparition just as the counsellor had beheld it at a later period, when he laid it. — The discovery of these circumstances, which disgraced the memory of his father, also made the young baron Hubert desert it.

Thus having related all, my grand-uncle grasped my hand and with tears in his eyes said to me in melting accents: «Cousin, cousin!» she too, that charming woman, has been overtaken by the infernal power that haunts the seat of that devoted

family. Two days, after we had quitted the mansion, the baron took his lady out in a sledge, and when driven down a slope, the horses all of a sudden became unmanageable, tearing the sledge along with furious sporting. «The old man, the old man is after us!» the baroness cried in cutting accents. In the same instant the sledge is upset and the poor lady hurled to a great distance. She was taken up senseless — alas, she was dead! — The baron is inconsolable — his calmness is that of a dying person. — We shall visit the mansion no more.»

Here my grand-uncle stopped; I parted with him a prey to heart-rending anguish, and only the lenient hand of all-soothing time could assuage the grief that threatened to overwhelm me.

Years had passed away; my good grand-uncle was dead a long while and I had quitted my native country. The storms of war that were raging all over Germany with destructive fury, drove me to the north, to Petersbourg. On my return, within a small distance of Kœnigsberg, in a dark summer-night, we were driving along the shore of the Curish Haff, when I at once beheld in front a large star sparkling in the distant sky. Coming nearer, I immediately perceived by the red waving blaze that what I had taken for a star, must be a large fire, though I could not comprehend how it could be burning so high in the air. «Postillion, what fire is burning there right before us?» I asked the driver, «That is no fire,» he replied; «it is the light-house of Rossitten. — «When the postillion mentioned the name, the recollection of those eventful autumnal days I had spent there, arose in my mind in the most lively manner. I fancied I saw the baron — Seraphina and the odd old aunts, myself tastefully frizzled and powdered, and dressed in a suit of delicate sky-blue — nay, as dangerously in love, sighing like the bellows of a smithy, and composing a ditty on the fair eyes of my love. In the profound sadness which had seized me, the blunt jokes

of my old grand-uncle were flickering up in my memory, delighting me more than at that time. Agitated thus by alternate sorrow and wonderful delight, I alighted at Rossitten early in the morning, at the posthouse. I knew it to have been the house of the late land-steward. «Please your honour," the clerk of the post-office said, taking his pipe out of his mouth, «here lives no land-steward; this is a royal domain, and his honour, the administrator of the estate, is still asleep." On farther inquiry I learned, that baron Roderick, the last lord of the manor, having died sixteen years ago without issue, the estate had reverted to the crown. I took a walk, to the manor-house, and — found it in ruins. Great part of the stones had been made use of for building a light-house, as I was informed by an old farmer coming out of the forest, with whom I entered into conversation. He also recollected something of the spectre that had been haunting the manor-house, protesting that dismal lamentations still were frequently heard in the ruins, especially when the moon was full.

Poor, short-sighted Roderick! what a fatal power didst thou conjure up, poisoning unto death the tree which thou intendest firmly to plant for ages to come!

Translated from the German of C. T. A. HOFFMANN, by P. WILL, V. D. M.

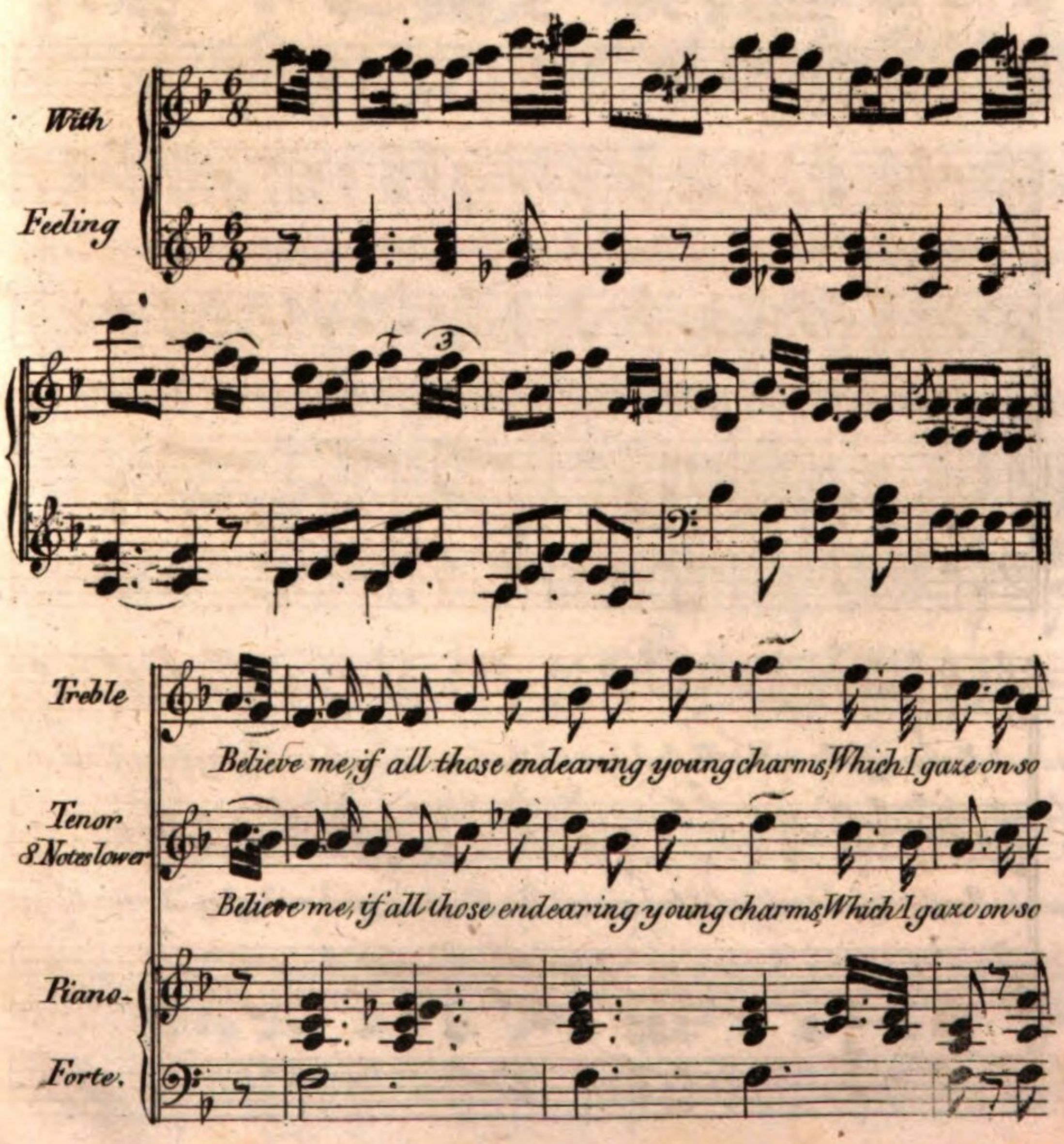
c

T. Stothard del. T. Aeomann sc.

„Believe me if all those
endearing young charms."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Harmonized for two Voices.



fondly to day, We're to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms, Like

fondly to day, We're to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms, Like

fairy gifts fading away, Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art Let thy

fairy gifts fading away, Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art Let thy

loveliness fade as it will, And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

loveliness fade as it will, And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

twine itself verdantly still!

twine itself verdantly still!

pia

2d Verse

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as truly loves on to the

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as truly loves on to the

close; As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

close; As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

turn'd when he rose!

turn'd when he rose!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Air — *My lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away, —
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear
Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close
As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

GLENROWAN,

A SCOTTISH TRADITION.

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircles the sea.

Campbell.

There is yet standing in one of the wildest and most sequestered parts of Argyleshire, in Scotland, the ruins of a castle which was habitable so late as the year 1790, though even at that period only one portion of it remained entire. At present it offers but some fragments of moss-grown towers, and of broken walls, between the gaps of which the wild plum and the elder wave their neglected boughs.

The ruin stands in a melancholy glen, nearly enclosed by high heathy hills, which in summer look beautiful with their purple blossoms brightening in the sunshine; but in winter have a dark and desolate appearance, saddening to the spirits of those who live amongst them. Perhaps the melancholy and monotonous sound of the sea, washing the coast at no great distance, and heard through the openings of these hills, contributes to their depressing effect. Be this as it may, the effect is depressing, and the glen is rarely passed through, even by strangers, without exciting a disposition to sigh.

To this cheerless place of residence, its proprietor, a young Scotch laird, after attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel in a foreign service, recalled by the death of an elder brother, returned to settle there in the year 1743. He brought with him an only sister, withdrawing her thus, equally from the amusements and the bustle of life. While this sister managed his household concerns, and beguiled her hours by the practice of elegant accomplishments, he devoted himself alternately to improving study and healthful field sports.

Colonel Ferguson was naturally of a cheerful, social humour, and for some time after their abode in Glenrowan, his sister found no reason to regret her exchange from a formal pension in France, to the hall of her fathers in her native hills. They had neighbours, though distant ones; and when these were assembled under their fragrant birches in summer, or round their bright ingle in winter, the light-hearted song, or the graver legend, beguiled and cheered the hours.

Both brother and sister were young and agreeable; Annie had her admirers, and the laird his pretty favourites; but neither of them felt any greater solicitude to please, than was just sufficient to give them a useful stimulus in society.

Nearly twelve months glided gently away in such habits: after that, an extraordinary change took place.

Colonel Ferguson's spirits suddenly clouded; his habits of living altered; he became silent and thoughtful: abstracted in the company which occasionally resorted to the castle, yet taking long and frequent journeys, professedly to visit absent friends, from whose society he returned quite as sad and serious as he went.

The laird frequently spent whole weeks far up in the Highlands, in solitary hunting, inhabiting a wretched Shealing, where the deer he killed, and the water fetched from a moun-

tain spring, were his sole refreshments: of course he lost his good looks, while under the influence of this strange humour. Annie Ferguson marked the changes in him, and watched the increase of his melancholy, with a timid concern, which at first feared to express itself: but at length, unable to control her feelings, she gave them way; pathetically beseeching him to tell her what lay heavy on his mind.

As her brother, so taxed, persisted in ascribing the change to her fancy, or, perhaps, to a little weariness in a course of life so different from the stir of camps to which he had been used, she tenderly persuaded him to let her invite a friend she highly valued, on a long visit to the castle; intimating, that such an inmate was now essential to her own distressed spirits. Colonel Ferguson, though with rather an ill grace, consented to this, and Miss Mackay was written to. Shortly afterwards she arrived in Glenrowan.

This young lady was an orphan, and being a few years older than Annie Ferguson, with a small fortune entirely in her own hands, was free to go whither she would.

Miss Mackay was not a beautiful woman; but she had fine eyes, and a particularly graceful figure, and her face had an expression in it, which once looked on, the eye loved to return to: it was bright, intelligent, and gladdening; her temper was actively, not passively amicable; her habits of thought cheerful; and her conversation had that perpetual playfulness which extends over serious subjects, without seeking to take from their importance.

Such qualities only, are precious in a home companion: but Miss Mackay had yet higher ones, fitting her for yet higher purposes.

She was endowed with peculiar strength of mind, clearness of judgment, and firmness of resolution. While she beheld her

softer and less mentally gifted friend weep over the laird's altered spirits, this judicious young lady set herself to study the nature of his malady, for the purpose of discovering whether it were real malady, or some secret sorrow, which kind sympathy or prudent counsel might medicine. The result of her observations was, that Colonel Ferguson was actually suffering from some real cause for despondency.

At his age it was natural to suppose him in love, and that the death or infidelity of the woman he loved, was the occasion of his present situation; but Miss Mackay was a better discerner of spirits; and soon believing herself sure that Colonel Ferguson's thoughts were weighed upon by some painful or dangerous secret, she endeavoured by every kind, unobtrusive attention, to win his esteem and confidence.

During the period of six months (for so long had Miss Mackay remained in the castle at the urgent entreaty of her younger friend), many accidental circumstances occurred, which called forth and displayed that young lady's extraordinary qualities. Colonel Ferguson's dejected solitariness had already partially yielded to the attraction and force of her character; and from the moment in which he had seen her give proofs of undaunted courage, and extraordinary presence of mind, (which the calamity of a fire in a house where they were all visiting, brought into action,) he ceased to avoid her companionship; nay, frequently sought it voluntarily.

Annie Ferguson remarked this with secret joy, for Miss Mackey was dear to her affection; nay, so necessary now to her happiness, that she contemplated the probability of an union between her and her brother with tearful transport.

But of such union, there was, in fact, little probability; Colonel Ferguson rather seeking a friend, than soliciting a mistress; and Miss Mackay's pity for him partaking more of that

feeling with which a strong mind compassionates the sufferings of a weak one, than of such admiring devotedness as characterises the love of high-souled women.

By degrees this young lady took the liberty of accompanying the laird in his long rides, which had hitherto been solitary, as they were generally prolonged far beyond the strength of his young and delicate sister. At such times Miss Mackay observed that even the little vivacity he affected before Annie, entirely abandoned him; and that, in truth, he appeared not unwilling to have his companion fancy him labouring under some heavy heart burthen. Encouraged by this circumstance, Miss Mackay ventured occasionally to remark upon his evident depression, and its possible cause; at first confining herself to expressions of benevolent interest in his happiness, yet doing this with a frankness and simplicity which made it impossible for the grossest vanity to mistake the merely friendly nature of her sentiments.

Colonel Ferguson obviously understood her purpose. He would sigh, smile, and thank her in general terms: sometimes waiving the subject with a portion of his original playfulness; sometimes hesitatingly; with abrupt commencement of agitated sentences as abruptly broken off: in short, by many testimonies of a wish, yet a fear, of making some important confidence.

Amongst the variety of possible causes which Miss Mackay assigned by turns in her own thoughts to Colonel Ferguson's dejection, she principally rested upon one, which, to a Southron, might appear ridiculous, were we not well aware of the existence and influence of a superstition which, even to this day, remains unsubdued in its ancient strong hold, the Highlands of Scotland, — I mean a belief in second sight.

It was too, likely, she thought, that Colonel Ferguson might either be the real or the fancied victim of this fatal faculty; a faculty of foreseeing disasters, which he who foresees them knows

to be inevitable. If this were the case, friendship could do little beyond sympathizing with the sufferer. It was, however, important for Annie Ferguson's sake, that something certain should be known of her brother's inward feelings; and Miss Mackey at length took courage to mention her conjectures to Colonel Ferguson himself.

This occurred one day after she had followed him in his hasty ascent of a height commanding a view of the sea, and had observed the eagerness and wildness with which, casting his eyes around, he exclaimed aloud — «I see, I see the bloody issue.»

At these words, Miss Mackay boldly stept forward, apologizing for her intrusion, and her unintentional privity to this his secret communion with his own spirit; at the same time urging him, with a tenderness the more persuasive, as it was not the ordinary character of her manner, to consider her as a sister: one, perhaps, not equal in exclusive devotedness to his fate and feelings as his own sister, yet one better qualified by more years, and a hardier frame of mind, to assist him in discovering whether he were the prey of sickly delusion, or really visited with the awful power of beholding the shadows of coming evils.

Colonel Ferguson remained silent, long after she had ceased to speak; his countenance meanwhile, changing visibly; when, at last, he addressed her, his voice was low and emphatic.

«Miss Mackay,» he said, «if I take you at your kind word, and confide to your breast the secret which oppresses my own, be assured that I am neither overborne by your sister-like persuasions, nor yet by a more particular admiration of your person and character, than my obligations to you for cheering mine and my dear sister's loneliness, may well warrant. I would neither gratify you, nor relieve myself, however tempted by your sensibility, were I not at this moment, in want of such a firm-

minded friend as I know you are capable of becoming. — Bitterly do I lament that my darling Annie's timid character, makes it impossible for me to repose trust in *her:* — to confide in *her*, poor love, would be stabbing her at once! I have a secret, Miss Mackay; but it is not wholly mine: I may not wantonly, uselessly divulge it: it is a secret fraught with difficulty and danger both to the relator and the hearer: once a partaker of it, you may come to loss, reproach, undeserved reproach; yet you *may* perform the greatest service: you may save a whole set of just and honourable persons." — Here Colonel Ferguson hastily broke off, resuming with more calmness. «Your personal assistance in this matter would be invaluable just now; and it is in the hope of obtaining that, that I make you this confidence; but if, when known, you shrink from what I must ask of you, I will not urge my request: in such case, however, you must promise never to reveal what I shall have disclosed. Have you courage for this secret?"

Miss Mackay fixed her eyes earnestly upon the laird's face for some moments; then, without withdrawing them, said, in as serious a voice as his own, «Colonel Ferguson, if your secret contains nothing against the commandments of God, and the well-being of my country, I am here ready to hear it, keep it, swear to keep it."

«Well, then," exclaimed Colonel Ferguson, with a brightened look, «I will communicate it to you this night; for I must away to-morrow morn, on a matter that neither brooks delay, nor may be done by another. Dare you trust yourself with me alone, for one hour at midnight? If you dare, provide yourself with your plaid, and by twelve o'clock be at the smaller door of the last quadrangle, and I will then conduct you to the spot whereon my secret must be told. I repeat to you, on the faith of a Christian man, that my secret contains nothing, which

as a loyal and religious Scotchwoman, you may not lend hand and heart to."

Colonel Ferguson held out his own hand as he spoke, and Miss Mackay, placing hers freely within it, renewed her promise of fidelity; promised to meet him at the hour he had appointed, trusting to her character and her purpose for protection against future scandal; and totally disclaiming all doubt of his honour and probity, she left him alone on the hill.

It may be supposed that Miss Mackay was somewhat agitated during the day, by the contemplation of this singular assignation; but her confidence in the young laird's integrity, and her own consciousness of a generous motive, strengthened her to overcome those misgivings and apprehensions natural to her age and sex; and to go through the ordinary business of the day, in Annie Ferguson's company, without betraying her internal disturbance.

The trio were sitting over a blazing fire of peat and bogwood, hearkening at intervals to the surgy wind, and the hoarse murmurs of the distant sea, (as these sounds broke in upon one of Colonel Ferguson's narratives of his adventures abroad,) they were thus sitting, when the Castle clock striking ten, reminded Annie that it was time to separate for the night. Her brother's habits rendering early hours essential to him, and calling for lights, she prepared to lead the way to their separate chambers.

Miss Mackay felt her cheek blanch, as this moment warned her of the approach of one pregnant with danger; but quickly rallying herself, she returned the Colonel's questioning glance with one of resolute confidence, and retired from the hall.

With the good sense peculiar to her character, Miss Mackay resisted a natural, yet fruitless desire of wasting the time she had to pass alone, in vain conjectures as to the nature of Colonel Ferguson's mystery; she knew such indulgence could only

be productive of pain and panic; vexing the resolution it could not subdue, and destroying that composure of judgment which she wished to maintain and exercise, when called upon to consider the lawfulness of taking an active share in the matter proposed; she therefore sat down and read till midnight.

Now and then, indeed, she turned her eye from her book to her large mullioned window, noticing the lights in the other windows of the castle disappearing one by one, till that whole side of the building became completely dark.

As the clock struck twelve, she threw on her wrapping plaid, and kneeling down for a few moments, in a short, earnest prayer, craved God's blessing and protection upon her, perhaps, rash enterprise. She rose from her knees with a strengthened spirit; and lightly descending the stairs, easily thrided the mazes of a long, intricate passage; let herself out of a back door into one of the open courts; whence she made her way through other deserted passages and roofless portions of the edifice, till she entered the remotest quadrangle belonging to the great tower, now completely abandoned of inhabitants.

The grasses of the court sighed to her steps and the sweep of her garments, as she passed swiftly through them. By the light of a small dark lanthorn, which she kept carefully turned in an opposite direction from the inhabited part of the mansion, she saw Colonel Ferguson was waiting for her.

In silence and respect he bowed his head as she came up to him; and leading the way, proceeded to a door at the foot of the tower. This he opened with a small key; and having entered at the bottom of a spiral staircase, locked the door, and turning towards her, asked her in a stifled voice, if she still felt confidence enough in him, to commit herself thus entirely to his honour, at such an hour? If she felt one painful doubt, he prayed her not to go on. Miss Mackay's *heart of woman* failed

her for a moment, as this interrogatory seemed to offer her immediate escape from a perilous adventure; but ashamed of the dishonouring panic, she roused her spirits, and replying courageously, that she relied implicitly on him, followed up the winding stairs.

From the first landing-place they turned into a suite of apartments, which beginning in this tower, were continued along one remaining side of that part of the building which had formerly contained the state apartments. These were large and comfortless; neither hangings nor furniture of any kind remaining in them. In some, the windows were entirely shaken out by the storms of successive winters; in others, they were loose and shaking.

Miss Mackay was much struck by the desolation of these once magnificent apartments, contrasting them, as she did in her imagination, with what they must have been in the days of the Bruce; and as she trod them, she could not forbear a sigh to the memory of times past, and of pleasures, in which she had never shared.

In the last chamber (which was smaller than the preceding one, and the windows of which were well secured, as if attention had kept them in order,) Colonel Ferguson stopped, locked the door, and warning Miss Mackay to remember all he did, pressed his foot upon the spring of a trap-door, which immediately started up. He then took the chilled hand of his passive companion (now seriously attentive), and led her down a steep flight of stone stairs, into a vault evidently running far under the castle.

Here the young laird paused, and pointing to a large iron chest, prayed Miss Mackay would sit down, while he should explain all that she had witnessed, and try to secure her aid in a good cause.

It is not necessary to detail here all that Colonel Ferguson said: suffice it, that Miss Mackay heard, for the first time from his lips, that the exiled person, whom she, in common with most true Scotchwomen, considered as her lawful Prince, was on the point of entering Scotland, to head such an army as his friends might privily have collected; hoping successfully to dispute the crown with its existing possessor, the Elector of Hanover.

Colonel Ferguson had become known to his native prince whilst on the Continent; and being solicited to join in an attempt to restore Charles Edward to what he believed his right, had, with much of youthful enthusiasm, directly entered into the scheme, and returned to Argyleshire, solely with views to that effect.

On his first settlement in Glenrowan, his hopes were strong; his confidence of success unbounded; for he believed every heart as truly disinterested and devoted as his own: but in the progress of his negociation with the different noblemen and gentlemen who were to take an active share in the enterprise, Colonel Ferguson found so much lukewarmness in some; rashness in others; folly, selfish policy, and rottenness of principle; that at the first shock he too hastily despaired of efficient support from those, whose integrity and capacity insured adherence unto death. His faculties became bewildered, so that he was not left sufficiently master of himself, to judge men's characters clearly. But he could not mistake that of the great chieftain in whose country his paternal estate was unluckily placed; and that chieftain, being the firmest and noblest adherent of the Hanoverian dynasty, came ever on the eye of Colonel Ferguson as an evil genius.

His own over-blown hopes were as hastily blighted as they had blown; until the most painful presentiments took possession of his mind, as to the issue of an affair on which the honour and happiness of thousands depended.

When this change of feeling occurred, the laird's spirits and manners had naturally altered too. Foreseeing a fatal end to the enterprise ere it began, and conscious that his castle contained documents of vital importance to many, he was tormented with apprehensions for others, which he scorned to quail under for himself. In the iron chest on which Miss Mackay sat, were deposited certain deeds and bonds from the great exile to different lairds and nobles, acknowledging the loan of monies, or pledging himself to reward given services by future grants.

These documents, if discovered, together with a correct list of all the persons contributing to the cause, either by gold or vassals, might prove the ruin of some of the best and bravest on Scottish ground; and though several in that list were, in Colonel Ferguson's opinion, unworthy of an honest man's anxiety; for the generous many, who were freely, disinterestedly risking all that is dear to human heart in aid of their wandering prince, he was ready to incur any personal forfeiture.

Colonel Ferguson was aware, that either just before, or immediately upon, his royal master's landing, he would be summoned to report certain needful details; and he feared leaving the high trusts committed to him, behind in the castle, (within the very grasp ot Argyle,) without leaving some one also, authorized to destroy them during his absence, should disastrous circumstances render such a measure necessary.

When Miss Mackay's uncommon character first opened upon him, he was struck with the motion that Providence had thus provided him with a person fitted to receive such a confidence, and to cooperate with him afterwards, in all he had at heart. Under such an impression he observed her more narrowly, and finally became confirmed in his early idea. At this critical period a summons arrived, commanding him to repair to the house of another staunch friend of the Stuarts, where Charles

Edward's most confidential agent was hourly expected from France. At this eventful moment, Miss Mackay had herself opened the way to confidence, when his amazed spirits were all alarm at the instant call upon them, unprovided as he yet was with a faithful coadjutor. The opportunity was not lost upon him; and he was now, with many expressions of high esteem, disclosing to her all that had so long weighed upon his own unsupported mind.

Miss Mackay's countenanee while Colonel Ferguson was speaking, encouraged the tale he told: she was evidently deeply interested; and the *leal heart* of a Scotch woman, warm, generous, self-devoting, (where she believed duty and loyalty demanded self-devotion,) sparkled in her fixed and speaking eye. The colour was restored richly to her cheek; and the high beating of her heart, (as the swelling and sinking of the plaid folding her bosom revealed its quick movements,) proved that in that heart there were confident hopes, as well as magnanimous resolution.

When Colonel Ferguson, in concluding, asked whether she would take upon her the charge of what he must leave behind him in the vault where they now stood; or, refusing that, simply give him her oath never to divulge to any one's detriment what he had just confided to her; — she replied cheerfully in the affirmative to the first; voluntarily binding herself never to reveal, while there could be danger to any individual by the disclosure, any part of what she had been listening to that night. Colonel Ferguson took her oath, pledged on her knees, over his pocket bible; then stooping to the chest from which she had risen, opened it, and displayed its contents.

«These leathern bags,» he said, pointing to several under his eye, «contain gold coin and jewels, contributed by faithful Scotchmen for the aid and support of their prince. This roll of

parchment is the list of contributors; this contains bonds and pledges in the royal Charles Edward's own hand. Now, hearken carefully to my instructions concerning each deposit. I go, assuredly to bear arms under my prince's banner, if I find it raised in Inverness: when this gold is needed, I will send a trusty messenger for it, to whom you must deliver it, under the shadow of night, with your own hands: even at midnight you shall have no cause to fear insult or unseasonable jesting from such a messenger. — Old or young, I will pledge my honour for his.»

A maidenly blush stained Miss Mackay's cheek, as she bowed, in token of satisfaction; and Colonel Ferguson resumed. «The arrival of such a messenger will be notified to you by the figure of a cross cut on the trunk of the great ash tree opposite your chamber window; and the number of bags you are to give him, you will learn from the number of very small crosses directly under the large one. If, instead of money, he comes to announce defeat and disaster, you will see the figure of an axe in place of the cross; and your business then will be to destroy every written paper or parchment in this chest. The gold itself can tell no tales, even to the quick-witted Argyle. After that, you may abide in or depart from this castle as you please, for then all will be over; and its master, most likely, lying a mangled corpse on a battle field.»

Colonel Ferguson's voice faltered at this part of his discourse, for he thought of his young and unconscious sister: he passed his hand once or twice over his eyes, then resumed in a kindly tone: «Do not think that I forget your safety, my dear Miss Mackay! (he took her hand with respect and tenderness,) I trust that, as all will depend upon your presence of mind, I am justified in believing there is no ground for apprehending evil to you. Shrouded in your plaid, not even the faithful gentleman whom I hope to charge with my commission, may discern your fea-

tures; nor can he know your voice accurately, as only a sort of pass-word need be exchanged. After he has carved his signal, (which, should he chance to be observed, may well pass for a traveller's idle sport,) he will repair at midnight to the door at the foot of these stairs. You will, therefore, proceed thither time enough to have previously executed your part of the perilous duty; and, as the clock strikes twelve, you will go down to the door, (of which he will not have a key,) and there you will find him waiting. Ere you unfasten the door, let the words ‚Bruce' and ‚Charles Edward' be mutually exchanged; you may then open it with safety. You will then silently place the treasure-bags in his hand; he will place a voucher for them in yours, and depart. This voucher you must carry back to the vault, and leave it in lieu of the gold. After this, you may return home at your leisure.

«Should, however, my messenger come to announce the necessity of destroying the written documents, you can burn them, by lighting them at the candle of your lanthorn, in the vault itself. Mark, mark, I pray you, all the peculiarities of the places you will have to pass through, as we return now, so that nothing may embarrass you, even should accident extinguish your light. Above all things, remember to leave the trap-door well settled on its supports, as it opens only from the outside; — for God's sake be careful to observe this.»

Miss Mackay promised attention to every particular; recapitulating to herself, very distinctly, the principal details of his instruction.

«And now, Colonel Ferguson,» she said, in a tone of kindness, somewhat tinctured with sadness, «should any evil betide yourself, which God forbid, how am I to know it, and what would you wish me to advise your sister to do? In such sad case, be assured I will abide by her to the last. Whilst I am mine

own, I will be hers; trying to supply by my longer experience of this world's ways, and by a calmer frame of mind than her then distressed one, the place of her most worthy brother."

Colonel Ferguson wrung Miss Mackay's hand in both his, with a feeling of gratitude too strong for words: tears stood in his eyes. Without otherwise thanking her, he replied at once to her question. — «If no suspicion has been roused concerning what is concealed here, and my poor Annie is left unmolested, let her remain here; for this is her home, — the home of those before her. But, if my adherence to my born prince is to be visited as a crime upon her innocent head, at the very first sign of such disposition, carry her into Flanders, or Holland, and there see her peaceably boarded in some Protestant family, with all the money and family-goods, which you may manage to take with you. The course of her future life I must leave in the hands of a gracious God, who will, I pray, bless you, Miss Mackay, for the comfort you are now affording to an affectionate and sorely-distressed brother."

Miss Mackay noticed this particular kindness to herself by a tearful smile; then suggested, that his initials, carved on the ash tree, would be accepted as the sorrowful token of his death or captivity; and, remembering the lateness of the hour, proposed to follow him, and take note of his various movements. After ascending the steps of the vault, reclosing the trap door, learning the secret of the spring, and retreading their way through solitary chambers down to the foot of the tower, Miss Mackay received there the keys of the tower door, that of the trap-chamber, and the more important one belonging to the iron chest. Benedictions were then exchanged whisperingly between her and her companion, who was to leave Glenrowan early next day; this done, they parted, pursuing separately a somewhat different way back to the inhabited quarter of the castle.

More than a fortnight elapsed after this, before Miss Mackay was called upon to execute any part of the commission with which the young laird had charged her. But, during that period, Colonel Ferguson wrote to his sister, excusing himself for prolonged absence, on the plausible pretext of a tour; and, agreeably with a concerted plan between them, Miss Mackay gathered from the form in which he wrote his signature, that Charles Edward's messenger was not yet arrived.

The innocent and ignorant Annie, gratified by the cheerful tone of her brother's letter, and remembering with pleasure his solicitous manner to her friend on the morning of his departure, neither guessed nor fancied any thing more occult in the epistle, than a little partiality intended to be displayed: she, therefore, handed it to her evidently-expectant companion, accompanying the action with girlish raillery at the obvious understanding betwixt her and her brother.

Miss Mackay, comprehending her fancy, took the raillery in good part; happy thus to beguile the poor girl from any suspicion of the real case.

Not long after this, one morning, at the hour of rising, Miss Mackay, who regularly went to her window to examine the trunk of the ash tree, observed on it the concerted sign, a large cross with two smaller ones beneath; her heart stopt, and then throbbed quicker than before: it was some minute ere she could compose herself sufficiently to descend to the breakfast room, and there talk and occupy herself as usual.

To be sure that she must go alone, at midnight, to the remotest part of the ruined castle, through deserted and undefended courts, and among ghastly chambers, the entrance to which she must lock after she had entered upon them, and thence descend into a gloomy vault, was sufficiently appalling to any woman. But when, in addition to this, Miss Mackay reflected

that she must trust herself (momentarily indeed) to a strange man, perhaps rude in manner, coarse in feelings, and libertine in habits, she shuddered at her own fool-hardiness, and with womanly delicacy arraigned herself for having consented to that part of Colonel Ferguson's arrangements. Continued reflection in some measure tranquilised her, as it assured her that such a person as Colonel Ferguson could have no friend that was not honourable, nor any selected agent who would not prove honest; added to this, she had the protection of a Power, which, I faithfully believe, never deserts us, till we abandon our better selves.

Half an hour before midnight, when all in the castle were ouried in sleep, Miss Mackay lighted her lanthorn, took the keys she needed, and wrapping herself from head to foot in her plaid, issued from the dwelling-house into the first court.

The moon shone so brightly, that she had no occasion for the light she carried; and the night was so still, that she almost fancied that she heard the beating of her heart, as well as the sound of her light tread as she passed along.

In the last quadrangle, just as she opened the tower door, she turned round, and looking up at the sky, put aside the hood of her tartan cloak, addressing, as she did so, in momentary prayer of the heart, the Creator of that splendid heaven, and of the peaceful earth on which she stood.

At that moment, an ill-suppressed sound, expressive of some strong feeling, (in another scene she might have deemed it one of admiration,) made her turn hastily towards the point whence it proceeded; a martial figure instantly stept forward into the moonlight, from the shadow of an arched passage, uttering in a suppressed voice, with a respectful obeisance, the name of «Bruce.»

Miss Mackay immediately acknowledged the messenger from

Colonel Ferguson, by articulating «Charles Edward,» and hurrying into the tower, locked herself tremblingly within it.

Even in this momentary glimpse of the person without, she thought his figure and bearing were those of a gentleman. The grace of his obeisance, nay, the very folding of his plaid, marked the high-born Highlander; his tartan also was that of the clan she most honoured: and with much of national pride and possible prejudice, believing herself safe with one of *gentle bluid*, she hastened to complete her task.

The moon shining directly upon the range of apartments she had to pass, lighted her securely through each; that gracious light seemed an angel companion through lonely chambers.

In the vault her lanthorn became useful; and finding, from the weight of the treasure-bags, that she could not well convey two at once, she ascended at separate times with them, and separately deposited them at the foot of the stairs. As she opened the tower door not a word was uttered, as she exchanged those heavy purses with him without for a slip of parchment, acknowledging their receipt in the name of Colonel Ferguson.

Again she closed and locked the door, returning to the vault to deposit the voucher there; then emerging from the tower, came forth into the sweet air with a heart thankful for the courage and protection heaven had lent her.

After this successful execution of the task imposed on her, Miss Mackay became more composed in her spirits; therefore had no longer to contend against her own uneasiness, whilst trying to amuse and enliven her naturally fearful companion.

«This, indeed, was no easy task; for Annie Ferguson was afraid of ghosts, afraid of storms, afraid of lonesomeness. Whilst her brother was near, she believed, with a child's credulity of its mother's power, that nothing could harm her; but he away, she felt like a superstitious invalid deprived of his charm. She

bewailed his absence too, not merely from the loss of his protection, but the loss of his dear society, and very soon refused comfort on the subject. From all this, Miss Mackay saw how rightly Colonel Ferguson had acted, by deciding against trusting his sister with his momentous secret; the very affection and timidity of that tender-hearted girl would have rendered it impossible for her to have gone through the agitating duty which a firmer heart and hand had just executed.

The laird's absence crept on from week to week. Neither by private intimation, nor from public report, did Miss Mackay hear of the French agent's arrival in Scotland; and her zeal in Charles Edward's cause made her suffer much anxiety in consequence.

Winter was now far advanced; all its dreary sounds of dismal winds, screaming wild-fowl, together with the vexed boughs of leafless trees, were heard echoing through the glen: the paths were strewed with the ruins of many a summer bower, and, except the heavy Norway crow, and the bright-eyed robin, not a bird remained to court its daily dole at the hand of Annie Ferguson.

Now began the season for long fireside evenings, and yet longer tales of witch, apparition, mysterious disappearance, and fearful murder! Miss Mackay vainly endeavoured sometimes to substitute for these a course of improving reading, or to circulate a more cheerful tone of conversation amongst the few families who came now and then, in pure charity, ten or twelve miles off, to visit «Annie Ferguson, puir body, that was left amaist her lane by that daft chiel her brother.»

Traversed by others, Miss Mackay's efforts were fruitless; and she herself often retired from these lugubrious conversations (for she was not beyond every female weakness) with sensations, which, if they were not absolute fear, amounted to uncomfortableness.

With such a feeling, she one night withdrew, after listening to a peculiarly awful story of presentiment fearfully fulfilled, as related by a maiden aunt of Annie Ferguson's over a dying fire. It was a most unlucky period for such impression, as Miss Mackay had in the morning received intimation, by a new sign on the ash tree, that she was again required to visit the haunted part of the castle; for haunted of course, in common with all other deserted dwellings, it was said to be.

It was a dismal night. The roar of the distant sea was heard in the intervals of the still louder and more fearful wind; for the latter literally pealed like thunder through the mountain chasms.

The crash of trees, the fall of heavy fragments from the walls and towers of the castle, added to the din and the danger. Not a star was visible; every thing was covered with thick darkness.

Miss Mackay had a woman's heart, though it was of woman's highest order; and her's beat with a little personal fear, as she hurried under the tottering ruins and groaning trees: her greatest apprehensions soon arose from fancying some one was solicitously following her.

She thought she distinctly heard steps pursuing her's; quickening, relaxing, pausing, as her's did by turns. For one brief instant, the superstition of a person's own spirit following, to warn them of threatening death, crossed her mind, and made her heart sick; but quickly recovering, she pressed desperately onward.

Miss Mackay's entrance to the tower was now a relief to her; any spot within walls seemed a shelter from the darkness and danger without. She locked the door with her former precaution, and carefully seeing that the candle in her lanthorn was in no risk of extinction, proceeded up the winding staircase.

Through the long suite of dark chambers she was obliged to

traverse, howling blasts, like the voices of denouncing spirits, accompanied her, instead of that angel light which had appeared to bless and to sanctify her progress when she last trod the same floors.

Even the strong mind of Miss Mackay felt the influence of this change; and her imagination soon peopled the gloomy void before her, though but at startling moments, with visionary shapes. She hurried breathlessly on, less fearful of losing her light by some sudden gust entering at the vacant window-frames, than of actually beholding some monstrous apparition.

Her hands shook a little as she lifted and settled the trap door on its moveable rest; but, ere she had taken out and counted the bags of gold sent for by Colonel Ferguson, her nervous tremor began to subside.

She returned to the door at the foot the tower successively with each load, with a far steadier step and calmer spirit than when she had entered it. Ere she opened the door, she exchanged the challenging words with the person without; then placed the treasure in his hand, and, re-fastening the door, returned to deposit the receipt he had given her in the iron chest.

Miss Mackay now ran quickly through the many apartments leading to the vault; for her lightened spirit gave elasticity to her body, and she smiled in gentle defiance on the fierce blasts as she descended the stone staircase.

Just as she was stooping to deposit the little document in the chest, a manyringing crash, and then a thundering clap, made her start, and utter an exclamation of alarm. Her next action was o fly up the steps, which were vibrating from some great shock.

The trap door had fallen down from the force of the tempestuous wind, as it blew in the whole of the loosened window just over it; smashing and scattering all its glass.

In a moment, Miss Mackay comprehended her misfortune: she endeavoured to push up the door again, whilst yet perhaps not firmly fixed, but it resisted her strongest efforts. Her wilder, nay, almost maddened, attempts were equally vain. She then hastened down for her lanthorn, by the light of which she hoped to discover the spring which secured the trap door; for though she remembered that Colonel Ferguson had asserted there was no opening the door from within, she trusted he might probably have exaggerated the danger of carelessness, only to make her more watchful over the whole concern.

The aid of her lanthorn was now useless; if she did indeed discover where the spring was situated, she found it equally immoveable as before. Again and again she made the trial; calling aloud for help, between each agonizing failure. No voice answered her. The awful wind, pealing above the battlements, now with solemn continuity, now rushing with shrilly shriek through a thousand charms and crannies of the ruin, were the only sounds that returned to her ear: — her feeble cry must be drowned in such a tempest.

That single human being who could alone have succoured her, perhaps, (the messenger from Colonel Ferguson,) must be now, she knew, too far beyond the precincts of the castle for any of its sounds to reach him; and if he were gone, (which he must be, if true to his duty,) ought she to summon other aid?

At this agitating question, Miss Mackay sank upon the steps with the motion of one who has received his sentence of death; her cry involuntarily ceased, whilst a cold dew spread all over her. A confusion of thoughts and feelings, of fears and resolutions, doubts and perplexities, crowded through her mind, without her being able to fix one of them, so as to ascertain what would be right, what criminal. She saw that she must either risk the discovery of Colonel Ferguson's secret, together

with the lives of all the persons concerned with him, or she must be content to remain and perish where she was.

Miss Mackay was of a truly heroic character: she could have met death on the scaffold in a good and great cause, as nobly as the bravest spirit that ever bent neck to the headsman's axe; but a lingering and lonely death — death by inches, was a sacrifice almost beyond her strength, and she contemplated it with a degree of horror. This was aggravated by a religious fear of being thus punished for presumptuous sin. It was possible that the Searcher of all hearts had found in her's, iniquity unsuspected or overlooked by herself — pride and self-consequence; and for some time this fear awed her into passiveness.

But again human infirmity revived: once more she resumed, with earnest prayers resumed, her attempts at releasing herself; and was as often forced, from alternate fatigue and conviction of its hopelessness, to abandon the attempt.

At length, quite exhausted, she left the steps, and throwing herself on the floor of the vault from the damp of which her plaid in some degree protected her, endeavoured to compose herself, not to sleep, but to patience; first commending her desolate state to the pity and protection of the only Being who could now rescue her; and trusting that his mercy might enable her, when day dawned, to discover some mode of raising the trap.

It may be imagined that no slumbers visited Miss Mackay's aching eyelids: she lay listening to the dismal sounds without, watching the progress and decay of the storm, till by degrees the wind died wholly away, and heavy rain succeeded. Even in her dungeon she could hear it pouring in, through rifts in the roof, and splashing over the door of the trap. Comfortless as was this sound, it was more welcome to Miss Mackay than that of the wind, since it afforded some probability of her cries being

heard, should her troubled mind eventually decide upon the lawfulness of calling for aid.

From the abatement of the storm, she could now hear the great clock of the castle; she first heard it strike the hour of five. Morning was then begun; but it was a December morning, and it would be long ere broad day. The candle in her lanthorn was long since burnt out: she was in utter darkness. Hours crept on, crept on, till at length noon came; but even so, not a gleam of cheering day penetrated to poor Miss Mackay: the door of the trap fitted so perfectly, that it left not a chink for a ray to enter; and at this conviction, all her terrors were renewed.

Another and another desperate attempt succeeded, as the horn of a hunter on the hills came indistinctly on her ear, well nigh maddening her with its sound. Life, freedom, were without, while she was perishing in a place where none would think to seek her.

With death thus before her, Miss Mackay thought of poor Annie Ferguson, — of Colonel Ferguson's grief, nay, remorse, when he should find that she had fallen a sacrifice to his fatal confidence; and, for a few bewildering instants, during which she called piercingly and wildly for help, she fancied her death would weigh as heavily upon his conscience, as would have done the lives of those other persons for whom she was dying; for they surely must have contemplated and accepted the probability of losing life in the cause they had embraced.

In such alternations of distraction and resignation, Miss Mackay wore out the whole of a day, every moment of which seemed aggravated into hours. Each hour, as it passed, diminished her strength and her hopes, for she had nothing to eat; and that deathly sensation of complete exhaustion from want of food, began to overcome her, which precedes, in a delicate stomach,

the sharper pangs of hunger. Towards night-fall a cold and benumbing sensation began to creep over her; her head grew giddy, and she had the consciousness of a wandering in her mind, which alarmed her at herself.

Miss Mackay now raised herself on her knees, and with clasped hands, — no longer wildly, impatiently wrung, — but locked together in earnest supplication, implored mercy and mental strength from the Source of all good.

She first besought pardon for every sin of her past life; then craved support under the heavy dispensation of the present hour. The will of her heavenly Father appeared to her too clearly indicated, for her to use further importunity on the subject of escape from it. With Christian humbleness, therefore, she prepared to receive and drink the bitter cup ordained for her, by Him who knows what is best for his creatures.

Miss Mackay prayed long and fervently, though not in audible words; for her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, and her voice fell back with each effort to raise it. Every moment her head grew more benumbed; a general stagnation of her blood and senses followed, and by degrees shut out sound, feeling, suffering, consciousness: — she fell, without knowing it, totally deprived of every thing like life, except faint breathing, upon the steps of the vault.

Miss Mackay's eyes were not closed for ever: — she opened them again, after the lapse of an hour; — saw the vault, a lanthorn burning before her on its floor, and a figure kneeling by her side, with a hunter's flask, with which he had just been moistening her lips and chafing her temples.

It was Colonel Ferguson himself, who had thus been providentially sent to her rescue.

Twenty-four hours after he had dispatched his messenger to Glenrowan, one of the written documents in the iron chest be-

came necessary, and he therefore set off himself, for the purpose of obtaining it. Having the master-key of all the apartments, and arriving at night-fall, he had neither time nor occasion for seeking Miss Mackay's assistance, so proceeded at once to the tower. There he meant to have left, with the receipt for the paper, a few lines, informing Miss Mackay of what he had done, and why he could not shew himself in the castle. He had gone calmly on as usual, through all the apartments; had stopped a few moments to observe the damage done to the windows of the last chamber, by the storm of the preceding night, and having lifted the trap, was descending its steps, when the bright tartans of Miss Mackay's plaid, shining under the light he held, made him start back.

The absence of other light than his own, her ghastly hue and stillness, at once proclaimed her miserable fate. He sprang down the remaining steps, immediately conceiving the cause of her situation, and, with happy presence of mind, poured into her lips a few drops of ardent spirits.

As this unwonted cordial began to renew warmth in the stomach, the heart resumed its action; and by slow degrees Miss Mackay recovered life and consciousness.

Ere Colonel Ferguson asked her any questions, he made her swallow a few morsel of the oaten cake with which he was provided for travelling; and when this also had produced a reviving effect, he briefly stated the purpose of his journey, devoutly acknowledging Heaven's goodness in thus sending him to her relief, and pledged himself to call upon her no more for a similar act of friendship and loyalty.

«Since I shall now take away with me all those dangerous documents," he said, «the gold and my own private papers may be entirely trusted to the brave and well-tried young chieftain, who has hitherto received them from your hands. He will hence-

forth come to this vault himself; as I shall direct him; and the keys in your possession will therefore be transferred by me to him.

«Your dangerous office then ceases here, my dear Miss Mackay,» continued Colonel Ferguson, with much emotion, «and God be praised, ever prais'd, that I have not the woe upon my head, of having sacrificed your valuable life to my unwarranted demands upon a courage and kindness which I had no right to task thus.»

Whilst he spoke, Miss Mackay was on her knees, inwardly thanking the Almighty for her great deliverance: she had not heard a word he said; but, upon his repetition of it, and reminding her that they must provide some plausible excuse for her long absence, she rose, bathed in relieving tears, and tried to calm her grateful spirit.

As her absence could only have been noticed since the breakfast hour, and as she was often in the habit of rambling before that meal, it might well be supposed that the stormy rain had kept her in some distant cavern or shealing, even till the present late hour; because a renewal of the early morning's heavy rain had actually occurred very soon after the two hours of fair weather, which, it might be conjectured, had tempted Miss Mackay abroad.

It was now late evening, indeed dark evening; but it was not absolute night; and, sufficiently strengthened by another small portion of Colonel Ferguson's travelling fare, Miss Mackay prepared, with the support of his arm, to retrace her way to the house.

At the last court he left her, with many a whispered benediction and expression of regret that he might not accompany her into the house, and embrace his fond Annie. By the way he had informed Miss Mackay of all connected with his own mission, and thus enabled her clear unbiassed mind to calculate the probability of success or failure for the great enterprise in hand. She gave many sighs, as they parted, to the doubtful prospects of her Prince.

Though greatly alarmed at her friend's long absence, and at the return of various servants sent to seek her in accustomed haunts, Annie Ferguson easily credited the slight account Miss Mackay rather implied, than boldly told, concerning her detention by an accidental fainting fit, in a mountain hollow;

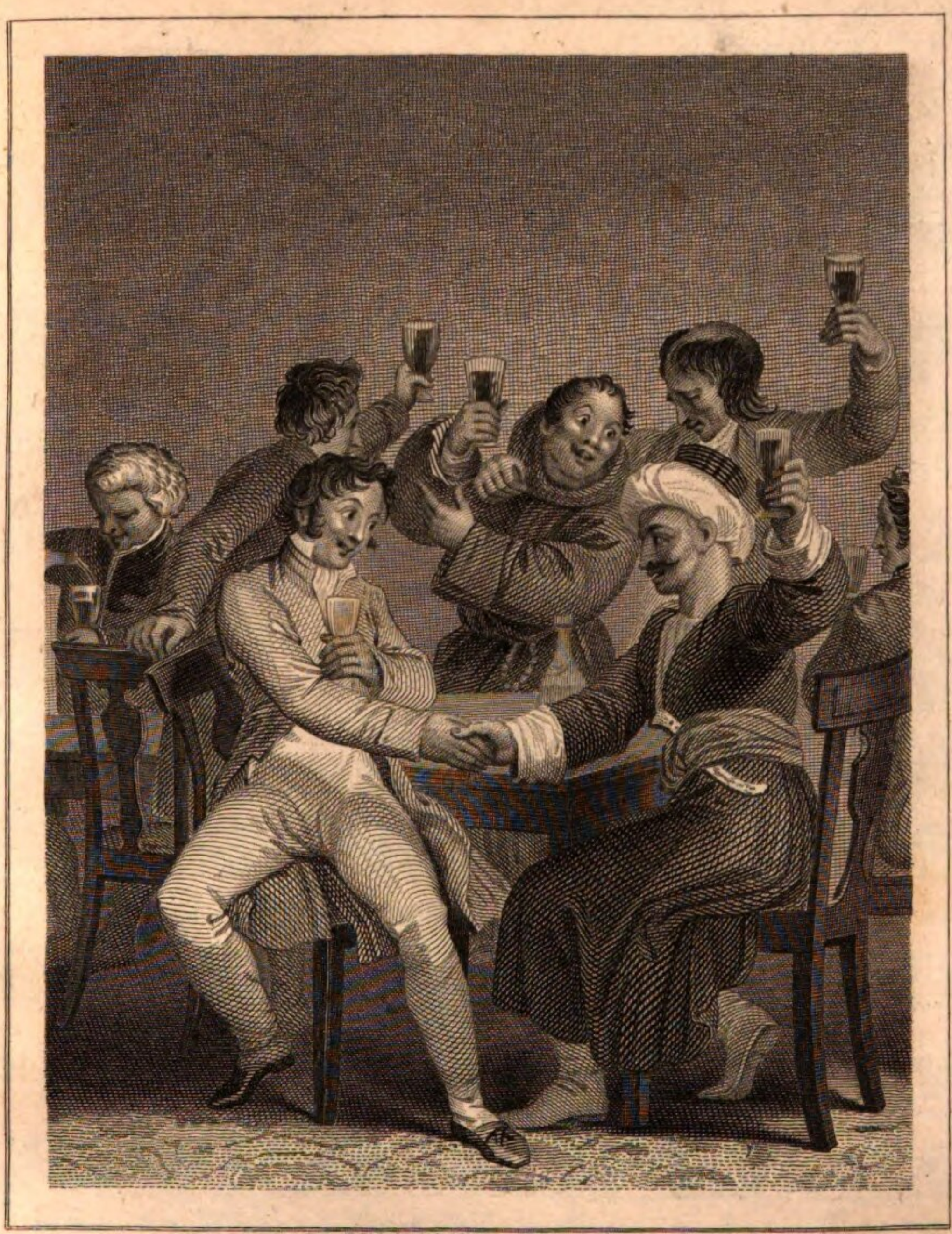
and, seeing her pale and shivering, occupied herself so anxiously in administering to her imagined indisposition, that further particulars were not questioned. With many a tender caress, the affectionate girl saw her friend comfortably in bed; and having given a warm posset of her own making left her to grateful rest.

Here Miss Mackay's share in the schemes of the Scottish lairds may be said to have terminated; for after this night's adventure, her services were no longer demanded.

Every one knows the fate of that disastrous enterprise. Colonel Ferguson never returned to his home: he fell bravely on the field of Culloden. Miss Mackay subsequently became the wife of the gallant Highlander who had shared with her in the secret of the tower.

This young chieftain's ardent imagination had at first been roused by Colonel Ferguson's description of her magnanimous courage and devoted loyalty; his senses were easily captivated afterwards, by the view he had of her person, under the embellishing light of the moon; and the finishing stroke was put to her conquest of him, by the mixed anxiety and admiration with which he had silently protected, by following her through the raging elements of a night ever memorable to both.

After they married, Annie Ferguson, sad and bereaved, yet still clinging to some loved support, accompanied the well-matched pair abroad, where they all lived for many years in such happiness as this mixed world can afford, even to the best and happiest. When all hope ceased of the Stuarts' restoration, Annie deemed it her duty to return and take up her abode amongst her own people in Glenrowan. There she spent a somewhat pensive life; for pious sentiments strengthening with her age, kept it from being a melancholy one. She never married; but dedicated her few powers of mind, and many excellent qualities of heart, to the solace and succour of all within her reach. At Glenrowan she was occasionally visited by her faithful friends and their children; and there, when the brown hair of my heroine was grey, did that heroine herself relate the tale I am now telling, with lively gratitude for her mighty deliverance.



Bl. Höfel Sc. Wiener Neustadt

IRISH MELODIES

by THOM. MOORE.

Come send round the Wine.

Spirited.

pia for pia for pia

Come, send round the wine and leave points of be-lief To simpleton sages and reas'n-ing fools; This mo-ment's a flow'r too fair and brief, To be wither'd and stain'd by the

Lithogr. by R. Schlicht Mannheim

Scherzando
pia

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur-ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quarrel for diff'rence of hue De-

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for *pia* *for*

tr

f *p*

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Air — *We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
  To simpleton sages and reasoning fools:
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
  To be without and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue;
  But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
  Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
  In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
  If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
  To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
  Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

„See yonder, round a many-colour'd flame,
A merry club is huddled all together;
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone."

Goëthe.

„Who goes there?"

„Rounds."

„What rounds?"

„Grand rounds."

„Stand, grand rounds — advance one and give the countersign."

„Waterloo."

„Pass, grand rounds: all 's well."

Splash went the steed, and patter went the rain, as the above dialogue rapidly passed between the officer of the rounds and the advanced sentry of Ballycraggen guard-house, one stormy night in the depth of December, and in the midst of the Wicklow mountains.

„Guard, turn out!" instantly bellowed with true Highland energy, from the lungs of Sergeant M'Fadgen, and echoed quickly by those of Corporal O'Callaghan, increased the panic to its climax, and broke up the circle of story-tellers who were enjoying themselves round a huge turf fire, and, for aught yet known, a bottle of pure potyeen. „Guard, turn out!" repeated the corporal, as he upset, in his haste to obey, the stool on

which he sat, as well as the lance-corporal and a fat private who occupied one end of it; but notwithstanding these little embarrassments, both men and musquets were out of the guard-house in a twinkling — silent, and as steady in line as the pillars of the Giants' Causeway.

The officer's visit did not last many seconds, for the night was too wet, and nothing had occurred with the guard worth his particular notice: off he galloped, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs was almost drowned in the word of command given by Sergeant M'Fadgen, as he returned the guard; for the Sergeant always made it a point, when giving the word within the hearing of an officer, to display the power of his non-commissioned lungs in the most laudable manner.

The arms were speedily laid down, and each man ran to take up his former position at the fire, or perhaps to secure a better, if permitted to do so by the rightful owner: this, however, was, as regarded the stools, without any reference whatever to the sergeant's seat — an old oak chair, which he leisurely, gravely, and consequentially resumed.

«The Major was in a hurry to-night, Sergeant,» observed Corporal O'Callaghan, as he fixed himself at the front of the fire, elbowing his supporters right and left.

«The Major's nae fool, Corporal; it's a cauld an' a raw naight,» replied the Sergeant.

«Could, did ya say, Sergeant,» returned O'Callaghan; «By the powers o' Moll Kelly! he knocks fire enough out o' the wet stones to keep both him and the baste warm: I could ha' lit my pipe with it when he started off.»

«Aweel, he's done his duty as effectally as if he had stopped an hoor; so dinna fash, but gi' us that story you were jist commencing afore the turn-oot.»

«Yes, yes, the story, Corporal!» — «Give us the story;» —

«That 's the thing, my boy;» — «Let us have it.» These, and a dozen similar requests followed the Sergeant's, from the men of the guard; when, after the due quantity of hems, haws, and apologies, usually in all such cases, Corporal O'Callaghan commenced the following

STORY OF MARIA DE CARMO.

«Well! if yiz *will* have the story, I suppose I must tell it: — Maria de Carmo, you see, is a Portuguese name, as *you* Redmond, and *you* Tom Pattherson knows well: for it 's often you saw the self-same young girl I 'm going to tell about; and as purty a crature she was as ever stept in shoe leather, — a beautiful and as sweet a young blossom as the sun ever shone upon, with her black curls, and her white teeth, set just like little rows of harpsichord kays; and her eyes, and her lips, and her ancles! O! she bet all the girls I ever saw in either Spain or Portugal: that you may depend upon. Well, Harry Gainer was her sweetheart; poor fellow! he was my comrade for many a long day. *You* knew him well, Sergeant.»

«I listed the lad mysel at Waterford, aboot this time ten years, as near as possible; an' a gay callant he was,» said M'Fadgen; and then with an important sigh resumed his pipe.

«Well, Harry and I went out with the rigiment from Cork to Lisbon in 1810, and it was in March; for we spent our Patrick's Day aboord, and drowned our shamrock in a canteen of ration rum, just as we were laving sight o' Ireland: and we gave the counthry three cheers on the forecastle — the whole lot of us together, sailors an' all, as the green hills turned blue, an' began to sink away from our sight. We had a fine passage, an' landed at a place called the Black Horse Square, in Lisbon, afther only six days' sailing, as hot and as fine a day, although in March, as one of our July days here. Well — to make a long

story short, we made no delay, but, according to ordthers, were embarked aboord the boats, and sailed up the Tagus to Villa Franca (as pretty a river as ever I sailed in), and then the rigiment marched on to Abrantes, where we halted: it was in this town that Harry first met with Maria de Carmo. Both he and I were quarthered at her father's house, a nice counthry sort of place, what the Portuguese call a *Quinta*, in the middle of a thick wood of olives, on the side o' the high hill of Abrantes. You could see from the door fifty miles and more, over beautiful blue mountains on one side; an' on the other side, across the Tagus, a fertile, cultivated counthry, with the fine wide river itself, like a looking-glass, wandering away — God knows where. O, it was as purty a spot as any in Ireland, I 'm sure, barrin' the town itself; and that was a dirty, narrow hole of a place, on the very top o' the high hill, — yet it was fortified all round, as if it was worth living in. The streets are so narrow that you could shake hands out o' the windows with the opposite neighbours. There's a bit of a square, to be sure, or Praça, as they call it, but that's not worth mentioning. The fact is, I often thought that the town of Abrantes was like a big dunghill in the middle o' Paradise.

«We halted here about a month, during which time Gainer was always looking afther this young girl; and faith! he hadn't much throuble to find her any day, for she was just as fond of looking afther him. I often met them both sthrolling up along the side o' the river, like two turtle doves, billing and cooing, and I could ha' tould how the matther would have gone, in two days afther we arrived; for, 'pon my sowl I don't know how it is, but when a young couple meets, that's made for one another, there is such an atthraction, an' such a snaking toward this way an' that way, that they are always elbowing and jostling, 'till they fall into each other's arms.

«Poor Harry was a warm-hearted sowl as ever was born, and as honourable, too. He came to me the night before we marched from Abrantes for Elvas, and says he to me (we were just outside the town, taking a bit of a walk in an orange garden), says he, 'Tom,' an' the poor fellow sighed enough to brake his heart; 'Tom,' says he, 'I don't know what to do with that girl; the rigiment marches to-morrow, and God knows will I ever see her again. She wants to come with me, unknown to her parents.' 'An' will you take her?' says I. — 'Take her, Tom,' says he; 'is it an' she, the only child of the good-natured ould man that behaved so well to us? The Lord forbid! I 'd sooner jump off this hill into the river than I 'd lade a sweet and innocent young girl asthray, to brake the heart o' her father.'

Och, I knew well, before I mintioned it, that Harry's heart was in the right place. — 'Well,' says I, 'you must only lave her, poor thing; it 's hetther nor take her with you. But what does her father say?' 'O,' says Harry, 'the poor man would be willing enough to let her marry me if I was settled; but although he likes me so much, he knows well that this is no time for marriages with soldiers.' 'Well, then, Harry,' says I, 'there 's no manner o' use in talking; you must only give her a lock o' your hair and a parting kiss, — then God speed you both.'

«With that we went back to our quarthers, an' took share of a canteen o' wine; but although Harry drank, I saw it was more for the dthrowning of his throubles, and the sake of conversation about Maria, than for any liking he had to licker. But faith! I 'm sure, although I 'm no great hand at it myself, I think a glass on such an occasion as that, when the heart o' the poor fellow was so full, an' my own not very empty, an' when we were going to march from the town we spent some pleasant

hours in, was a thing that if a man could not enjoy, he ought to be thrown behind the fire, as a dthry chip.

«We were just finishing the last glass, when the ould man, our Patroa, Signior Jozé, came to say that we must ate a bit o' supper with him, as it was our last night in the place; and although I didn't undtherstand much o' the language, yet he explained himself well enough to make us know that he was in the right earnest o' good-nature. We had no more wine to offer him, at which he smiled, and pointed to the parlour below, — '*La esta bastante*,' says he; which manes *there's enough below stairs, my boys.* We went down to supper, which was a couple of *Galinias boas*, or in plain English, *roast fowls*, — an' soup: with oranges of the best quality, just plucked out of the ould man's garden. Maria was with us, an' I don't think I ever passed a pleasanter night. God knows whether it was so with Harry an' his sweetheart or not; I believe it was a sort o' mixture. They were both not much in the talking way, an' Maria looked as if she had a hearty male o' crying before she sat down to supper. However, I kept up the conversation with Jozé, though I was obliged to get Harry to interpret for me often enough, as he was a far betther hand at the Portuguese than I was, from always discoursing with Maria — faith! in larning any language there's nothing like a walking dictionary; — that is to say a bit of a *sweetheart.*

«Signior Jozé gave us a terrible account o' the French when they came to Abrantes first; an' all he feared was, that ever they should be able to make their way there again. He hoped he would never see the day, on account of his dear Maria, for they nather spared age nor sex in the unfortunate counthry.

«'They call themselves Christians,' says he, 'and the English infidels; but actions, afther all, are the best things to judge by: the sign o' the cross never kept a devil away yet; if

so, there should not have been such a *Legion* of them here along with the French, for we had *crosses* enough.'

«Jozé was a liberal man in his opinions, an' although a Catholic, an' more attached to Harry an' me from professing the same religion, yet he was not like the bigots of ould, that I read of; but one that looked upon every faith in a liberal light. He was for allowing every man to go to the devil his own way.»

«I dinna ken but Jozé was raight,» drily remarked Sergeant M'Fadgen; to the truth of which observation a general admission was given by all the fire-side listeners.

«Well, we broke up about one o'clock purty merry, but not at all out o' the way; and as we had to march, a little after day-brake, I thought three or four hours' rest would do us no harm: so I wouldn't let the Patroa open another bottle. Harry looked a little out o' sorts at my preventing him; but I knew what he was at — he didn't want the dthrink; but just to keep sitting up with the girl: therefore I thought it betther to go; for he an' she would have been just as loth to part if they had been six weeks more together without stopping.

«Next morning we turned out at day-brake; an' faith! Harry might as well have staid up all night for the sleep he got — he looked the picture of misery and throuble. We had our rations sarved out the day before; but faith! *we* did not want much o' that — Harry and I; for Jozé had stuffed our haversacks with every spacies of eatables.

«We mustherd in the square or market-place, — mules and all, by four o'clock, and at half-past four we marched off to the chune o' *Patrick's Day*, upon as fine a band as ever lilted; which, in the middle o' foreign parts, as I was, made me feel a little consated, I assure you. The rigiment was followed by a crowd of Portuguese, as far as the bridge over the Tagus where we crossed. Poor devils! the band didn't seem to make *them*

look pleasanter; they were like as if they suspected we were not certain of keeping the French out long.

Just as the light company was moving on to the bridge, (Harry and I belonged to the light company,) we halted a few minutes, and he fell out to spake a parting word to Maria an' her father, who were both waiting then at the bridge. Her mantilia a'most covered her face; but still I saw the tears rowling down her cheeks, poor girl, like rain. In a few moments the column moved on, and Harry was obliged to fall in. We both shook hands with the ould father — Harry kissed his sweetheart, and we marched on over the bridge. But to make a long story short, our rigiment remained at Elvas about three months, when the French began to attack us, and we retrated upon Abrantes. This was the time that they boasted of going to dthrive us into the sea, clane out o' Portugal; but by my sowl the Mounseers never were more mistaken in their lives. Well, we hadn't hard from Maria for two months, and I remember it was late in the evening when we entehred Abrantes on our retrate. Harry and I didn't want to taste bit or sup till we went down to ould Jozé's house, and there we larnt that he died of a faver six weeks afore: poor ould man! I was sorry to hear it, an' so was Harry — very sorry indeed. We inquired about the daughther, an' hard that she was living with a particular friend of her father's, at the other end o' the town. We soon found her out, although she was denied to us at first by an ould woman; but faith! a nice-looking young lad, dressed like a *pysano*, or counthry-boy, with a wide black hat an' red worsted sash on him, came out driving along, and threw his arms round Harry's neck, hugging an' kissing him. By my sowl! the boy was *herself*, sure enough. The fact is, Maria had dthressed herself up like a boy, fearful that the French would ill use her when they came into the town; an' they expected them from report,

two days before. Faith! an' so they would, I 'd warrant ye; for they never showed much mercy to a purty girl once in their power.

«The people with which Maria now lived, were good cratures, and as fond of her as if she was their own. They insisted upon us stopping with them, although there was six soldiers more in the house. A good room was provided for us, an' every thing comfortable. Harry and Maria made much o' their time; but I was obliged to go on the baggage-guard, so left them to themselves. Next morning, at day-light, we were all undther arms, and marched out o' the town towards Punhete. We were the rear-guard, and as we expected the advanced guard of the French up, we were prepared to give 'em a *good morning:* the baggage was all on, an hour before. Sure enough the enemy hung on our rare the whole day, and towards night our company had a bit of a brush with 'em.

«But I forgot to tell ya, that as we left the town of Abrantes, in the dusk o' the morning, and the column was moving down the hill, the mist was so thick I could hardly see Harry, although so close to my elbow; but I hard him discoursing a little with a Portuguese that walked beside him. ‚When did you lave Maria,' says I. — 'Hush, man,' says he, 'she 's here.' — 'O, by the Powers!' says I again, 'Harry, my boy, you did right, for she'd be desthroyed by these thundthering French beggars.' — 'For God's sake!' says Harry, 'then don't let on to mortyal man anything about it: she can be with us until I can get her down to her friends in Lisbon.' I made no reply, but just put out my hand to Maria, who was close to Harry, an' I shook hands with her. 'O, my honey!' says I, 'you 'll be as good a little soldier as any in the division: take a dthrop out o' this canteen.' Poor thing! she smiled and seemed happy, although we had no great prospects of an asy life of it, for a few days at laste. She

wouldn't taste the rum, of coorse, but with the best humour in the world, pulled out a tin bottle and dthrank a little of its contents, which I saw was only milk.

«The mist began to rise above us by this time, and the sun threw out a pleasant bame or two, to warm us a bit; for the men were all chilly with the djew. In a few minets, the walking and the canteens produced a little more talk along the line o' march, and we seemed as merry as a bag o' flays, cracking our jokes all along; although a squadthron o' blue bottles was plain enough to be seen, on their garrons, through the bushes on the top o' the hill behind us; but divel a toe they daared come down. Well! we arrived at Punhete, about one o'clock, and afther ating some beef, just killed and briled on a wooden skewer; and washing it down with a canteen o' wine: the division crossed the river *Se hairy*,* an' encamped on the other side in green tents: that is, good wholesome branches o' cork, chesnut, olive, and orange threes waving purtily over our heads. Dy you remember the night, Pattherson? Dy *you* Redmond?»

«Yes, faith! we do," says Patterson; «and that was the first time I saw Maria, though I then thought she was a boy.»

«Well, I'll never forget that night as long as I live. There we were, Harry, and Maria, and myself, undther a three, with a ratling fire blazing away before us. We gave our blankets to the girl when the men were asleep, and I got plenty of India corn straw, which is like our flaggers, an' made up a good bed for her, an' stuck plenty o' branches into the bank over her, to keep off the djew. There she slept, poor sowl! while Harry and I sat at the fire, until we fell asleep, discoursing o' one thing or other. We had some grapes an' bread, an' a thrifle o' wine which I got in the town on the way (becaise I had a look out for a dthry day), upon which the whole of us faisted well.

* *Zehere.*

„When the girl fell asleep, Harry towld me all about her coming away with him. Says he, 'Tom, you 're my only friend in the regiment that I would confide in, and if I fall I request you will do what 's right for that poor dear girl, just the same as a sisther.' 'Don't talk about falling,' says I, 'till you 're dead in earnest. God forbid ya should ever lave us without *falling in* with a few score o' the French scoundthrels and giving them their godsend.'

„'Well,' says he, 'Tom there's no knowing any of our fates, so God bless you, do as I bid you.' (I shook his hand, and it was in thrue friendship too. I didn't spake; but he knew what I meant.) 'She has got most respectable friends in Lisbon, and here's the adthress — „*Rua de Flores, Lisbōa.*" I took the paper, and put it up in the inside breast-pocket o' my jacket, where I kept my *will* in case I was *settled*; for I had a thrifle which I wished my mother and sisther to get in case of accident; an' by my sowl, there was plenty o' rason to expect it, for the report was that the French was coming up in very great force. 'Tom,' says he, 'that sweet girl sleeping there, is as dear to me as my life; an' dearer too. I 'll take care of her, plase God, until I bring her to her friends; now that her father is dead and she's an orphan, she shall be to me only as a sisther, until we get to Lisbon, an' then she shall be my wife. Therefore, stand by me, Tom, in protecting her on the march. In the dthress she now wears, she will pass as a muleteer of our division, and not rise wondther in the men. We must say that his mule was killed, an' that he is a good fellow we have taken a liking to — if any body asks about her. I took her away for the best; becaise she was in danger of every thing bad, and also a burthen to the people she was with, at such a time as this. I swore on the Holy Evangelists, before the ould couple, that I would protect her to Lisbon inviolate, and I hope I 'll keep my oath, Tom.

If I brake it, may that burning log there watch my corpse!' 'Then,' says I, 'Harry, I 'll do my part, an' if I don't mane to do it, may the same light watch mine!'

«In this way we talked over the night, until the day broke. We could just see all spread undther the threes, the men snoring fast asleep, an' the senthries posted in front. Before the light got much clearer, I spied, over on the hill fornent us about half-a-quarter of a mile, our pickets moving in a bit of a hurry; and faith! about half a dozen shots from them showed us plainly what sort of a storm was beginning. The alarm was amongst us in a minet, an' every one of us sazed the cowld iron, in the twinklin' of a bed-post. 'Harry,' says I, 'waken poor Maria.' — 'Yes,' says he, 'God help her, I will.' With that he did, and without frightening her much, towld her to keep him in sight, but not to be very close to him when he was in a danger. O she was a heroine every inch of her! She didn't spake much, but bowldly buttoned her coat, put her hand on her heart, and looked at him as if she said, 'Wherever you are, there will I be.»

Very few minutes more passed, till the Granadiers and we (being the light company) were ordthered out to cover the retrate; a squadthron o' the French 16th dragoons, in green coats and brass helmets, came trhotting up the road through the ravine, that was on our right an' opening with the main road. We were within about two hundthred yards o' them before they *got* into the main road, for we advanced close to it, undther the cover of a ridge o' bushes; an' in about a minet we let slap amongst them. O! faith, it bothered them, for they didn't want for the word '*threes about*,' but galloped off, laving about a dozen o' them behind. Howsomever, they didn't go far when they returned at a throt, seeing that a column of infantry was moving down the main road from the top o' the hill, to dis-

lodge us. At this moment our own light dthragoons (the 13th, I think,) with horses that looked like giants to the French garrons, came smashing down behind us on the main road, just as the French horse were coming up. Oh! by Jabus! such a licking no poor devils ever got; the sabres went to work in style, an' our captain gave us the word to face about, an' give it right in to the column coming down the road; which we did with a «*cead mille falthea*,» an' then retired as steady as a rock, before our cavalry. It was just at this time I saw Maria close to us, an' as pale as death, though all on the alert, an' as brave as a lion. We were now in full march afther the breeze we had kicked up; when, from an opening on our right, through a wood of olives, an immense body af horse approached at full gallop: we had just time to give them a volley an' run, when they were in amongst us. Harry an' I, an' about eighteen more, were cut off from the rest and surrounded, when all further fighting *with us* was out o' the question; so we were marched off prisoners. The devil a much they got by this manœuvre, for we could see that they came back quick enough, with our dthragoons afther 'em, and if it wasn't that the French infantry by this time cum up, we should have been retaken. I saw one fellow, a sarjeant o' the French horse, going back to the rear, with his thigh laid open and his face cut down the sides: Faith an' many a French horse galloped by us without a ridther at all.

«I lost all feelings about myself when I looked at Harry, for his countenance was like a wild man's. I knew the cause: it was that Maria was missing. He attempted to run back, an' was near being bagneted by the French guard in charge of us, for doing so.

«There was no time for thinking; or for any thing else. Away we were marched to the rear as fast as we could go, meeting at every step fresh regiments of the French cavalry an' artil-

lery, all in high spirits, — humbugging us with '*God dam Crabs*,'* an' the like. Then we were taken across the river at Punhite, an' packed off to Abrantes. In going through, the rascals paraded us about the town to show they had taken *some* prisoners, an' telling the Portuguese that they killed *thousunds* of us that morning! On the way to Abrantes poor Harry hardly spoke a word, an' I didn't say much, for our hearts were sick and sore. The whole o' the road along was in a bustle with the advancing army, singing French songs and shouting at us as we passed. 'Ah!' says I to myself, 'if I had half a dozen o' ye to my own share, I 'd larn you to shout at th' other side o' yir mouths.' But we 'd *one* comfort; an' that was, that we knew these fellows' tone would be changed before they went many miles farther.

«We arrived at Abrantes — right back to where we started from the day before, — an' was again made a show of about the town by the braggadocios o' Frenchmen. One o' their generals came up to me — a finikin little hop-o'-my-thumb fellow, who could talk a little broken English; an' says he, 'You Englishman, eh?' — 'Yes,' says I, 'in throth I am.' — 'From what part?' — 'From a place called Ballinamore, in the county of Leitrim.' 'Is dat in Hirlaund?' — 'Yes, faith,' says I, 'it is.' — 'Ah bon,' says the general, 'you be von Catholic — von slave d'Angleterre.' — 'No, Monseer, I 'm no *slave* to Angleterre, though I *am* a Catholic. There 's a little differ in our religion, to be sure, but we are all *one* afther all.' — 'Vell, Sare, you be Catholic, an Frenchmen be Catholic. You give me all de information of de English army, and vee make you sargeant in de French Guard, and give you de l'argent; you can den fight

* The French in the Peninsula during the war, called the English, *Crabs*, in allusion to their red coats.

against de heretick English.' — 'Thank you,' says I, 'Monseer General, but I 'd much rather be excused, if you plase. I know no differ between Ireland and England when once out o' the counthries; we may squabble a bit at home, just to keep us alive, but you mistake us if you think we would do such a thing as fight against our King and counthry. Come, boys, says I, (turning about to my comrades,) if any o' yiz want promotion an' plenty o' money, now is your time. All you 'll be asked to do, is to fight against your ould king, your ould counthry, an your ould regiment. Any o' yiz that likes this, let him spake now.' The General was a little astonished, an' so was the officers with him. There was a bit of a grin on all my comrades' faces, but divil a word one o' them answered. — ,O! I see how it is,' says I, 'none o' yiz accepts the General's offer; so now take off your caps an' give three hearty cheers for ould England, Ireland, an' Scotland, against the world.' Hoo! by the holy St. Dinis! you never hard such a shout — it was like blowing up a mine. The General hadn't a word in his gob; he saw there was no use o' pumping us any more, and so he turned round smiling to one of his officers, an' says he in French (which I understood well, though he didn't think it) '*En vérité ce sont de braves gens! si toute l'armée britannique est comme cet échantillon-ci, tant pis pour nous autres:*' and galloped off. The maning o' that was this, you see — that *we were the broth o' boys, an' if the remaindhar o' the English army was like us, the divil a much chance the French would have.*»

«It was nae bad compliment, Corporal,» said Sergeant M'Fadgen; a sentiment in which the rest of the guard unanimously joined.

«By my soul it wasn't, Sergeant, and we all felt what it was to have the honour of our regiment in our hands, and to stick to it like good soldiers, as we ought through thick an' thin.

«Well, we were there standing in the market-place, surrounded by straggling French an' Frenchified Portuguese; that is, fellows who followed their invaders, like our dogs, to be kicked about as they liked; but there wasn't many o' them, an' maybe the poor divils couldn't help it, unless they preferred a male o' could iron. The shops were all shut up, except where they were broke open by the French, and in every balcony you could see, instead of young women, a set of French soldiers smoking and drinking. Says I to Harry Gainer, 'If poor Maria was here now, she'd have a bad chance among these rapscallions.' Harry shook his head and said, with a heavy sigh, 'Ah, Tom, is she any betther off now? God help her, where can she be?' At this very minnet, a muleteer boy appeared amongst them, crying out '*Viva os Francesos*, along with some others, and he had a tri-color cockade in his hat. It was nobody else but Maria herself! She put up her finger to her lip, when she saw that we were looking at her; an' this is the Portuguese sign for silence. We undtherstood her in a jiffy, an', by the Powers! poor Harry's face grew like a Mayday morning. I could see that he didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels, 'Silence, my boy,' says I, 'don't you see how it is? don't take the laste notice of her for your life.' We were immadiately marched off to a church, close by, where we were to lie for the night. Some brown bread was given to us, an' some of Adam's ale to faste ourselves; an' there we were — twenty of us. Now just as we were going in, Maria, in a bustling sort o' way, got close to Harry and me, and says she, in a whisper, '*Non dorme vos merce esta note, Anrique, pour amor de Dios.*' She then went away in a careless manner, pretending to join in the jokes passed off upon us by those around.»

«The English o' that,» said Sergeant M'Fadgen, anxious to

show his knowledge of the Portuguese, is «*For the loo o' God, Harry, dinna sleep a wink the naight.*»

«Throth you 're just right! It is, sergeant; you ought to know it well, for you were a long time in the Peninsula.»

The sergeant shut his eyes, and smoked again.

«Well! we got into the church, which was more like a stable; for there was a squadthron of dthragoons' horses in it the night before; the sthraw that remained was all we had to sleep on, an' wet enough it was, God knows! The althar piece, — a fine painting, cut and hacked, an' the wood of the althar itself tore up for firing. 'There 's something a brewing, Harry,' says I. — 'Whisht!' says he, 'Tom; she manes to get us out if she can; an' sorry enough I am, for she may get shot, or be hung by these Frenchmen, if they discover that she is our friend.' So we talked about it awhile, and agreed to watch all night, as she desired. It was then coming dark, an' we all sat down on the sthraw, an' afther a few mouthfuls of what we had, an' some conversation, all fell asleep, except Harry and I. We talked together to pass the time, till about nine o'clock, when we both from fatague felt very sleepy, so we agreed to lie down, one at a time, while the other walked about. I had the first sleep; an' I suppose it might be two hours, when Harry wakened me, an' lay down himself; but although he did, his sleep was only a doze, for he used to start an' ask me something or other every ten minutes. At last, about one o'clock — I think it couldn't be more — the high window on one side began to rise up, and I could just disarn a figure of a head an' shouldthers, like Maria's, between me an' the faint grey light o' the sky; so I wakens Harry, an' we both went over undther the window. 'It's she, sure enough!' says I; an' a whisper from her soon showed it was. The snores of our comrades were just loud enough to dhrown her voice, an' from the great fatague they suffered, there wasn't a sowl awake,

but ourselves and the senthry outside the door. 'Take this rope,' says she, in Portuguese, 'an' pull up the ladther, while I guide it down to you: — make no noise.' We then laid howld o' the rope, which by a little groping we found hanging down from the window, an' we pulled steady, while she took the top o' the ladther, an' guided it down as nice as you plase. She then sat down across on the window, while we cautiously mounted the ladther, an' got up to her. I was first; so I looked all round to see if I could make out any o' the senthries; but the heavy sky and a high wind favoured us. So Harry an' I stands on the edge, an' we slowly draws up the ladther an' put it down. 'Here goes!' says I; an' I took a parting look at my poor comrades. 'God send you safe, lads!' thought I, as I went down. Maria was the next, and then Harry. When we all three got out clear, I was putting my hand to the ladther to take it away, when the senthry cried out '*Qui va là?*' from the front o' the church. Thinks I, 'It 's all up with us!' Maria seemed to sink into nothing: she laned against us both, thrembling like an aspinlafe, while we stirred not a limb, and held fast our breath. '*Qui va là?*» was again roared out by the senthry, in a louder voice. O God! how I suffered then, an' poor Harry too: the dhrops run off our faces with the anxiety, for it was now whether we should answer to the senthry's challenge, an' be taken, or remain silent an' be shot! He challenged a third time, when, at the highest pitch of our feelings, a Frenchman answered to the challenge as he passed the senthry. I suppose it was some officer prowling about the town to watch the guards Oh! what a relief it was to us! Ye may *guess* how glad we were to find that our chance was as good as ever.

«Afther a bit, Maria tould us to follow exactly wherever she went, and to carry the ladther with us. So we proceeded — she first — picking our steps in the dark, till we got out over a little

wall into a narrow lane, where we left the ladther down in a ditch. The wind blew as loud as ever I hard it, which favoured us greatly; an' the sort o' grey twilight that was above us, was just sufficient to show us our way. Maria now got into a little garden o' grapes, through a broken wall, and desired us to follow her; which we did, all along undther the wines, which grew over the walk as thick as hops. We creeped on, 'till we came to a sort of an outhouse; where we halted to dthraw our breath, an' thank God for our escape so far. Says Maria to Harry, 'Men Anrique! men curaçao!' — but there 's no use of telling it in Portuguese, so I 'll give it in plain English — 'Henry, my heart,' says she, 'we are now at the back of Señor Luiz de Alfandega's house,' (that was her friend's, where she lived) 'and we must stay there until morning.' 'Are the French in it, or not?' says Harry. 'No,' replied Maria, 'none of the soldiers, except a sick French curnel and his servant; but both are fast asleep above stairs. Poor Luiz an' his wife are fled, and there is nobody remaining in the house but Emanuel' (that was an ould crature of a man, sixty years in the family — a sort o' care-taker o' the vineyard). 'I will go to the window an' see if all is safe. It was he who provided me with the ladther, an' now waits to hear of my success. Stay here until I return.' She went up to the house, and in a few minutes come back an' guided us safely into the kitchen, where ould Emanuel was waiting.

«When we got into the kitchen, there was the poor ould man sitting. We couldn't see him till we sthruck a light — which was a good while first, owing to his groping about for a flint, an' being fearful o' wakening the curnel or his sarvant, that was above stairs. Well, we got the light, an' a sad sight it showed us; *there* was desthruction itself — every thing broken and batthered — the windows knocked out — the partitions burned —

an' the ould man, with his white head, standing, like Despair, over the ruins. This was all done by the rascals o' French; an' I suppose if they wern't turned out, to make room for the sick curnel, they'd have burned the boords o' the floors afore they'd ha' left the house.

«Maria now brought out from a nook in the kitchen, two shutes o' counthryman's clothes for us to put on, in ordther that we might all escape to the English camp; an' scarcely had we taken them up, when we hard a noise, as if a person had slipp'd his foot on the stairs. 'Whisht,' says I, 'Harry; there 's somebody stirring.' We were all as mute as mice, an' the ould man blew out the light. We could now hear a footstep moving down the stairs; an' as there was a boord broken out o' the partition, Harry an' I popped out our heads to look. It was dark; but we could see the cracks in the gate o' the house. Presently the step was at the bottom o' the stairs, an' in the stone passage or gateway, — the Portuguese houses mostly have gateways. Maria thrembled like an aspin leaf, an' Harry pinched her to be quiet. The boult o' the gate was now slowly moved an' opened. We could then see, by a dim light from the sthreet, that a French soldier, in rigimentals, was let in by another in undthress, an' the gate quietly shut, an' not boulted, but latched afther them. 'By the Powers!' thinks I, we are done. So we listened: an' presently one o' the villians says to the other, in French, 'He 's fast asleep; but you must be quick, or he may wake; the money is all ready on the table.' Both then stole up stairs, an' I consulted with Harry about the matther. We didn't know what to think of it. Says I, 'They 're going to rob the curnel of his money, you may depend upon it.' I then explained to Maria what the man said; an' says she, in a minute, 'They 're going to *murther* him.' 'Yes,' says ould Emanuel, '*Certamente.*' Scarcely was the word out of his mouth, when we hard a dread-

ful groan! 'It 's the curnel,' says the ould man. Harry an' I jumped out in a minute, followed by Emanuel. 'Dthraw your bagnet,' says I. — Harry was up first; and slash into the room where the light *was*, we ran. One o' the villians fired a pistol at Harry as he enthered, an' just rubbed the skin off his arm with the ball. The poor curnel was struggling undther the other fellow. Harry jumped in upon the bed at him, while I ran at the fellow who fired the pistol. It was a large room; he made for the door, an' leaped right over Emanuel — I afther him, down stairs into the kitchen, an' got him down. He was a horrible sthrong man; I 'm not very wake myself, and faith! he gave me enough of it. I dthropped my bagnet to hould him, when he made a desperate effort, an' twisted himself away from me. You may think I held a good hoult, when the breast-plate, which was the last thing I held out of, broke away in my hand. I ran afther him as he got out o' the door, but he got clane off through the back o' the house.

«I immadiately went back to the room, an' there was Harry shaking the murdtherer by the neck, an' the ould man lifting up the curnel gently, who was groaning in a shocking way, an' looking at us as if he thanked us from his very heart an' sowl, but couldn't spake a word. He was bleeding fast from a deep wound in the side, an' the bloody knife was on the ground, beside the bed.

«Afther I shook my fist at the tallow-faced rascal that stabbed his masther, an' when I threatened him with the rope, I went over to the poor curnel an' I spoke kindly to him: I gave him a dthrink o' wather: O! God help him, how ghastly he looked at me — I 'll never forget it. He pressed my hand to his heart an' sunk back upon the pillow; then he struggled an' heaved his hreast very much, an' seemed just on the point o' death.

«At this minute we hard people running up the stairs, an'

in a minute a corporal an' six file o' the French guard burst into the room. The murdthering dog no sooner saw this than he fell on his knees, an' pretended to pray to heaven an' to thank God for his deliverance; then starting up, he cried out to the corporal to saze the murdtherers of his master!

«The three of us were immediately sazed. We did every thing we could to prove the matther as it really was, but this was of no use. I abused, an' cursed, an' swore at the villian as well as I could, in both French an' English, and bid them ask his masther; but this had no effect, for when the soldiers went to the curnel they found him dead: so Emanuel, Harry, an' myself, were hauled off as if we were three murdtherers, an' locked up in the guard-house.

«When we began to think of ourselves, good God! how dthreadful our situation appeared. Harry suffered on account of his Maria as much as any thing else. What was become of her he could not tell, nor could I either: poor ould Emanuel did nothing but pray all the night.

«As soon as the day-light came, hundthreds of officers crowded to see the two English soldiers who broke from their prison and murdthered a curnel; an' sure enough it was past bearing what we endured from them. But the worst of all was when the general who wanted us to enther his sarvice the day before, came an' saw us.

«'What!' says he, 'are these the men who refused so nobly yestherday to bethray their counthry? Have *they* committed murdther?»

«O! this cut us to the heart. There was not an hour passed until a court-martial was assembled: we were marched in by twelve men, an' placed before it for thrial. The charges were read; they were for murdthering the curnel, an' attempting the

murdther of his servant. All the officers o' the garrison were present.

«To describe our feelings at that moment is out o' the power o' man; but we were conscious of our innocence, an' that supported us. The poor ould man was almost dead; he could scarcely spake a word.

«The thrial was very short; the murdtherer was the evidence. He swore as coolly and as deliberately that we killed his masther as if it really was the case. He said that the curnel had just gone asleep, an' *he* had lain himself down beside his bed, on a matthrass, when he saw the door open, when we three enthered with a lanthern, an' having sazed him, stabbed his masther with a clasp knife, but that before he was sazed, he said he snatched a pistol an' fired at us.

«One o' the officers present then persaving the mark o' the ball on the arm o' Harry, pointed it out. — His coat was sthripped off, an' the skin appeared tore a little, which a surgeon present declared was done by a ball. The corporal and the guard which took us, proved the situation which they found us in, adding, that we were just proceeding to kill the sarvant as they enthered the room.

«This of course clenched the business: however, we were called upon to make our defence. As I spoke French, I undhertook it. I acknowledged that Harry an' I got out o' the church for the purpose of escaping to our own throops, that we went into the house where the curnel was killed, in ordther to change our rigimentals for other clothes, which ould Emanuel had provided for us. I didn't say any thing about Maria, lest the poor thing might be brought into the scrape. I then described the way that we ran up stairs, an' the sthruggle I had to hould the soldier who was the accomplice. Harry an' the ould man gave the same account o' the affair through an interprether, but all

our stories only made them think worse of us. We were asked, could we *point out* the soldier we saw? and what proof could we give of it? But there was so much hurry when we discovered the murdther, that none of us could give any particular description of the man, so as to find him.

«We were immadiately found guilty, an' sentence o' death was pronounced. We were marched on the minute to the place of execution: it was in front o' the house where the murther'd body lay, an' the gallows had been erected before the thrial.

«Great God! as we stood undther the fatal bame what was my feeling! My friend Harry's fate, and the poor ould man's, sunk me to the bottom of misery. Harry thought o' nothing but his dear Maria, an' Emanuel was totally speechless an' totthering.

«The ropes were preparing, when Maria burst through the soldiers, with a paleness on her face even worse than ours; her clothes disordered, her hair flying about: the soldiers were ordthered to stop her, an' they did; but although they did not undtherstand her language, they couldn't mistake her well, when she pointed to Harry, an' knelt down at the officer's feet. All thought it was a friend of ours, but none supposed her a woman. She was then permitted to go to Harry, an' — oh! such a parting! — she hung upon his neck; she knelt down; she embraced his knees! I stood motionless, gazing at the fond an' unfortunate pair in agony, wishing that the scene was past. An' even Emanuel felt for them, overcome as he was with the thoughts of his own situation.

«The Provost now was proceeding to his juty, the ropes in his hand, when I started as if I had wakened from a horrid dream. A thought sthruck me like lightning: I roared out 'Stop, for God's sake, stop!' with a strength and determination of manner that changed the feelings of every body; an' I called

out to the officer commanding, with such earnestness, that he rode over to me at once. 'Oh,' says I in French to him, 'I 'll prove our innocence; I 'll prove it, Sir, if you will grant me your support in doing so.' This the officer willingly assented to. 'Go, then, yourself, Sir,' says I, 'go *yourself* into the kitchen o' that house, and look upon the floor. There, plase the Lord, you will find the breastplate o' the soldier that murthered the curnel; I tore it off him in the sthruggle, but unfortunately did not keep it.'

«The officer, God bless him! although he was a Frenchman, seemed as glad as if he had already found proof of our innocence, and immadiately dismounted, called his adjutant and a sarjeant to go with him, an' went straight into the house. I then tould Harry, Maria, and Emanuel, what I thought of; an' such an effect I never saw, as it had upon all o' them. Harry grew red, and looked at me with feelings as if I had already saved his life. Maria's eyes almost started out of her head. She seemed to laugh like, and hung round my neck as if I was her lover, an' not Harry; while poor ould Emanuel suddenly came to his speech, an' cried like a child.

«The officer was away about ten minutes, an' during this time there was the greatest anxiety amongst the crowd. I could see plainly their countenances showed that they wished we might be found innocent. The officer at length appeared; advanced hastily, — O, God! to have seen us then, — poor Maria, an' the ould man shaking every limb!

'Have you found it, Sir?' says I. — '*Yes*, *yes*, my friend, I *have*,' was the answer; 'an' immediately he ordthered the Provost to unbind us. The ould man dthropped on his knees, an' every one of us followed his example. There was a murmur of satisfaction among the crowd, — all were delighted with the respite, an' their prayers were mixed with ours.

«We were on our way back to the Governor's house, when I thought o' the necessity o' sending to the rigiment to which the breast-plate belonged, to secure success, an' I asked the commanding officer to do so: but it had been already done; he had sent off his adjutant on the moment to the proper quarter.

«It was now not more than eleven o'clock in the day; the news of the affair had spread, an' a greater number of officers crowded to spake to us now, than to see us before the thrial.

«We were all brought into a private room, where the Governor was, (an' that was the General that spoke to us about joining the French the day before) — The officer who found the breast-plate, up an' tould him all about it.

«'But this breast-plate,' says the General, 'only gives the *number* o' the regiment. We are still at a loss for the man, should he have obtained another breast-plate. — Besides, this is not direct proof.'

«'Turn the other side, Sir,' said the officer, 'an you will see the man's name scratched upon it with a pen-knife.'

«Oh! by the powers! this was like Providence, an' we all thanked God Almighty for it.

«In a few minutes the adjutant who was sent to find the man, returned; the sergeant was with him, carrying a kit, an' every thing belonging to the fellow that was suspected. He was then brought in before us; an' when we saw him, an' he us, any body could have sworn he was guilty. 'Look at the villian,' says I; 'look at his neck, where I left the marks o' my knuckles:» an' sure enough the marks were there, black as you plase.

«The General looked like thundther at him. 'Where's your breast-plate, Sir?' says he. The fellow shook.

«'It's on my belt,' was the reply. The belt was produced. It had no breast-plate on it! The passporating dthropped off the fellow's forehead.

«'Sarch his kit,' says the General. The kit was opened, and amongst his things was found a purse of money, a miniature picture of a lady, an' a gold watch — *all belonging to the Curnel!*

«This was convincing. The General demanded him to answer to these proofs. He was silent. In a few moments, however, he confessed the crime; but pleaded that he was led into it by the sarvant, an' that both intended to desart to the English.

«We were immadiately liberated. The General himself came forward and shook hands with us. Maria acknowledged her disguise, an' the whole story of her getting her lover and myself out o' the church was tould. Every officer of the garrison came to congratulate us. They all seemed as happy as if they were our relations.

«The rascally sarvant that swore against us was sazed, an' both him an' the soldier were thried in an hour afther by the same court that thried us. We were the evidences; an' in less

than two hours, the murdtherers were *hung on the gallows which they had prepared for us!*

«There wasn't a man in the garrison so happy as Harry that evening, nor a woman more joyful than Maria; for the General ordthered that we all should be escorted safely to the front an' delivered over to our own army. Not only that, but plenty o' money was given to us, with a hearty shake o' the hand from all the officers for our conduct; an' we marched out of Abrantes next morning with three jolly cheers from the men.»

Thus ended the Corporal's story of Maria de Carmo.

«Aweel, Corporal,» said Sergeant M'Fadgen, that story is nae far short o' bein' a romance. If I didn't ken it to be fac mysel', I 'd ha' swore it to be made oot o' yir ain Irish invention.»

The meed of praise so justly due to O'Callaghan for his story was now given by all the men; his courage and loyalty were commended, and his sufferings pitied. All, however, who had not been in the regiment at the time the circumstances occurred, demanded of the Corporal, what became of Harry and his sweetheart.

«O faith,» replied O'Callaghan, «they lived like turtle-doves together for three years. When we were delivered over from the enemy, they got married, an' had two fine boys, who are now in the Juke o' York's School.»

«And where are Maria and Harry?» asked one of the men.

The Corporal sighed as he answered; and got up to prepare for the relief.

«Maria,» said he, «God rest her sowl! died in child-bed; an' poor Harry was killed by my side at the battle o' Toulouse, shortly afther.»

The men then proceeded to relieve the sentries, and the Sergeant fell asleep.

ODE TO FRENZY BY DERMODY.

Stabbed by the murd'rous arts of men,
My breast still op'd with many a wound,
I pour the agonizing strain
And view thee with delirious round:
Thy choicest tortures now prepare,
O, Frenzy! free me from despair.

Thy visionary darkness shrouds
The tender brain in rayless clouds:
Thy slow and subtle poison steals
Till abdicated reason reels;
Then, rising wild in moody trance
Quick thy pale-visaged fiends advance.

I burn, I throb, my pulses beat;
I feel thy rankling arrows now;
They tremble in my bleeding brow,
And pierce reflection in his filmy seat.
In heights of pain my heart is tost,
And all the meaner sorrows lost.

Who now will fear the puny sting of woe!
Who start disordered at the phantom Death!
I mock the childish tears that trickling flow;
I smile at pangs, my softest pangs beneath.
The canker grief that silents eats be thine
The nobler ecstacy be mine!

The hurried step, the pregnant pause severe
The spectered flash of sense, the hideous smile,
The frozen stare, revenge's thrilling tear,
The awful start, sharp look and mischiefs secret wile:
These are the proud demoniac marks I claim,
Since grief and feeling are the same:
Then all thy racks sublime prepare,
And free me, Frenzy, from despair!

LINES ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE.

My Delia soon I'm doom'd to leave,
Sad Fate decrees it so;
But ah!. my heart, I well conceive,
May break ere yet it go

For oft it heaves the heavy sigh
And palpitates my breast;
Ah! sure 'tis easier far to die,
Than absent to be blest.

As sailing o'er the stormy sea,
Contending with the wind,
Each tender thought shall dwell on thee
And soothe my anxious mind.

When Albion's cliffs in view appear,
Unconscious still of joy;
My aching sight to thee will veer
And every sense employ.

I 'll haste my quickest fond return
To fold thee in my arms,
For love's soft flame will faithful burn
Most true to Delia's charms.

ON HER REQUESTING A LOCK OF HIS HAIR AT PARTING.

Why ask from me the time bleached lock?
I fear you mean my age to mock —
Love and grey hair but ill agree,
Nor can ensure sweet sympathy:
Yet when soft Friendship's kindred flame
The bosom warms, we feel the same —

This truth confess'd — I own from you
I hope for Love and Friendship too. —
Should memory frail be e'er incline'd
To keep me absent from your mind —
Oh! look around, and then you'll see
Best pledge of love for you and me:
And while you in their features trace
The fancied likeness of my face —
A sigh or kiss on each bestow
And tell it — to the Father go! —

Some gentle breeze may waft it o'er the main,
And bear from me responsive sigh again.

WRITTEN DURING A CALM AT SEA.

Blow breezes, blow, and send some fav'ring gale
To waft us on, and fill our spreading sail;
For each sad moment lost my fear alarms,
Detained my Delia! from thy faithful arms.

Absent from Thee, my ardent wishes rise
More swift to fly than Eagles soar the skies;
For ah! no joys my anxious breast can know
Deprived the source from whence alone they flow.

In vain my bosom beats, in vain the tear,
No whisp'ring wind salutes the list'ning ear;
But all around a solemn calm presides,
And helmless quite, the vagrant vessel glides.

Blow breezes, blow, and from thy coral caves,
Propitious come and wake the silent waves
Then sailing o'er the Ocean's swelling sea,
The grateful song I'll raise, to, Neptune, Thee.

My voice is heard, and from the southern skies
The fleecy clouds appear and gently rise;
The fanning Zephirs skim along the main,
And silver rippling lead the cheerful train.

Increasing breezes blow — expanded wide
Each steady sail; — more rapid now we glide —
But ah my Delia! still contending flight
Leaves thee more distant from my aching sight.

My drooping spirits fail, my wav'ring mind,
With falt'ring tongue upraids the heedless wind,
That cruel bears thy constant one away,
Who goes reluctant, but who dreads delay.

ON HOME.

Sweet Home! the poet's song the schoolboy's theme,
My joy by day, at night my constant dream;
What pleasures crowd on my delighted mind,
When brought to view those blessings left behind:
But ah! my heart, in vain for Home you sigh
Hopeless that bliss beneath this distant sky.

From Home compelled by adverse fortune's call,
And views fallacious — disappointed all —
Across the Atlantic's wide expanse I fled
And absence long from thee sweet Home! I dread;
Nor skies, nor seas, alone my fate decree,
More cruel still is hard necessity.

Whene'er on Home deluded Fancy turns,
With fond affection all my bosom burns;
For there each claim that can drear life controul,
Support my spirits, or attach my soul,
Are treasured all — in thee sweet Home! I see
My only balm for stern adversity.

THE COMMON LOT BY MONTGOMERY.

Once in the flight of ages fast
  There lived a man, and who was He?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown;
His name has perished from the earth,
  This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
  Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear!
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb
  The changing spirits rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
  For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er:
  Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more
  And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved, the grave
  Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Oh! she was fair but nought could save
  Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons — days, and night,
  Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light
  To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
  Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
  He is — what thou shalt be.

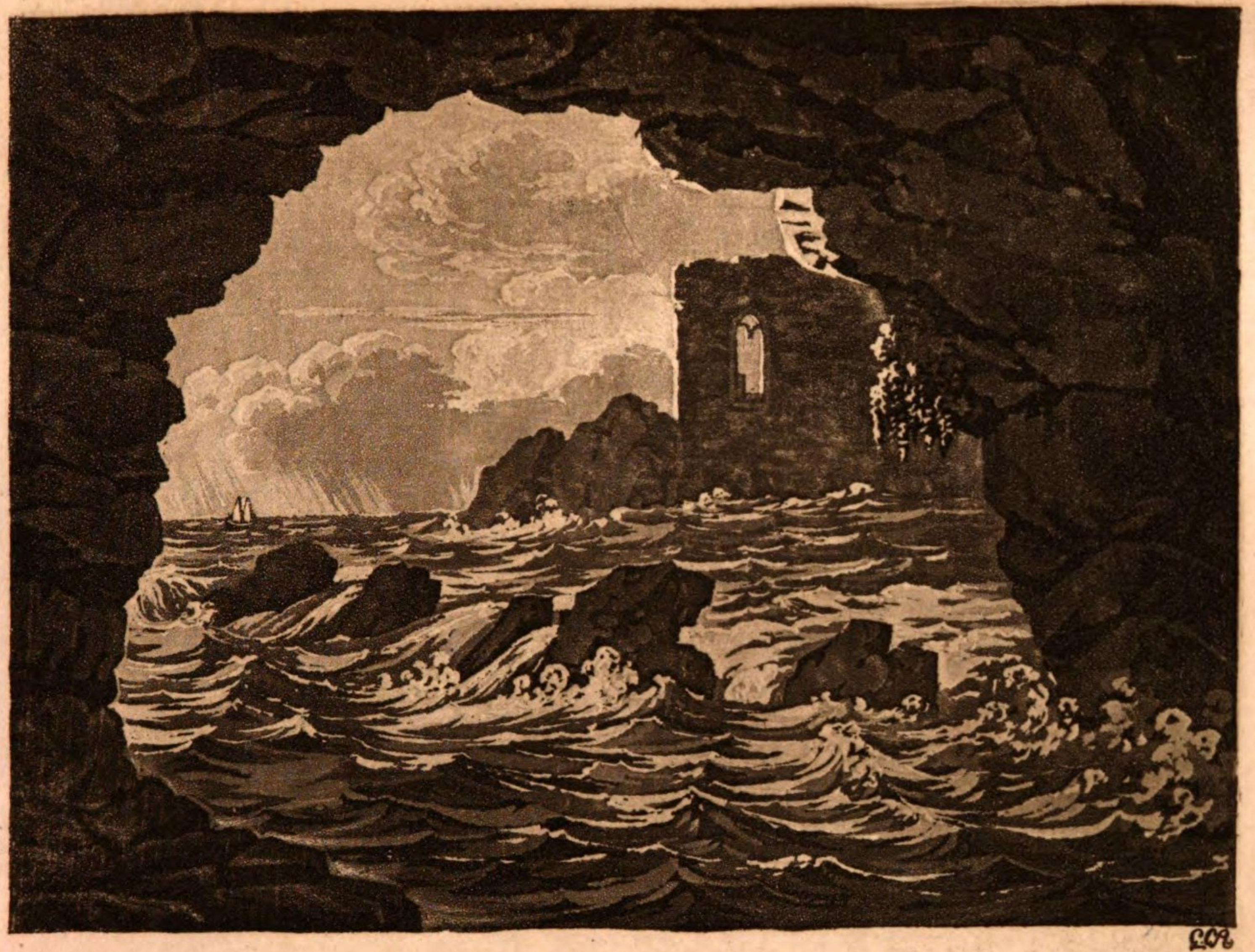
THE REIN-DEER. AN ORIGINAL LAPLAND AIR.

I saw the moon rise clear
  O'er trackless wilds of snow,
Nor taught my fleet Rein-deer
  The way he was to go.

But swift he bounded forth,
  For well my Rein-deer knew
I'd but one path on Earth,
  The path that leads to you.

The gloom that winter casts
  How soon the Heart forgets,
When summer brings at last
  The sun that never sets.

So warmed my heart for you,
  And chasing every pain;
Than summer sun more true,
  It ne'er will set again.



DUNBAR CASTLE.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND
AT
DUNBAR-CASTLE.

Henry Stewart Lord Darnley having undergone his cruel fate on Sunday the ninth of February 1567 and his murderer being shamefully acquitted, the Queen went from Edinburgh to Stirling in order to visit her son.

Bothwell had now brought his schemes to full maturity, and every precaution being taken which could render it safe to enter on the last and decisive step, the natural impetuosity of his spirit did not suffer him to deliberate any longer. Under pretence of an expedition against the freebooters on the borders, he assembled his followers; and marching out of Edinburgh with a thousand horse, turned suddenly towards Linlithgow, met the Queen on her return near that place on the twenty-fourth of April, dispersed her slender train without resistance, seized on her person and conducted her, together with a few of her courtiers to his *castle of Dunbar*. Mary expressed neither surprise, nor terrour, nor indignation at such an outrage committed on her person, and such an insult offered to her authority, but seemed to yield without struggle or regret.

She resided there a prisoner till on the third of May, when she came with a numerous train to Edinburgh where the ceremony of her marriage with Bothwell, created Earl of Orkney, was immediately performed.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

Air — *Kitty of Coleraine;* or, Paddy's Resource.*

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone:
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flowers kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell, alas! never to rise: —
«Ah! such,» said the girl, «is the pride of our faces,
«For which the Soul's innocence too often dies!»

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost: —
«Ah! this means,» said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
«That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!»

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* Having some reason to suspect that „Kitty of Coleraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to some words, without, however, omitting the former Melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted.

J. Pasini sc. à Vienne.

IRISH MELODIES

by THOM. MOORE.

Bayerische
Staats-
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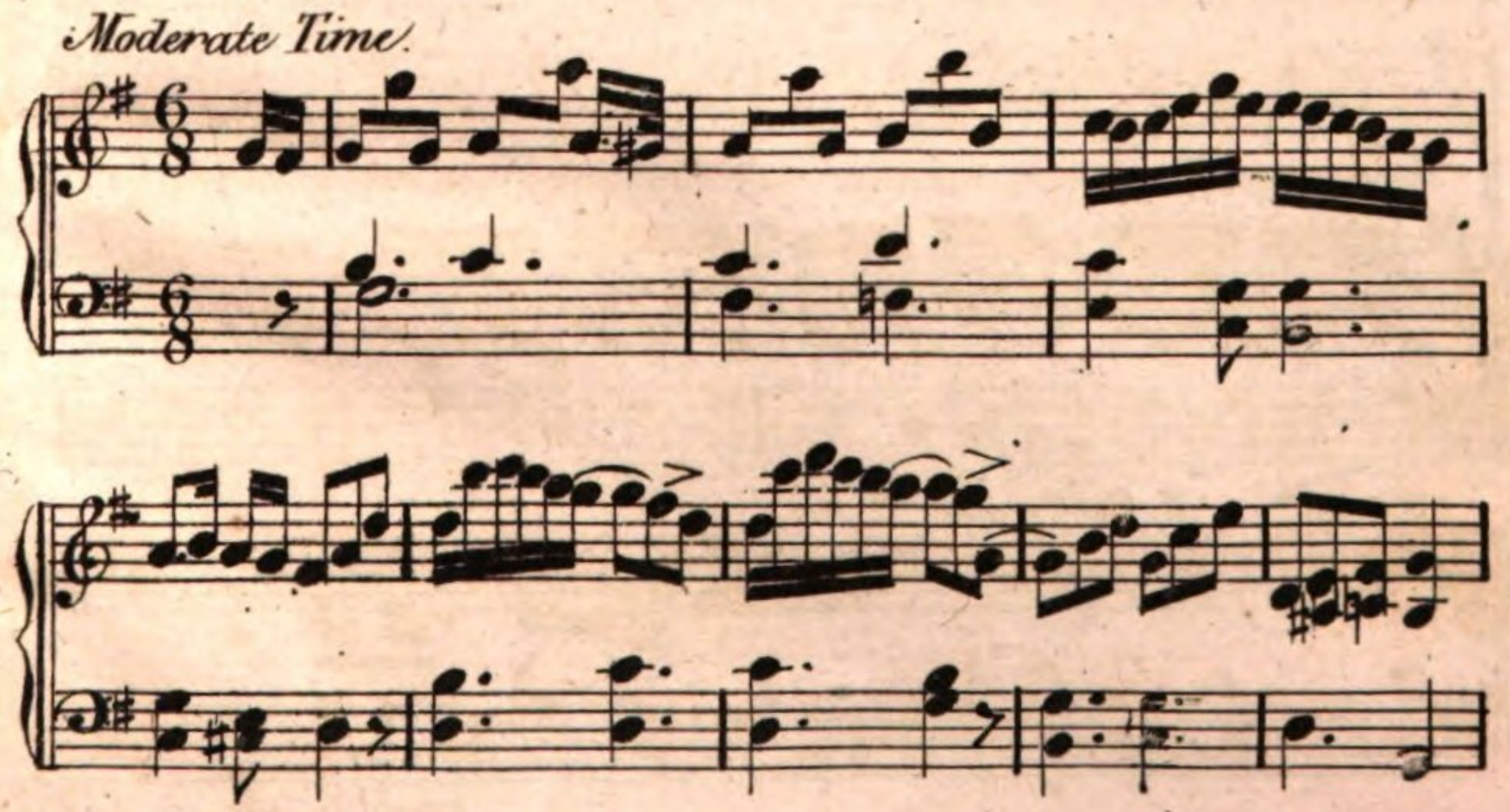
ILL OMENS.

„ When daylight was yet sleeping. "



When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young

Kitty all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it alone: For the

youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon, And, when

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal af-ter it soon!

lentando

NONNENWOERTH and ROLANDSECK

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Hedman, J.

The English fireside upon the banks of the Rhine An Almanach for the year 1
829

Heidelberg 1829

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